

HERED VICTORIA

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Her REIGN and

DIAMOND JUBILEE

COMPRISING

A Complete Story of her Childhood, Youth, Courtship,
Marriage, Coronation, her Eventful Sixty Years' Reign ;
Interesting miscellany regarding the Daily Life
of Herself and Family, their Hopes, Fears,
Loves, and Sorrows. Also a Complete
Account of the Grand Diamond
Jubilee Celebration

BY PROF. CHAS. MORRIS

Author of "Half Hours with the Best Authors," "The Poets,"
various Books of Travel, etc.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED

W. W. WILSON, PUBLISHER

14 THOMAS ST., NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

QUEEN VICTORIA will occupy a great place in the history of the nineteenth century. Her influence for peace has been of momentous consequence to Great Britain, Europe, and civilization.

In estimating her influence we must picture what might have occurred with a warlike or corrupt sovereign, and recognize in her power the accumulated force of sixty years of wisdom as a ruler and as the best example as woman, wife, and mother.

In the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee the concentrated and irrepressible joy and pride which preceded, accompanied, and followed the Queen like a resistless torrent, surpassed anything ever witnessed before.

Though many races and many tongues participated, the dominant, absorbing expression was English, and the glory was England's. Peers and commoners, masters and workmen, millionaires and the multitude were welded by tremendous force.

The enthusiasm and shouting were far different from those evoked by the triumphal procession of a Roman conqueror. Men and women eagerly expressed to each other, and emphasized to foreigners, as the colonials marched by, that they were not captives, chained to the chariot of their conqueror, but "willing subjects, free citizens of one world-wide empire following their sovereign."

One can conjure no tribute like the popular ovation to the Queen ever being given to any human being, except the reception to Washington by the people on his way from Mount Vernon to New York to assume the position of first President of the United States.

Respect, reverence, love or gratitude are words too tame, and there is no intermediate expression between them and adoration. This practical age does not worship, but, leaving out the idea of divinity, greeting to the Queen and Empress was its equivalent.

That she was deeply moved was evident, but she seemed more absorbed by the significance of the event than conscious of her past. Therein she impressed one as proud and happy with this grand tribute of her people, but at the same time sharing with them the universal joy in the thought of both oppressed and elevated that there had not been such a sixty years in recorded time—that all nations had enjoyed its benefits and blessings, and none more than our own.

But for this day and place the crowd only saw what Great Britain had gained during her reign and accorded praise therefor to her. Her reign has been a period of emancipation in English history. The prerogatives of the throne have diminished, and by her rule and conduct its power has so increased that this welcome came with acclaim and unanimity from the free people governing themselves who gave it its might and majesty.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHAPTER I.

IN the long and chequered annals of the British Empire two reigns have been especially illustrious, and in both those reigns a woman wielded the sceptre of England. Probably there is no age more brilliant in history than that of the "Maiden Queen." The age of Elizabeth was an epoch of lofty genius and many-sided power. Invincible in arms, it was also transcendent in intellect.

The other noble epoch in British history is that associated with the present beloved Sovereign. If in the Elizabethan age, literature touched its culminating point of splendor, and the fame of England's prowess traveled beyond the seas, the Victorian age has, on the other hand, witnessed an expansion of England that would have seemed incredible to our ancestors, while the triumphs of science and the arts, and the progress of the people, are without a parallel in the history of the world. In these various developments, as in all that concerns the welfare and happiness of her people, the Queen has taken a deep and continuous interest; and it has been vouchsafed to her, as it has been vouchsafed to few sovereigns, to look back upon a long period of beneficent governance, whose record will be writ large in the history of Britain. And now as she has reached the Diamond jubilee of her reign, the hearts of all her subjects turn toward her Majesty with gratefulness as they remember the past, and with affectionate solicitude contemplate the future.

It is proposed in the following pages to relate the life of the Queen, and not the history of her reign. Nevertheless, the personal narrative will necessarily be interwoven with public events, for a monarch, beyond all other persons, cannot escape the pressure and burden of the times. An ideal sovereign, besides his or her private joys and sorrows, bears in remembrance those of the people; and such a sovereign has Queen Victoria been from the time when, still youthful in years, she assumed her high destiny as ruler of the English people to the present year of grace, which is not the least memorable in a memorable reign.

Her Majesty was born at Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and her Serene Highness Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, widow of Emich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold.

The little Princess was baptized on the 24th of June in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and the child received the names of Alexandrina Victoria. There seemed little probability that the child thus ushered into the world would ever become Queen of England. The Duke of Kent was the fourth son of George III; but a series of unexpected changes soon brought his daughter near the throne. Upon the death of the deeply-lamented Princess Charlotte, the only child of George IV, the Duke of York had become heir-presumptive to the crown. His Royal Highness had no children, however, and the Duke of Clarence, the third son of George III, came next in succession. The Duke of Clarence had married, and his wife, the Princess Adelaide,

bore him a daughter, who, if she had lived, would, in the natural order of things, have become Queen. But this child died in infancy, leaving the Princess Victoria the only scion of the royal stock.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent, with their infant daughter, went to Sidmouth, on the east coast of Devon, at the close of 1819. The stay there was destined to have a sad and fatal termination. The Duke was seized with a severe indisposition, occasioned by delaying to change his wet boots after a walk through the snow. Affection for his child had drawn him to the nursery immediately on reaching home. To a severe chill succeeded inflammation of the chest, with high fever, which resulted fatally. The Duke was perhaps more highly esteemed than any other son of George III. His public conduct was judicious and self-sacrificing. In the army he initiated many healthful reforms. After he ceased from active service in it, he interested himself in humanitarian movements of all kinds, especially devoting himself to the cause of the widow and orphan. The result was that he became known as the "Popular Duke," and no royal personage ever better deserved the title. He was of regular and temperate habits, kind to all, and the firm friend of those who put their trust in him. His generosity was such that it frequently outran discretion, causing embarrassment to himself; but the poor had the benefit of it. I find that the Duke was officially connected with sixty-two societies, every one of which was devoted to some noble, religious, or charitable object. The personal virtues of the Duke, the love he bore his country, and the untiring exertions he displayed in the cause of philanthropy and religion, justly gave him a high place in the affections of his fellow-countrymen. It was aus-

picious that the Queen should have such a father, for many of his traits, with the gentleness and uprightness which distinguished the mother, descended in large measure upon the child.

Two days after the death of the Duke, the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her babe and her brother, Prince Leopold, set out for London. Where all was sad and mournful there was one gleam of sunshine, for the infant, "being held up at the carriage window to bid the assembled population of Sidmouth farewell, sported and laughed joyously, and patted the glasses with her pretty dimpled hands, in happy unconsciousness of her melancholy bereavement." The Duchess arrived at Kensington Palace on the 29th of January, and on that very day the Prince Regent succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. The likeness of the Duke of York to her lost father deceived the little Princess Victoria, and when the former came on his visit of condolence, and also subsequently, she stretched out her hands to him in the belief that he was her father. The Duke was deeply touched by the appeal, and, clasping the child to his bosom, he promised to be indeed a father to her. Many addresses of condolence were received by the Duchess, and as she generally received them with her infant in her arms, there was frequently a painful contrast witnessed between the tear-stained face of the mother and the happy, smiling countenance of the daughter.

Interesting stories are told of the times when Princess Victoria appeared, at fifteen months old, in a child's phaeton, tied safely to the vehicle with a broad ribbon around her waist.

The baby liked to be noticed, and answered all who spoke

to her. She would say, "Lady," and "Good morning," and, when told, would hold out her soft, dimpled hand to be kissed. "Her large blue eyes, beautiful bloom, and fair complexion made her a model of infantine beauty." On one occasion she was nearly killed by the upsetting of the pony carriage. A private soldier, named Maloney, claimed the honor of having saved England's future sovereign. He was walking through Kensington Gardens one day when he saw a pony carriage in which was seated a child. The pony was led by a page, a lady walked on one side of the chaise and a young woman on the other. Suddenly the pony became frightened and plunged forward, throwing the child out, head-downward. In a moment it would have been crushed beneath the weight of the carriage had not Maloney grasped her dress before she touched the ground and swung her into his arms. He restored her to the lady, and was told to follow the carriage to the Palace, where he received a guinea and the thanks of the Duchess of Kent for saving the life of her dear child, the Princess Alexandrina.

The widowed Duchess resolved that her child should be brought up under her own eye, and to this work she religiously devoted herself. "A few months after the birth of my child," said the Duchess, describing her situation at this time, "my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone, almost friendless and unknown, in this country. I could not even speak the language of it. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, and other duties, to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life." And an admirable home training, after the best of English traditions, was the result of this devotion. Simplicity of diet, regularity

of hours, and no excitement were the main principles upon which the Duchess proceeded in rearing her offspring. The life at Kensington was as simple as that of any English household. "The family party met at breakfast at eight o'clock in summer-time, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit on a little table by her mother's side. After breakfast, the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Baroness Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve her mother instructed her; after which she amused herself by running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of the palace, and in which were many of her toys. At two came a plain dinner, while the Duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again till four, then would come a visit or a drive; and after that the Princess would ride or walk in the gardens; or occasionally, on very fine evenings, the whole party would sit out on the lawn under the trees. At the time of her mother's dinner, the Princess had her supper, and after playing games with her nurse, she would join in the dessert, and at nine she would retire to her bed, which was placed by the side of her mother's."

King George IV presented the Princess on her fourth birthday with a superb token of remembrance, being a miniature portrait of himself richly set in diamonds. He also gave a State dinner party to the Duchess and her daughter. In the following year, in response to a message from his Majesty, Parliament voted an annual grant of £6,000 to the Duchess of Kent for the education of the young Princess.

After six years spent under the care of her tutors, the Princess could lay claim to considerable accomplishments. Owing to the exercise of unusual natural abilities, she could

speak French and German with fluency, and was acquainted with Italian ; she had made some progress in Latin, being able to read Virgil and Horace with ease ; she had commenced Greek, and studied mathematics, in which difficult science she evinced much proficiency ; and she had likewise made considerable progress in music and drawing.

Occasionally the child longed for companions of her own age, and a delightful anecdote is related in illustration of this. As the youthful Princess took great delight in music, her mother sent for a noted child performer of the day, called Lyra, to amuse her with her remarkable performances on the harp. On one occasion, while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs, the Duchess of Kent, perceiving how deeply her daughter's attention was engrossed with the music, left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the juvenile minstrel from her instrument by the display of some of her costly toys, and the children were discovered "seated side by side on the hearthrug in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra."

"Her Royal Highness was a beautiful child, with a cherubic form of features, clustered round by glossy, fair ringlets. Her complexion was remarkably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush-rose upon her cheeks, that imparted a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes. Whenever she met any strangers in her usual paths she always seemed, by the quickness of her glance, to inquire who and what they were. The intelligence of her countenance was extraordinary at her very early age ; but might easily be

accounted for on perceiving the extraordinary intelligence of her mind."

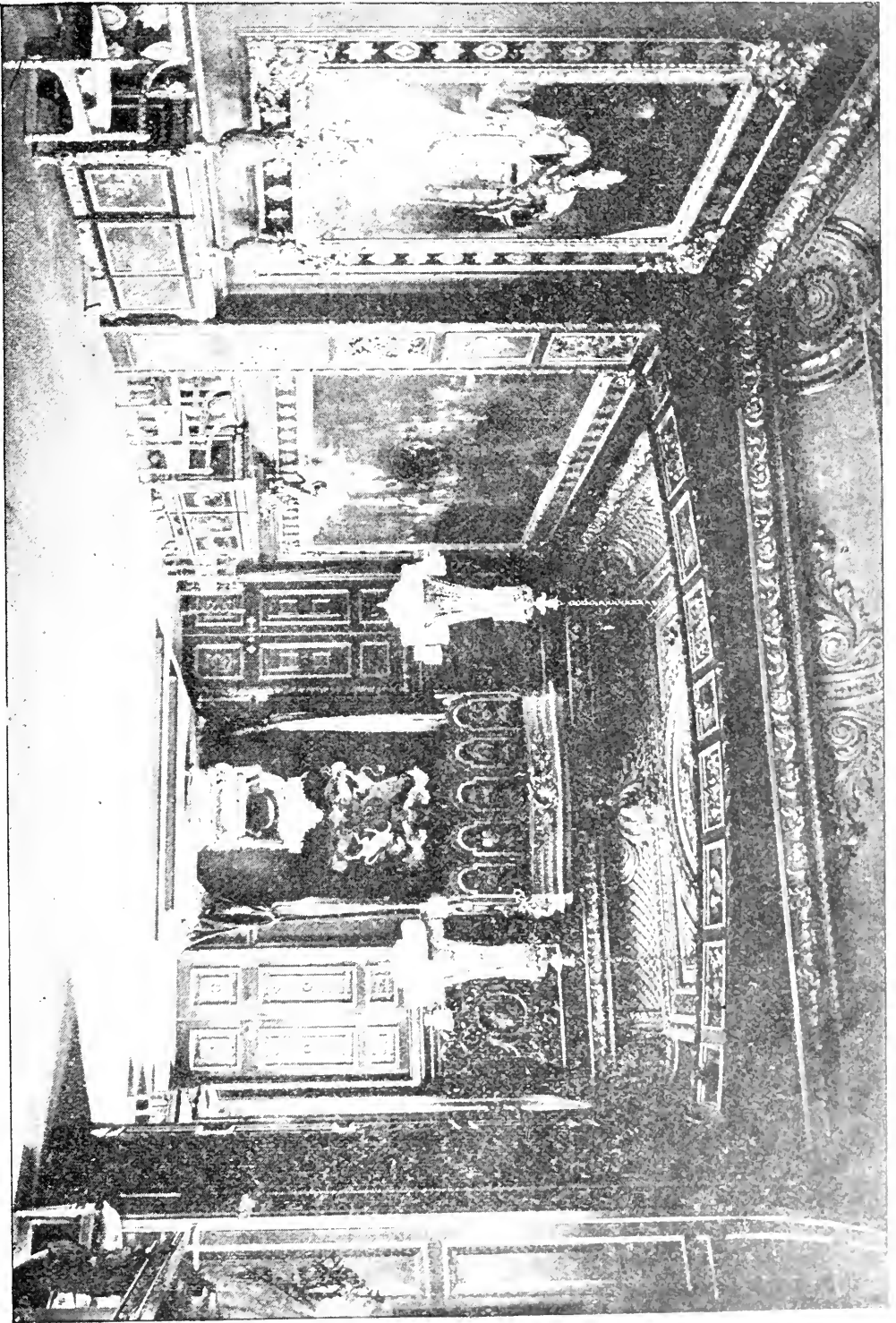
She bore a very striking resemblance to her late royal father, and indeed to every member of the reigning family.

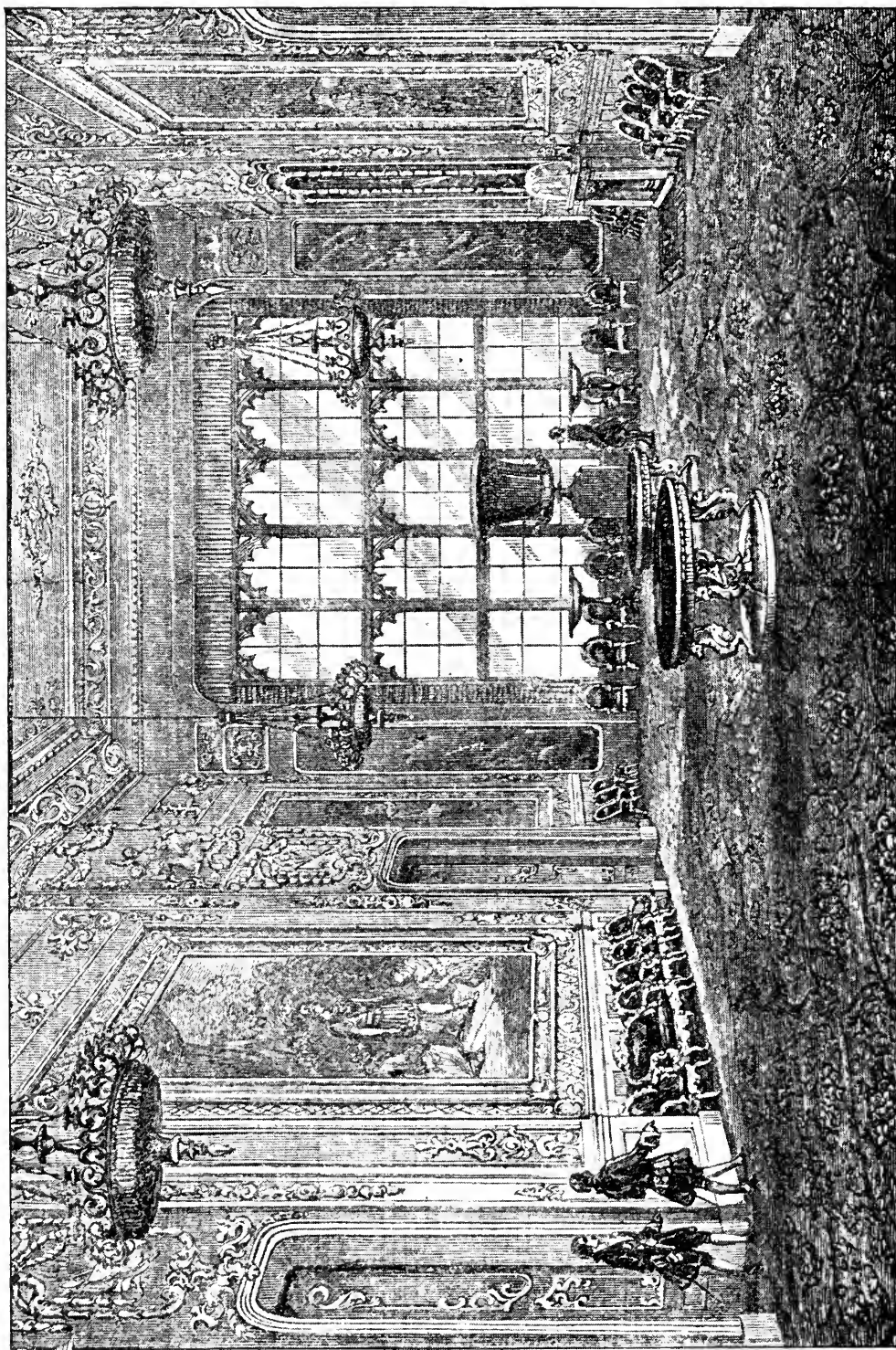
Charles Knight, in his *Passages of a Working Life*, furnishes a glimpse of the Princess as he saw her in 1827. "I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens," he observes. "As I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance; the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the fair, soft English face is bright with smiles. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on, and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

A tender consideration for others was inculcated systematically upon the young Princess, and the effects of it were manifest through her whole life.

Considering the principles in which she was reared, there was no wonder that the Princess developed from a dutiful daughter into a loving wife, a vigilant mother, a kind mis-

THRONE ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.





BALL ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

tress, a generous benefactor, and an exemplary Christian. She had been schooled in habits of sobriety and religion, and the sentiments of obedience and self-control, which were from the first impressed upon her, bore their legitimate fruit in after-life.

The Princess was an excellent singer, and had for her master the famous Lablache. She was also a good dancer, and excelled in archery. But of all out-door exercises she was most passionately fond of that of riding. She was much devoted to the animals that bore her, from a favorite donkey presented to her by her uncle, the Duke of York, to the pony which carried her in her latest Highland excursions.

"The sweet spring of the Princess's life was dedicated to the sowing of all precious seeds of knowledge, and the cultivation of all elegant acquirements; in the midst of indigenous flowers which everywhere sought her eager eye, imparting the sportive gladness of the ever-gay butterfly to her youthful spirit, just awakened into this beautiful world—a reflection of Paradise! The heavenward lark was also in that infant bosom, for, young as she was, she sang with sweetness and taste." The Princess had a ready wit. On one occasion her teacher had been reading her the story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi—how she proudly presented her sons to the first of Roman ladies, with the words, "These are my jewels." "She should have said, 'my Cornelians,'" immediately remarked the Princess. Of course the "divinity that doth hedge a king" extends in popular eyes in some degree to a princess, and the people are apt only to look on the roseate side. But none knows better than the Queen herself that human nature is a complex thing, and that however much we may desire perfection, there is a good deal of

the old leaven of imperfection in every one. So the Princess Victoria, noble in character as she was, exhibited some of those imperfections which no child is without. The Princess was impulsive, sometimes not a little willful and imperious; but the affections being strong and the head well trained, these matters always righted themselves, and the young offender was herself quick to acknowledge the wrong. She had an ingrained sense of justice which could always redress the balance.

The first grief which the Princess was able to appreciate to the full arose from the death of the Duke of York. The Princess was at this time in her eighth year, and as she had ever experienced great kindness and affection at the hands of her uncle, his loss affected her keenly. The Duke of York and the Duchess of Clarence were the two members of the royal family toward whom her youthful heart was most strongly drawn out. At the time of the Duke's death she was unconscious that his demise brought her one step nearer the throne.

The gayeties of Court life were first brought within the actual apprehension of the future Queen in 1828, when she was in her tenth year. At a Drawing Room held during the season the Princess had an opportunity of observing how a queen but little older than herself was received with royal honors at the Court of George IV. This young sovereign was Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal. The two children had previously exchanged some formal State visits, but official etiquette did not admit of a close intimacy. The first occasion on which the Princess Victoria danced in public was at a juvenile ball given by the King to Donna Maria. The young Queen presented an appearance of great splendor,

for her dress blazed with all the jewels of the Portuguese crown; she was surrounded by her Court, and was led to the ball-room by the hand of the King himself. Little Victoria was dazzled by so much magnificence, but, as a chronicler of the scene remarks, "the elegant simplicity of the attire and manners of the British heiress formed a strong contrast to the glare and glitter around the precocious queen. These royal young ladies danced in the same quadrille, and though the performance of Donna Maria was greatly admired, all persons of refined taste gave the preference to the modest graces of the English-bred Princess."

The portraits of the Princess Victoria, executed during her infancy and childhood, are somewhat numerous. Sir William Beechey painted a picture in oil, representing the Duchess seated on a sofa upon which her young daughter stood beside her, and this painting is in the possession of the King of the Belgians. Turnerelli, the sculptor, executed an excellent bust of the Princess when she was in her third year, and in 1827 Mr. Behnes produced a marble bust, which is now in one of the corridors of Windsor Castle. It was justly regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of sculpture ever exhibited in the British schools of art, the likeness being perfect, the features delicately portrayed, and the expression admirable. Mr. Fowler, an artist of Ramsgate, executed two portraits of the Princess, one in her ninth year. Mr. Westall, R. A., painted a trustworthy full-length portrait of the Princess as she appeared when in her twelfth year.

It was not until the spring of 1830 that the Princess Victoria became aware of her nearness to the British throne. One account states that she was reading English history with her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, and in the presence of

her mother when some question arose in connection with the succession to the crown. The point had probably been purposely suggested. Her Royal Highness studied her genealogical table for some time; and the account thus proceeds, the discussion being opened by a question from the Princess:

“In the event of the death of the King, my uncle, who would be the presumptive successor to the throne?”

The Baroness parried the question by the reply: “The Duke of Clarence will succeed on the death of the present King.”

“Yes,” said the Princess, “that I know; but who will succeed him?”

The governess, who saw the bearing of the inquiry, hesitated a moment, and then, answered, “Princess, you have several uncles!”

Her Royal Highness now became agitated; the color rose rapidly to her cheek, and she observed with much seriousness, “True, I have; but I perceive here,” pointing to her table, “that my papa was next in age to my uncle Clarence; and it *does* appear to me, from what I have just been reading, that when he and the present King are both dead, I shall become Queen of England!”

The Baroness looked silently toward the mother of the Princess, who, after a short pause, replied to the following effect:

“We are continually looking forward, my beloved child, in the hope that your dear aunt, the Duchess of Clarence, may yet give birth to living children. Should it please God, however, that this be not the case, and that you are spared to the period, very distant I trust, which terminates the valuable lives of our revered Sovereign and the Duke of Clarence,



QUEEN VICTORIA AT FOUR.

you will indeed, by the established laws of our country, become their undoubted successor. Should this event—at present too remote and uncertain to engage our attention, further than to stimulate our endeavors so to form your mind as to render you not unworthy so high a destiny—should this event indeed occur, may you prove a blessing to your country and an ornament to the throne you are called to fill!”

When William IV ascended the throne in 1830, it became necessary to provide for the contingency of the Princess Victoria's accession before attaining the age of eighteen, that being the period of her majority. A Regency Bill was introduced by Lord Lyndhurst, but a change of Government occurring before it was carried, it devolved upon Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor in Lord Grey's Administration, to take up and adopt the measure. The position was a singular one, because Parliament had to contemplate the possibility that William IV might die leaving a posthumous child. Lord Brougham could not find a parallel case in English history since the death of Geoffrey, son of Henry II, who left a son, Prince Arthur, whose claims were thrust aside by the usurpation of King John. The possibility of posthumous issue in William's case having been provided for, the Bill passed both houses and became law. The Duchess of Kent was named guardian of the infant Princess and Regent of the kingdom, but she was to be assisted by a Council of Regency drawn from the royal family and the Ministers of State. Some months afterward further provision was made for the education and maintenance of the Princess, and for the support of her honor and dignity as heiress presumptive—£10,000 a year was voted, in addition to the annual grant of £6,000.

The Princess Victoria's first appearance at Court during the new reign was made at the celebration of Queen Adelaide's birthday, on the 24th of February, 1831. The drawing-room held by her Majesty was stated to have been the most magnificent witnessed since that which signalized the presentation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales on the occasion of her marriage. The Princess Victoria stood on Queen Adelaide's left hand. Her dress was made entirely of articles made in the United Kingdom. She wore a frock of English blonde over white satin, a pearl necklace, and a rich diamond agrafe fastened the Madonna braids of her fair hair at the back of her head. She was the object of interest and admiration on the part of all assembled. The scene was one of the most splendid ever remembered, and the future Queen of England contemplated all that passed with much dignity, but with evident enjoyment.

When King William prorogued his first Parliament an interesting circumstance occurred, which caused much enthusiasm amongst those who witnessed it. Queen Adelaide and the princesses witnessed the spectacle of the royal State procession. The people cheered the Queen lustily, but, forgetting herself, that gracious lady took the young Princess Victoria by the hand, led her to the front of the balcony, and introduced her to the happy and loyal multitude. In January, 1831, the Princess made her first appearance at the theatre, visiting Covent Garden, and thoroughly entering into the pleasures of the children's entertainment provided.

The Duchess of Kent early familiarized her illustrious daughter with the features of her own country, interesting her in it by personal visits to its chief cities and towns.

In the year 1833 the Duchess and her daughter took up

their residence at their beautiful seat of Norris Castle, Isle of Wight. Unembarrassed by the trammels of society, they were able to enjoy the delightful scenery of the islands, sometimes taking long walks and excursions alone. A tourist on one occasion strolled into the old churchyard at Arreton to search out the grave of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the heroine of Legh Richmond's popular religious story, *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Beside a grassy mound he discovered a lady and a young girl seated, "the latter reading aloud, in a full melodious voice, the touching tale of the Christian maiden." The tourist turned away, and soon afterward was told by the sexton that the pilgrims to that humble grave were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

From Norris Castle the royal ladies made many marine excursions in the "Emerald" yacht. Southampton, Carisbrooke, and Winchester were visited; while at Plymouth and Torquay minute attention was paid by the future Sovereign to the details of marine affairs. In acknowledging an address from the inhabitants of Torquay on the anniversary of one of England's great naval victories, the Duchess of Kent said: "It has ever been my pride to lead the Princess to regard with warm feelings all the recollections that belong to this day in relation to the naval service of the country." And in replying to an address from Plymouth she referred with satisfaction to her residence in the Isle of Wight, which permitted her, as a part of the education of her daughter, to visit the coast and the great arsenal so associated with the naval renown of Britain. A providential escape from destruction marked the Princess Victoria's homeward voyage from Eddystone to Norris Castle in the "Emerald" yacht. It seems that the vessel ran afoul of the "Active" hulk, and

the mainmast of the "Emerald" being sprung, her sail and a piece of heavy wood were detached. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, quick as thought sprang to where the Princess was standing, lifted her in his arms to a more safe position further aft, and the next moment, crash! came the topmast down where the Princess had originally stationed herself. But for the prompt action of Mr. Saunders she must have been crushed to death. Her Royal Highness bore herself with calmness while the event was passing, but after fully perceiving her imminent danger she burst into tears, and thanked her preserver with artless grace for his great presence of mind. The pilot was promoted to a master, and when the Princess became Queen of England he was invited to Court. On the death of Mr. Saunders, moreover, the Queen made provision for his wife and family.

After the return to Kensington Palace the Princess suffered from a severe attack of illness. For some time preceding her fifteenth birthday she looked pale and languid, and the violent changes of temperature subjected her to the only serious indisposition she had hitherto experienced. She soon recovered her health, however, and was able to accompany King William and Queen Adelaide to the Grand Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, when she was greeted with enthusiasm and affection by the loyal crowds which had assembled on the occasion.

The Ascot races of June, 1835, were witnessed by a brilliant gathering. On the principal day the Princess Victoria made her first appearance on a race-course with the royal family.

The uniforms of the soldiery, and the magnificent attire of the ladies of rank and fashion, who attended in their

thousands, combined with the glorious summer day, gave *éclat* to a scene never to be forgotten. The Princess was then just sixteen, not very tall in stature as yet, but glowing with youth, health, and happiness. Her hair, which appeared of an almost flaxen hue, was braided in what were known as Clotilde bands, the ancient style worn by the Plantagenet queens, and it became the Princess's contour of face exceedingly well. For costume she wore a large pink bonnet and a rose-colored satin dress, *broché*, with a pelerine cape trimmed with black lace. Though the cynosure of all eyes, it is stated that the Princess seemed much more delighted at any expression of loyalty bestowed on her royal uncle, the King, than by all the intoxicating applause lavishly accorded to herself.

On the 30th of August, 1835, the Princess Victoria was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In addition to the Princess and the Duchess of Kent, only the King, Queen Adelaide, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, with some other members of the royal family were present. The scene was very touching. We read that the young Princess exhibited great marks of sensibility during the beautiful and pathetic exhortation in which the Archbishop represented to her the great responsibility attaching to her high station; and when he spoke of the struggle she must prepare for between the world and Heaven, and, above all, of the absolute necessity of her looking up to the King of kings for counsel and support in all the trials that awaited her, her composure gradually gave way, till at length she was bathed in tears, and, unable to subdue the violence of her emotion, she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

The Duchess of Kent was scarcely less affected, while the King and Queen were also much moved.

The Princess Victoria attained her legal majority on the 24th of May, 1837, being then eighteen years of age. She was serenaded at Kensington Palace, at seven in the morning, by a band of thirty-seven vocal and instrumental performers in full dress. Her Royal Highness sat at one of the windows during the performance of the concert, and she graciously requested the repetition of one of the songs, which contained an allusion to her illustrious parent. The performance concluded with "God Save the King," in which the assembled spectators joined in full chorus. During the day many congratulatory visits were paid to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess; and amongst the birthday gifts to her Royal Highness was a magnificent grand pianoforte, of the value of 200 guineas, from the King.

The royal birthday was observed as a holiday in London, and neither House of Parliament sat. A grand State Ball was given at St. James's Palace, at which a brilliant party assembled to do honor to her Royal Highness; but the King and Queen were absent on account of the severe indisposition of the former. At this ball the Princess Victoria for the first time took precedence of her mother, occupying the central chair of State, supported by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Augusta. The metropolis was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and the happy event was likewise celebrated in various parts of the country by demonstrations of public rejoicing.

The Queen's last appearance at Court as Princess Victoria was at the drawing-room in honor of the King's birthday, May 29th, 1837; and shortly afterward she made her final

appearance in public as heiress presumptive at the memorable charity ball given at the Opera House for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers. Her life as Princess thus closed with a charitable act, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that the terrible sufferings which afflicted the poor in the East End were soon afterward alleviated.

We have now come to the parting of the ways. The life of the Princess has been traced from her birth, and through her childhood and girlhood, up to the verge of womanhood. She had grown up a fair and graceful type of the English maiden, and notwithstanding her high destiny she had been reared in the paths of duty and of self-sacrifice. Who knows not how to serve, knows not how to govern. The people owed a debt of gratitude to the Duchess of Kent for the admirable all-round training she gave her child. None knew of the nearness of that blow which was soon to fall upon the Royal House, removing the King from the midst of his subjects; but that his successor was prepared for her lofty position whenever he should be called away, was due to that constant teaching and supervision which had nourished her soul in rectitude and in affectionate solicitude for the welfare of the people.

CORONATION

AT

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE illness which prevented King William IV. from taking part in the birthday festivities of the Princess Victoria developed rapidly towards the close of the month of May. His Majesty exhibited signs of great debility and exhaustion, with oppression of breathing; and he had lost the power of walking. Preparations had been made to convey him to Brighton for change of air early in June, but these had to be abandoned. On the 9th he experienced some relief from the most distressing symptoms, and transacted business with Sir Herbert Taylor. All who came in contact with the King observed how his illness had refined him and made him gentle and resigned. Indeed, his unwearied patience and cheerfulness excited the admiration and astonishment of all who had opportunity of witnessing them. All his sailor-like bluntness of speech had disappeared. On the morning of the 16th he observed to the Queen: "I have had some quiet sleep; come and pray with me, and thank the Almighty for it." When the King's devotions were over, the Queen said: "And shall I not pray to the Almighty that you may have a good day?" To which his majesty replied: "Oh, do! I wish I could live ten years for the sake of my country. I feel it my duty to keep well as long as I can."





QUEEN VICTORIA AT EIGHTEEN.

By Sunday, the 18th, the King's illness had become so alarming that only a fatal result could be apprehended. Nevertheless, he transacted official business, and his last act of sovereignty was to sign a free pardon to a condemned criminal. Shortly afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury attended, and administered the sacrament to the King and Queen, the former appearing calm and collected, and his attitude being one of humility and gratitude to God. Early on the morning of this day the King had remembered that it was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and he had said to Dr. Chambers: "Let me but live over this memorable day; I shall never live to see another sunset." Dr. Chambers answered: "I hope your Majesty may live to see many." To which the King replied in a phrase which he commonly employed: "Oh! that is quite another thing." When he awoke on the morning of the 19th the King remarked to the Queen, "I shall get up once more to do the business of the country;" and as he was wheeled in his chair from the bedroom to the dressing-room, he looked with a gracious smile on the Queen's attendants, who were standing in tears near the door, and said, "God bless you!" and waved his hand. When the Archbishop came and read the Service for the Sick, and the Articles of Faith, the King, though much exhausted, enunciated with distinct and solemn emphasis the words, "All this I steadfastly believe." For the first time the Queen was now overpowered by the weight of her affliction. The King perceived her emotion, and said in a tone of encouragement, "Bear up, bear up." Once or twice during the day he raised his eyes and exclaimed: "Thy will be done." When the Archbishop left him for the last time he said to the King: "My best prayers are offered up for your Majesty;"

whereupon the dying monarch replied, with feeble yet distinct utterance: "Believe me, I am a religious man." At twelve minutes past two on the morning of the 20th, the King passed away, leaving behind him the memory of a sovereign who was just and upright, while as a man he was a sincere friend, a forgiving enemy, and a gracious and indulgent master. His defects were mainly surface defects, and these were forgotten in the wide and genuine tribute called forth by his sterling virtues.

The King is dead! God save the Queen! To the veteran of three score and ten has succeeded the maiden of eighteen. The manner in which the young Sovereign received the news of her accession is extremely interesting. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain left Windsor immediately after the King's death, posting to Kensington Palace, to inform the Princess Victoria of the melancholy event. They did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they desired an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said: "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a

loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

On being informed of her new dignity, the first words which the young Queen uttered were: "I ask your prayers on my behalf." They knelt down together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, an understanding heart to judge so great a people.

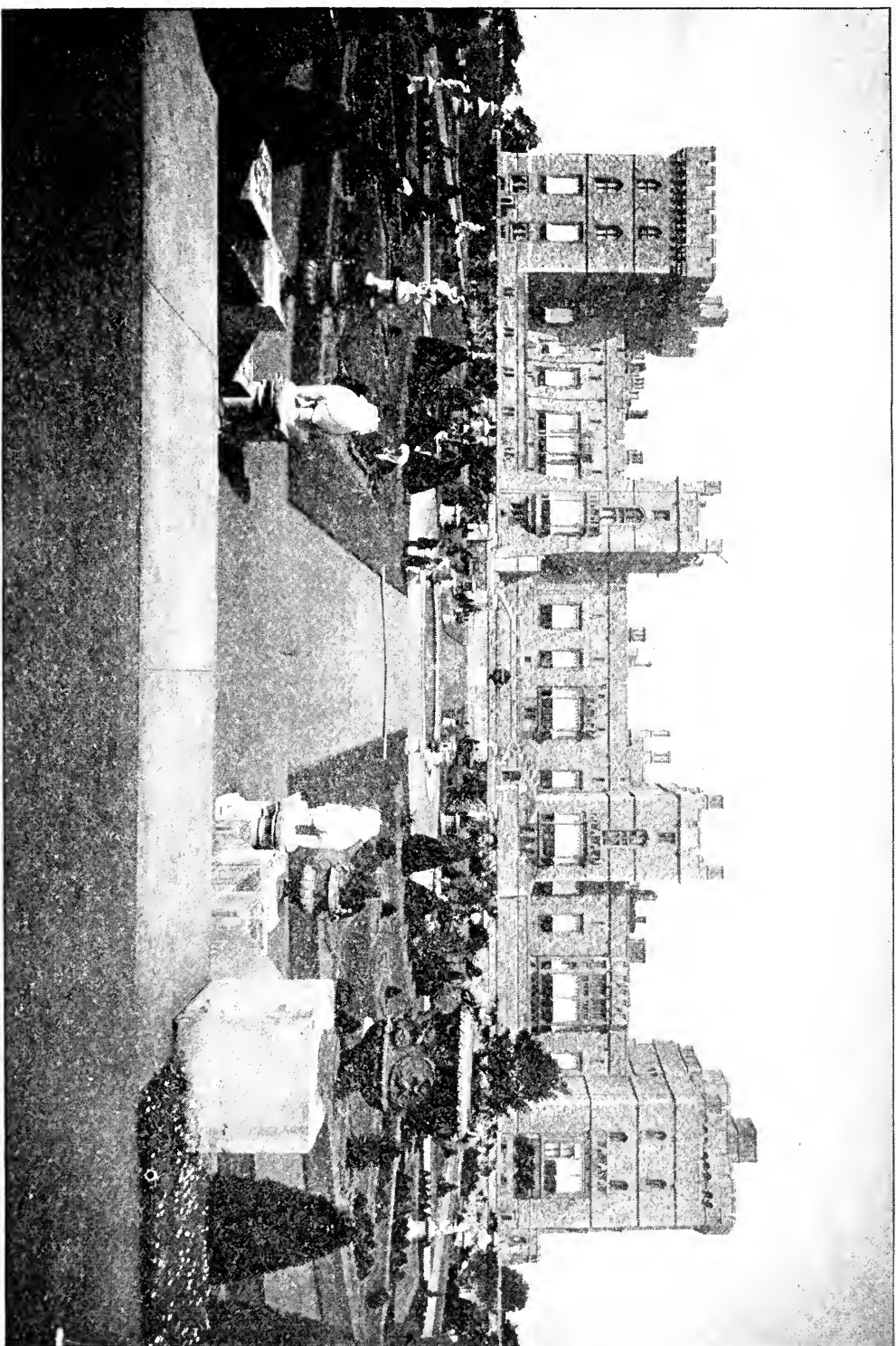
Another incident which redounds to the honor of the youthful Sovereign is recorded. The first act of her life as Queen was to write a letter, breathing the purest and tenderest feelings of affection and condolence, to Queen Adelaide. Her manner of doing it evinced a spirit of generosity and consideration which obtained for her golden opinions everywhere. Her Majesty wrote the letter spontaneously, and having finished it, folded and addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen." Some one in her presence, who had a right to make the remark, noticing this, mentioned that the superscription was not correct, and that the letter ought to be addressed to "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager." "I am quite aware," said Queen Victoria, "of her Majesty's altered character; but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

The Queen's first Privy Council was held at Kensington Palace on the morning of the 21st. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn.

Melbourne asked the Queen if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of State, but she said she would go in alone. When the lords were assembled, the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two Royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, the two Archbishops, the Lord Chancellor, and Melbourne, went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read, and the usual order passed. When the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her, she was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. The Queen bowed to the lords took her seat, and then, in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment, she read the following declaration to the Council:

“The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of his Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and to long experience.

“I place my firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it



WINDSOR CASTLE, EAST FRONT.



also a peculiar advantage, that I succeed to a Sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration.

“Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my native country.

“It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.”

After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance, and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging: she kissed them both, and rose from her chair, and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her.

She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went

through the whole ceremony—occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred—with perfect calmness and self-possession.

The Princess Victoria was formally proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland on the 21st of June, from St. James's Palace. Long before the hour fixed for the ceremony all the avenues to the palace were crowded, every balcony, window, and elevated position being filled with spectators. The space in the quadrangle, in front of the window at which her Majesty was to appear, was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and even the parapets above were filled with people. The great Irish agitator, O'Connell, in the front line opposite the windows, attracted considerable attention by waving his hat and cheering most vehemently.

The guns in the park fired a salute at ten o'clock, and immediately afterwards the Queen made her appearance at the window of the Presence Chamber.

She stood between Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, and was received with deafening cheers. Her mother also, who was close behind her, received most cordial plaudits. The Queen looked very fatigued and pale, but returned the repeated cheers with which she was greeted with remarkable ease and dignity. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on her head, exhibiting her light hair in front simply parted over her forehead. The Queen and the Duchess of Kent regarded the proceedings with much interest. As her Majesty appeared at the window the band of the Royal Guards struck up the National Anthem. On its conclusion, Sir William Woods,

acting for the Garter King-at-Arms, and accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England, read aloud the proclamation containing the official announcement of the death of King William IV., and of the consequent accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of these realms. The proclamation was as follows:

“Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late sovereign lord, King William the Fourth, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria (saving the rights of any issue of his late Majesty King William the Fourth which may be born of his late Majesty’s consort): We, therefore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty’s Privy Council, with numbers of others, principally gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lady, Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid: To whom, saving as aforesaid, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us. God save the Queen!”

While the proclamation was being read there was considerable movement among the crowd, who continued to cheer and cry, “God save the Queen!”

Her Majesty stood during the whole rehearsal of the pro-

clamation. She was deeply affected at the acclamations which rent the air, and was observed to shed tears.

One result of the Queen's accession escaped without comment in almost all the journals. The descent of the English crown to a female necessitated the separation from it of the kingdom of Hanover, which, according to Salic law, passed to the Queen's uncle, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland.

Her Majesty's first assumption of royalty in the Council Chamber at Kensington Palace formed the subject of a historical picture by Sir David Wilkie. In that picture the "Maiden Queen" is seen at the head of the table, while at the foot, facing her, is the Duke of Sussex in his black velvet skull-cap. Other noticeable figures in the group are those of the great Chancellor Lyndhurst; Brougham, the clever and indiscreet, with his restless features ceaselessly in action; and the Duke of Wellington.

The Queen took up her residence at Buckingham Palace on the 13th of July, and four days later she went in State to dissolve Parliament. An immense concourse of persons witnessed the procession, and the cheering all along the route was most deafening. As she entered the house all the peers and peeresses present rose at the flourish of trumpets, and remained standing. Her Majesty was attired in a splendid white satin robe, with the ribbon of the Garter crossing her shoulder, and a magnificent tiara of diamonds on her head, and a necklace and stomacher of large and costly brilliants. When she had ascended the throne and taken her seat, Lord Melbourne, who stood close to her right hand, whispered to her that it was customary to desire the peers and the peeresses to be seated; whereupon her Majesty, in rather a low voice, and bowing condescendingly, said, "My lords, be seated."

The usual formalities having been gone through, the Queen read her first speech from the throne. The closing passages of this document, which breathed of the constitutional spirit that has marked the whole course of her Majesty's reign, ran as follows :

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me ; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I shall upon all occasions look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament and the affections of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the Crown, and ensure the stability of the Constitution."

Her Majesty read the speech deliberately, and with a sweet voice which was heard all over the House, while a natural grace and modest self-possession characterized her demeanor. Fanny Kemble, who was present on this historic occasion, thus wrote concerning its central figure: "The Queen was not handsome, but very pretty, and the singularity of her great position lent a sentimental and poetic charm to her youthful face and figure. The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance; while the want of height only added to the effect of extreme youth of the round but slender person, and gracefully moulded hands and arms. The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than "My Lords and Gentlemen," which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose

gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

Soon after her Majesty's accession she was called upon to sign her first death-warrant. It was presented to her by the Duke of Wellington, and concerned a deserter who had been condemned to death by court-martial. The Queen, with tears in her eyes, asked, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?"

"Nothing; he has deserted three times," replied the Duke.

"Oh, your Grace, think again!"

"Well, your Majesty," said the brave veteran, "though he is certainly a very bad *soldier*, some witnesses spoke for his character, and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may be a good *man*."

"Oh, thank you for that a thousand times!" exclaimed the Queen; and writing "pardoned" on the paper, she pushed it across the table to the Duke, her hand trembling with emotion.

Another anecdote also deserves to be recorded. It was told by Lord Melbourne. Immediately she was in a position to do so, she said to the Prime Minister: "I want to pay all that remain of my father's debts. I *must* do it. I consider it a sacred duty." Lord Melbourne said that the earnestness and directness of that good daughter's manner, when speaking of her father, brought the tears into his eyes. The Duke of Kent had not had a very large allowance, considering his position and his natural generosity, which caused him to contribute beyond his means to excellent institutions of all

kinds. However, the Queen never rested until all his liabilities had been conscientiously discharged.

The Queen was exceedingly popular with all classes. At one time, when some foolish person talked of deposing "the all but infant Queen" and putting the Duke of Cumberland in her place, O'Connell said: "If necessary, I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled." Occasionally the devotion of her admirers was somewhat embarrassing. This was especially so in the case of a gentleman who, for some time before the Queen left Kensington Palace, labored under the delusion that he was one day destined to marry her Majesty. His attentions became very annoying, and on one occasion he actually succeeded in writing his name in the visiting-book, only to be erased, however, as soon as the autograph was discovered. Although a gentleman of means, he would actively assist the workmen in weeding the piece of water in Kensington Gardens, in the hope of obtaining a sight of her Majesty; and every evening he would wait in his phaeton in the Uxbridge Road until the Queen's carriage appeared in sight, when he would follow it in whatever direction it might proceed.

On the 22nd of August the Queen removed with her Court to Windsor Castle, where a week later she received her uncle the King of the Belgians and his consort, Queen Louise. Later in the autumn her Majesty visited Brighton, returning to London on the 4th of November.

There was a magnificent pageant on the occasion of her first visit to the City as Queen, on Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November. A general holiday was observed that day in London, and crowds of persons assembled along the whole

route from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall. The Queen sat in the royal state carriage, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland as Mistress of the Robes, and the Earl of Albemarle as Master of the Horse. Her Majesty wore a splendid pink satin robe shot with silver, her hair encompassed with a splendid tiara; and she looked the picture of health. As the procession filed along the Strand the church bells rang forth merrily, and mingling with their peals enthusiastic cheers came from thousands of human voices. Rows of national flags and heraldic banners were stretched across the thoroughfare at several points, and busts and portraits of the Queen were placed in conspicuous positions. Her Majesty, who was in high spirits, acknowledged the continuous greetings of her subjects in the most gracious manner.

Temple Bar was a point of great interest, for here the City bounds began. The Lord Mayor and sheriffs, with the aldermen, who had been accommodated in Messrs. Childs' banking-house, proceeded to mount their chargers a little before two o'clock.

When the arrival of the Queen was announced, the Lord Mayor dismounted, and taking the City sword in his hand, stood on the south side of Temple Bar. Her Majesty's carriage then drew up within the gateway, and the Lord Mayor presented the keys of the City to the Queen, which her Majesty, after keeping for a few moments, restored in a gracious manner. At this moment the multitude of spectators rent the air with their acclamations. The Lord Mayor remounted, and, holding the City sword aloft, took his place immediately before the royal carriage; after which the aldermen, the members of the Common Council, and other civic authorities formed in procession.

One of the most interesting episodes of the day occurred in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, where a booth had been erected for the accommodation of the boys of Christ's Hospital. The royal carriage stopped in the middle of the road opposite the cathedral gate, and a platform was wheeled out on which were Mr. F. G. Nash, senior scholar of Christ's Hospital, and the head-master and treasurer. The scholar, in conformity with an old usage, delivered an address of congratulation to her Majesty, concluding with an earnest prayer for her welfare. "God save the Queen" was then sung by the scholars and a great part of the other spectators. The Queen was much pleased with the proceedings, and in "subsequently returning his oration to Master Nash with her signature added, she wrote a note expressive of her approbation."

On arriving at the Guildhall, whose rooms had been sumptuously fitted up and decorated, the Queen received the chief guests in the drawing-room. Another address was presented, and the dinner was announced. The Queen descended the hall preceded by the Lord Mayor, and was conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the throne, the band playing, "O! the roast beef of Old England." The dinner was much like other dinners for the viands, but one dish deserves special mention. This was a salmon, and the only one at the banquet. It had been caught in the River Tivy, near Kenarth, in the county of Carmarthen, by William Griffiths, a poor lame fisherman, who with unbounded loyalty sent it by the mail to the Lord Mayor, requesting that it might form part of the civic entertainment to the Queen. "The health of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria" was drank amid loud applause, and in response the Queen rose and bowed several times very

affably to the company. Her dress attracted much attention. It was richly embroidered with silver; and over her left shoulder the Queen wore the riband of the Order of the Garter, with the George appended; on her head she had a splendid diadem and circlet; she also wore diamond earrings, and had a stomacher of brilliants.

At half-past eight o'clock a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen's carriage. Her Majesty then left, and when she arrived at the carriage door she turned round to the Lord Mayor, who stood at the step, and said with a smile, "I assure you, my Lord Mayor, that I have been most highly gratified." She then warmly shook hands with the chief magistrate, and drove off amid ringing cheers. On the homeward route the royal carriage pulled up for a few minutes at the end of Cheapside, where, under the direction of the Sacred Harmonic Society, several hundred voices sang "God save the Queen."

Her Majesty opened her first Parliament on the 20th of November, her progress to the House being marked by the most loyal demonstrations. When she had ascended the throne in the House of Lords, she directed the Lord Chancellor to read the following declaration:

"I, Victoria, &c., do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof, by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and

every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God and man, or absolved of this declaration, or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons or power whatsoever, shall dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

The question of the Civil List was settled by Parliament this session. The Queen placed unreservedly in the hands of Parliament the hereditary revenues transferred to the public by her immediate predecessor. In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out that, whilst former Sovereigns had inherited considerable personal property, Queen Victoria had not done so, and would further be deprived of the revenues of Hanover, which had now become a separate kingdom. The sum of £385,000 was therefore voted as the annual income of the Sovereign. At the suggestion of the Queen, Parliament also voted an additional grant of £8,000 a year to the income of the Duchess of Kent, thus raising it to £30,000 per annum.

The Queen entered fully into all business matters brought before her by the Prime Minister. She would know the why and the wherefore of everything. Indeed, one authority says that Melbourne was heard to declare that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen. He could not place a single document in her Majesty's hand for signature but she first asked an infinite variety of questions respecting it, and she not unfrequently ended her interrogatories by de-

clining to put her name to the paper in question until she had taken further time to consider its merits. The Premier on a certain occasion had submitted an Act of Government for her Majesty's approval, and was proceeding to urge its expediency, when he was thus stopped short by the Queen:

"I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right, and what is wrong; but expediency is a word which I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

Again, when Melbourne was anxious to obtain the Queen's signature to an important State document, he argued for it with all the force and eloquence at his command. But the Sovereign had resolved upon having further information before affixing her signature. It was in vain that he explained and argued, and in the end, when he pleaded the paramount importance of the matter he was met by the reply:

"It is with me a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied."

But the other side of the picture reveals the admirable relations existing between the Queen and her Minister. George Villiers told Greville that he had been exceedingly struck with Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him—his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. "She is continually talking to him," continues Greville, "let who will be there; he always sits next her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady-in-waiting, which necessarily places him next her, the etiquette being that the lady-in-waiting sits next but one to the Queen. It is not unnatural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately

fond of her, as he might be of his daughter, if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving, without having anything in the world to love. It has become his province to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honorably, and conscientiously. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behaviour that he is admired, respected, liked by all the Court."

As soon as her Majesty's State duties were despatched, she occupied the time with music, reading, or drawing. She took great delight in Italian music, and also in the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart. To these was subsequently added Mendelssohn, who was also a favorite with the Prince Consort. Her voice was a *mezzo-soprano* of good tone, and her singing was excellent. Her talents for drawing were such that one of her masters said: "The Princess Victoria would have made the best female artist of the age if she had not been born to wear a crown." After she became Queen, she would frequently entertain her distinguished guests by singing in the drawing-room, after dinner, choice popular airs, in which she was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent on the piano. Some other personal details may be mentioned. As her Majesty has herself declared that "she is rather small for a Queen," we are emboldened to give her stature, which is just five feet two inches. But her carriage and imposing appearance always seem to indicate a considerably greater height.

But we must now pass on to the coronation, the great event of 1838, and the greatest spectacle of her Majesty's reign. Long before the day fixed for the ceremony the deepest interest was manifested in it. Amongst the proclamations issued was one declaring it to be the Queen's royal will and pleasure to dispense with, at her approaching coronation, all the ceremonies usually performed in Westminster Hall on such an occasion. These ceremonies included the entry of the Champion of England on horseback, whose right it was to throw down his gauntlet in defence of the Sovereign, challenging any one to take it up. Another proclamation stated that the peers were to be relieved from doing homage in the usual fashion by kissing the left cheek of the Sovereign. One can imagine the girl-Queen's dismay if this ancient custom had been maintained in her case. For her royal uncles to kiss her cheek was only a natural proceeding, but that some six hundred spiritual and temporal peers should follow each other in kissing the Sovereign's left cheek would have been an appalling prospect. The old custom was for each peer, according to his rank and profession, singly to ascend the throne, to touch with his hand the crown on the Sovereign's head, and then to kiss her on her cheek. Though all the peers would no doubt have taken care to be present on such an interesting occasion, it cannot be matter of surprise that they were relieved from this and other onerous duties.

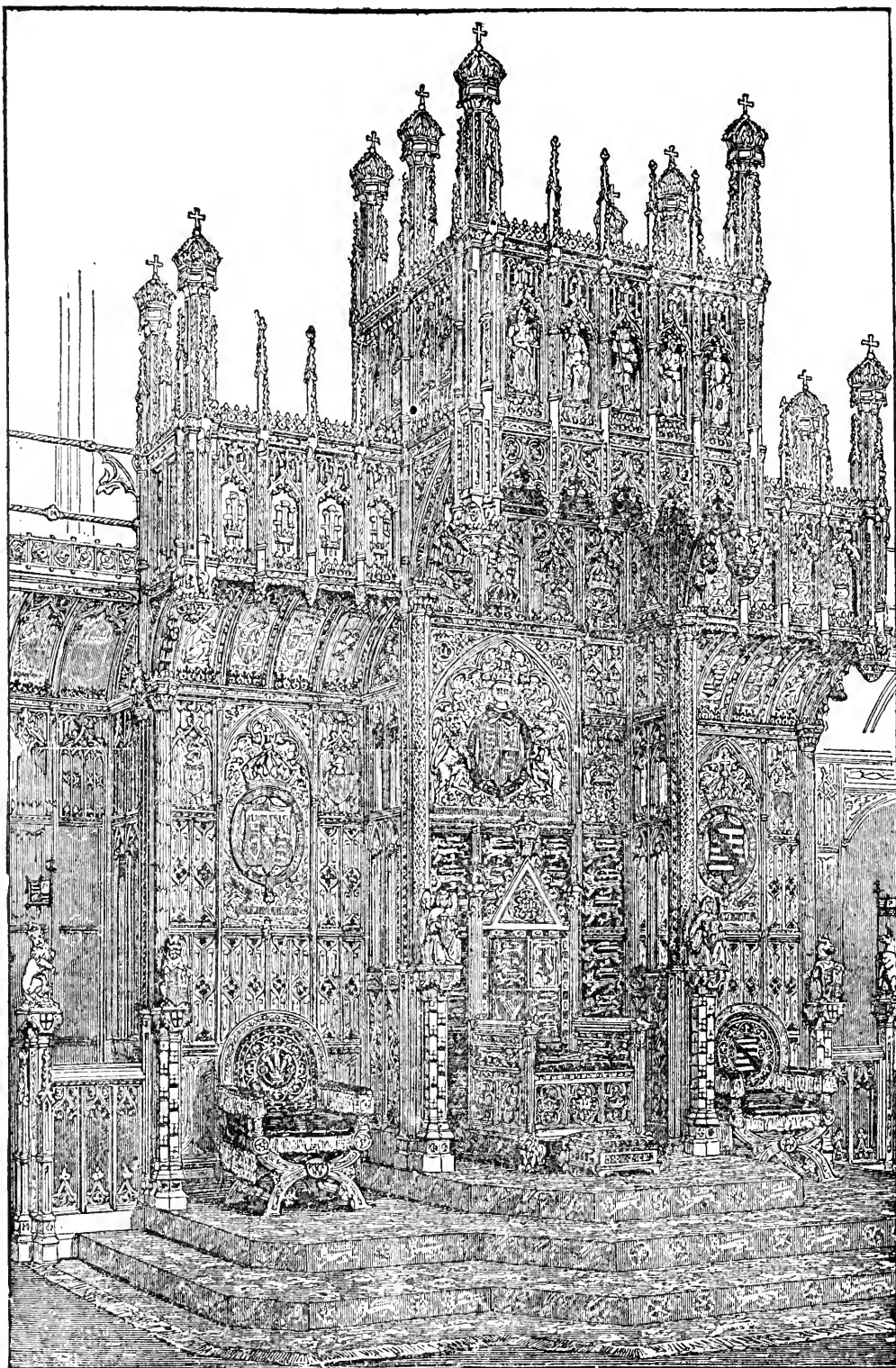
The first issue of sovereigns bearing the impress of Queen Victoria took place on June 14th, but the bankers were only supplied with limited numbers, and could not gratify the whole of their clamorous customers at once. The crown in which the Queen was to appear at the coronation was made of hoops of silver, enclosing a cap of deep blue velvet; the

hoops were completely covered with precious stones, surmounted by a ball covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top of it. The cross had in its centre a splendid sapphire; the rim of the crown was clustered with brilliants, and ornamented with *fleur-de-lis* and Maltese crosses, equally rich. In the front of the large Maltese cross was the enormous heart-shaped ruby which had been worn by Edward, the Black Prince, and which afterwards figured in the Helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Beneath this, in the circular rim, was a large oblong sapphire. There were many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls. The lower part of the crown was surrounded with ermine. The value of the jewels on the crown was estimated at £112,760.

Amid great pomp and ceremony the coronation of her Majesty took place in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, the 28th of June. London was awake very early on that day, and by six o'clock strings of vehicles poured into the West End. Crowds of foot-passengers also were on the move, all converging towards one point. From Hyde Park Corner to the Abbey there was scarcely a house without a scaffolding, soon to be filled with sightseers. Seats were sold at a very high rate, while tickets for the inside of the Abbey were bought on the eve of the ceremony at more than twenty guineas each. At ten o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns, and the hoisting of the imperial standard in front of the palace, intimated that her Majesty had entered the State carriage. The procession then set forth, preceded by trumpeters and a detachment of Life Guards. Then came the foreign ministers and ambassadors, followed by the carriages of the Royal Family, containing the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of

Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex; next her Majesty's carriages, containing the members of the household and others; and then, after officers and guards of various kinds, came the State coach, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, conveying the Queen and the Mistress of the Robes and Master of the Horse. All the royal personages were loudly cheered, but when the State carriage bearing the young Sovereign came in view the enthusiasm was something tremendous. Her Majesty appeared in excellent spirits, and highly delighted with the imposing scene. The troops saluted in succession as she passed, and remained with presented arms until the royal carriage had passed the front of each battalion, the bands continuing to play the National Anthem. To the credit of the crowd, a hearty cheer was raised for Marshall Soult, which the French veteran acknowledged with great satisfaction, not unmingled with surprise. It is said that every window along the route was a bouquet, every balcony a parterre of living loveliness and beauty; and as the Queen passed, scarfs, handkerchiefs, and flowers were waved with the most boisterous enthusiasm. Her Majesty was more than once visibly affected by these exhilarating demonstrations, and occasionally turned to the Duchess of Sutherland to conceal or express her emotion.

Westminster Abbey was reached at half-past eleven. On each side the nave, galleries were erected for the spectators, with accommodation for a thousand persons. Under the central tower of the Abbey, in the interior of the choir, a platform was raised, covered with a carpet of cloth of gold, and upon it the chair of homage, superbly gilt, was placed, facing the altar. Further on, within the chancel, and near the altar, was Edward the Confessor's chair. The altar was



QUEEN VICTORIA'S THRONE.

covered with massive gold plate. Galleries were provided for members of the House of Commons, foreign ambassadors, and other persons of distinction, the Judges, Masters in Chancery, Knights of the Bath, the Lord Mayor, and the members of the Corporation.

Shortly before noon the grand procession began to enter the choir. It was headed by the prebendaries and Dean of Westminster, followed by the great officers of her Majesty's household.

The scene which followed her Majesty's entry into the Abbey was one of the most impressive which could possibly be conceived. The Queen looked extremely well, and had a very animated expression of countenance. Some of the foreign ambassadors had numerous and splendid suites, and were magnificently attired; but by far the most gorgeous was Prince Esterhazy, whose dress, down to his very boot-heels, sparkled with diamonds. The scene within the choir which presented itself to the Queen on her entrance was very gorgeous, and indeed almost overwhelming. The Turkish ambassador, it is reported, was absolutely bewildered; he stopped in astonishment, and for some time would not move up to his allotted place. The Queen was received with hearty plaudits as she advanced slowly towards the centre of the choir; the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," being meanwhile sung by the musicians. Then, with thrilling effect and full trumpet accompaniment, "God save the Queen" was rendered. The booming of the guns outside was deadened by the tumultuous acclamations of those within the Abbey, which did not close till the beloved object of this enthusiastic homage reached the recognition-chair, on the south-east of the altar. Here the

Queen knelt at the faldstool, engaging in silent prayer. Her mind must have been agitated with deep and conflicting emotions at this awful moment, when the vast weight of her responsibilities pressed in upon her. There were many who shed tears as the simple maiden, the centre of so much splendor and the cynosure of a whole empire, implored the Divine strength in the fulfilment of her sovereign duties.

When she rose from her devotions the pealing notes of the anthem rang through the arches of the Abbey. Scarcely had the music ceased when, in pursuance of their prescriptive right, the Westminster scholars rose up with one accord and acclaimed their Sovereign. They shouted in almost deafening chorus, "*Victoria, Victoria! Vivat Victoria Regina!*" This was the first actual incident in the proceedings of the coronation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury now advanced from his station at the great south-east pillar to the east side of the theatre or platform, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, the High Constable, and the Earl Marshall, preceded by Garter King-at-Arms; and presenting the youthful monarch to her people, made the recognition in these words:

"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

In response there was a rapturous and general shout of "God save Queen Victoria!" The Archbishop and the great officers of State made the same recognition to the people on the other three sides of the Abbey, south, west, and north; the Queen remaining standing, and turning her-

self about to face her loyal lieges on each side as the recognition was made, which was answered with long and repeated acclamations. The last recognition over, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the band struck up the National Anthem. This part of the ceremonial has been described as one of the most striking and picturesque.

The bishops who bore the patina, Bible, and chalice in the procession, now placed the same on the altar. The Queen, attended by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells and the Dean of Westminster, with the great officers of State and noblemen bearing the regalia, advanced to the altar, and kneeling upon the crimson-velvet cushion, made her first offering, being a pall or altar-cloth of gold, which she delivered to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was placed on the altar. Her Majesty next placed an ingot of gold, of one pound weight, in the hands of the Archbishop, by whom it was put into the oblation basin. The bearers of the regalia, except those who carried the swords, then proceeded in order to the altar, where they delivered St. Edward's crown, the sceptre, dove, orb, spurs, and all the other insignia of royalty, to the Archbishop, who delivered them to the Dean of Westminster, by whom they were placed on the altar. The religious ceremony now began with the reading of the Litany by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's. Then followed the Communion Service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle. The Bishop of London preached the Sermon from the following text: Second Chronicles, xxxiv. 31.

"And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies and statutes, and with all

his heart and all his soul to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

Her Majesty paid profound attention to the words of the sermon, in the course of which the Bishop praised the late King for his unfeigned religion, and exhorted his youthful successor to follow in his footsteps. The earnest manner in which she listened, and the motion with which, at the mention of her dead uncle, she bowed her head on her hand to conceal a falling tear, were highly touching.

On the conclusion of the service, the Archbishop advanced towards the Queen, addressing her thus:

"Madam, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

The Queen replied, "I am willing."

"Will you solemnly promise and swear," continued the Archbishop, "to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

In an audible voice the Queen answered, "I solemnly promise so to do."

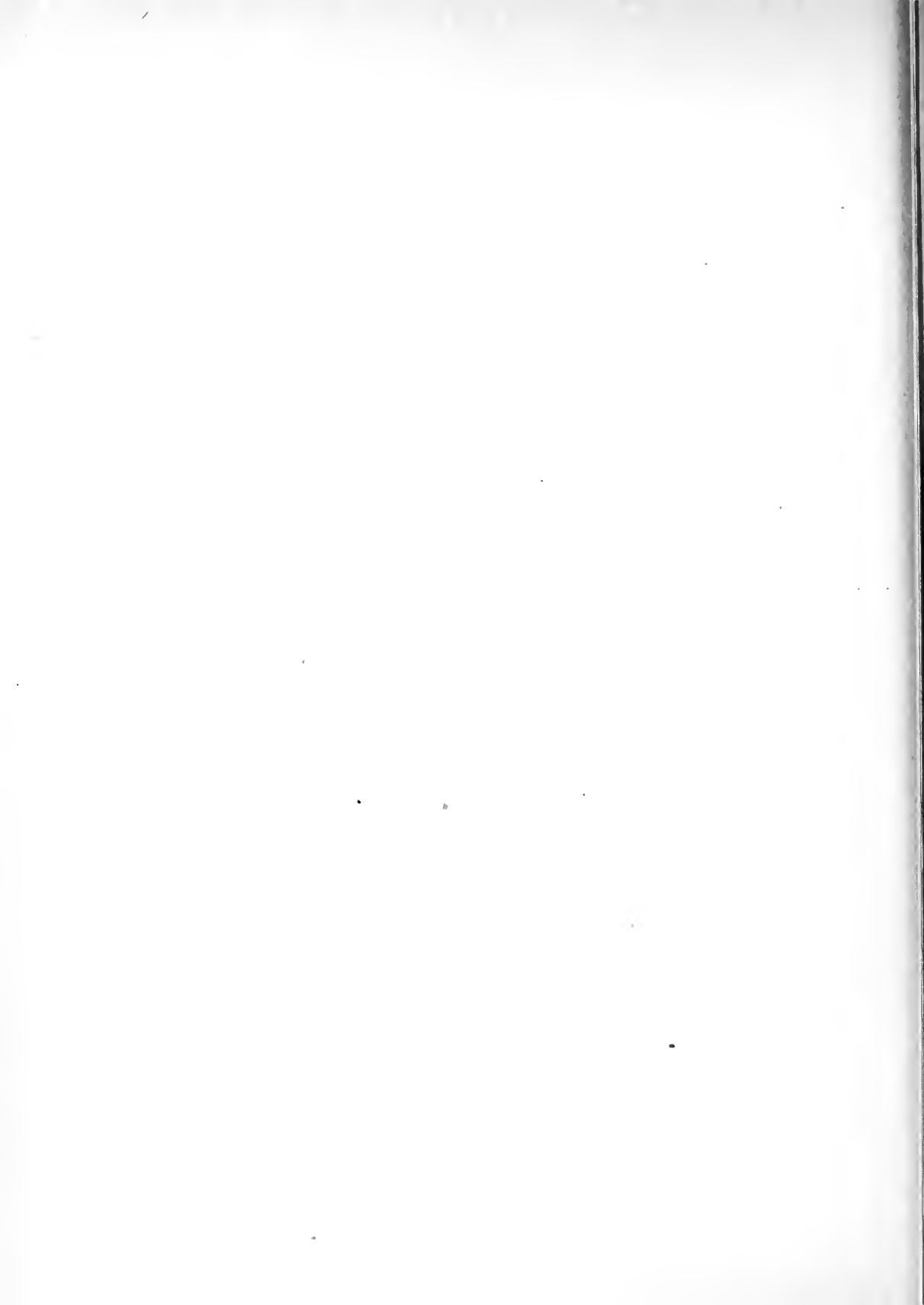
"Will you, to the extent of your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

"I will."

Then said the Archbishop: "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.



bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?"

Clearly and firmly the Queen replied, "All this I promise to do."

Her Majesty, with the Lord Chamberlain and other officers, the sword of State being carried before her, then went to the altar and took the coronation oath. Laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible carried in the procession, and now brought to her by the Archbishop, she said, kneeling:

"The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God!"

Then the Queen kissed the book, and to a transcript of the oath set her royal sign manual. After signing, her Majesty knelt upon her faldstool while the choir sang *Veni, Creator, Spiritus*.

The next part of the ceremony, the anointing was extremely interesting. The Queen sat in King Edward's chair; four Knights of the Garter—the Dukes of Buccleuch and Rutland, and the Marquises of Anglesey and Exeter—held a rich cloth of gold over her head; the Dean of Westminster took the ampulla from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the gold anointing-spoon; then the Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, and pronouncing these words:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern. In the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then pronounced a prayer or blessing over the Sovereign.

The spurs were presented by the Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, who returned them to the altar. The sword of State was presented by Lord Melbourne to the Archbishop, who in delivering it into the Queen's right hand said: "Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us, the servants and bishops of God, though unworthy. With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that doing these things, you may be glorious in all virtue, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come. Amen."

Lord Melbourne, according to custom, redeemed the sword "with a hundred shillings," and carried it unsheathed before her Majesty during the remainder of the ceremony. Then followed the investing with the royal robe and the delivery of the orb.

One curious custom was observed by the Duke of Norfolk, who, as Lord of the manor of Worksop, holds an estate by the service of presenting to the Sovereign a right-hand glove during the ceremonial of the coronation. The Duke left his seat, and approaching the Queen, kneeling, presented to her a glove for her right hand, embroidered with the arms of Howard, which her Majesty put on. His Grace afterwards

occasionally performed his high feudal office of supporting the Sovereign's right arm, or holding the sceptre by her side.

The Archbishop, in delivering the sceptre with the cross into the Queen's right hand said: "Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice." Next he delivered the rod with the dove into the Queen's left hand, this being "the rod of equity and mercy." The Archbishop then took the crown into his hands, and laying it upon the altar, offered up a prayer. Turning from the altar with the other bishops, he now received the crown from the Dean of Westminster, and placed it on her Majesty's head; whereupon the people, with loud and repeated shouts cried, "God save the Queen!" At the moment the crown was placed on the head of the Sovereign, the act was made known by signal to the semaphore at the Admiralty, from whence it was transmitted to the outports and other places. A double royal salute of forty-one guns was fired, and the Tower, Windsor, Woolwich, and other guns gave a similar greeting to the crowned monarch of the British realms.

On the assumption of the crown, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and the kings-of-arms their crowns; while the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and park guns fired their volleys. Then the full burst of the orchestra broke forth, and the scene was one of such grandeur as to defy description. The Queen was visibly agitated during the long-reiterated acclamations.

After an anthem had been sung, the Archbishop presented the Bible to the Queen, who gave it to the Dean of Westminster to be placed on the altar. The benediction was then delivered by the Archbishop, all the bishops, with the rest of

the peers, responding to every part of the blessing with a loud and hearty "Amen!" The choir then began to sing the *Te Deum*, and the Queen proceeded to the chair which she first occupied, supported by two bishops. She was then "enthroned," or "lifted," as the formulary states, into the chair of homage, by the archbishops, bishops, and peers surrounding her. Then began the ceremony of homage. The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other lords spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The royal dukes, with the temporal peers, followed according to their precedence, class by class. Ascending the steps leading to the throne, and taking off their coronets, they repeated the oath of homage in the following quaint and homely Saxon form :

"I do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship ; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God !"

Each peer then in turn touched the cross on her Majesty's crown, in token of his readiness to support it against all adversaries. He then kissed the Sovereign's hand and retired.

A pretty and touching scene took place when the royal dukes, who alone kissed her Majesty's cheek, came forward to do homage. The Duke of Sussex, who was suffering from indisposition, was feebly and with great difficulty ascending the steps of the throne, when the Queen, yielding to the impulse of natural affection, flung her fair arms about his neck and tenderly embraced him.

While the lords were doing homage, the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the Household, threw coronation medals in

silver about the choir and lower galleries, which were scrambled for with great eagerness.

At the conclusion of the homage the choir sang the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." The Queen received the two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey rang with exultant shouts of "God save Queen Victoria! Long live Queen Victoria! May the Queen live for ever!" The members of the House of Commons raised the first acclamation with nine cheers. Of the House of Commons as then constituted, there survive only three members who are members of the Lower House at the present time—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Christopher M. Talbot.

The solemn ceremony of the coronation being now ended, the Archbishop of Canterbury went to the altar. The Queen followed him, and having divested herself of the symbols of sovereignty, she knelt down before the altar. The Gospel and Epistle of the Communion Service having been read by two bishops, her Majesty made her offering of bread and wine for the communion, in the paten and chalice. A second oblation was a purse of gold, which was placed on the altar. The Queen received the sacrament kneeling on the faldstool by the chair. Afterwards she put on her crown, and with her sceptres in her hands, took her seat again upon the throne. The Archbishop then proceeded with the Communion Service, and pronounced the final blessing. The choir sang the noble anthem, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The Queen then left the throne, and attended by two bishops and noblemen bearing the regalia and swords of State, passed into King Edward's Chapel, the organ playing.

The Queen delivered the sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid it on the altar. She was then disrobed of her imperial robe of State, and arrayed in her royal robe of purple velvet by the Lord Chamberlain. The Archbishop placed the orb in her left hand. The gold spurs and St. Edward's staff were delivered by the noblemen who bore them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them on the altar. The Queen then went to the west door of the Abbey wearing her crown, the sceptre with the cross being in her right, and the orb in her left hand. The swords and regalia were delivered to gentlemen who attended to receive them from the Jewel Office. It was nearly four o'clock when the royal procession passed through the nave at the conclusion of the ceremony. As the Queen emerged from the western entrance of the Abbey, there came from the thousands and tens of thousands of her subjects assembled in the vicinity, thunders of acclamation and applause. Similar greetings awaited her on the whole of the homeward route; and the scene was even more impressive than in the morning, as her Majesty now wore her crown, and the peers and peeresses their robes and their jewelled coronets.

To the coronation succeeded the festivities. The Queen gave a grand banquet to one hundred guests, and the Duke of Wellington a ball at Apsley House, which was attended by 2000 persons. On the next day, and for three succeeding days (omitting Sunday), a fair was held in Hyde Park; this popular festive entertainment being visited by her Majesty on Friday. All the theatres in the metropolis, and nearly all other places of public amusement, were by the Queen's command opened gratuitously on the evening of the coronation. Enthusiastic demonstrations took place throughout the coun-

try, and public dinners, feasts to the poor, processions and illuminations were the order of the day. Every town in England had its rejoicings; while in the chief continental cities British subjects assembled to celebrate the auspicious event.

But important events kept the young Sovereign's mind under high tension at this time. The Ministry was falling into disrepute; there was war in Canada, and much discontent at home. The time had come when the Queen felt that she desired a nearer and yet a dearer one than any of the companions or counsellors of either sex by whom she was surrounded. The cares of State weighed heavily upon that young heart, and she required some one upon whom she could lean in times of anxiety and trouble, and whose love and counsel would cheer and sustain her in periods of perplexity. Speculation had long been rife as to when, and with whom, she would enter upon the wedded state. Fortunately, however, for her happiness, no reasons of State were allowed to dictate her course in this the most momentous change in a woman's life. We shall presently see that when her marriage came to be celebrated, it was one of affection, and that it was the woman as well as the Queen who stood before the hymeneal altar.

ROYAL COURTSHIP

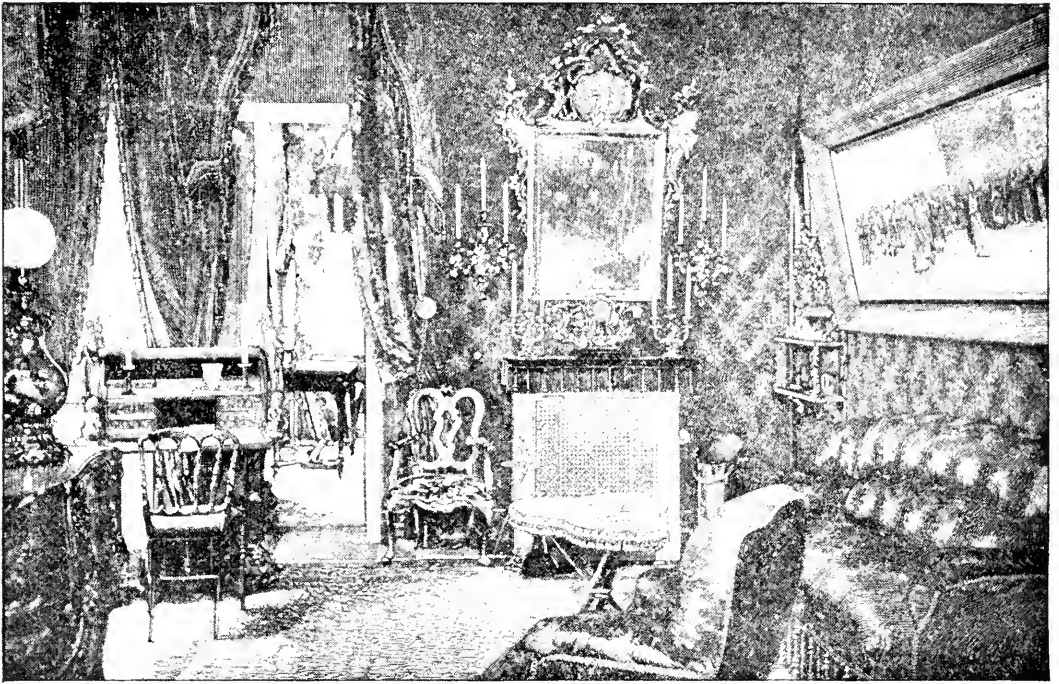
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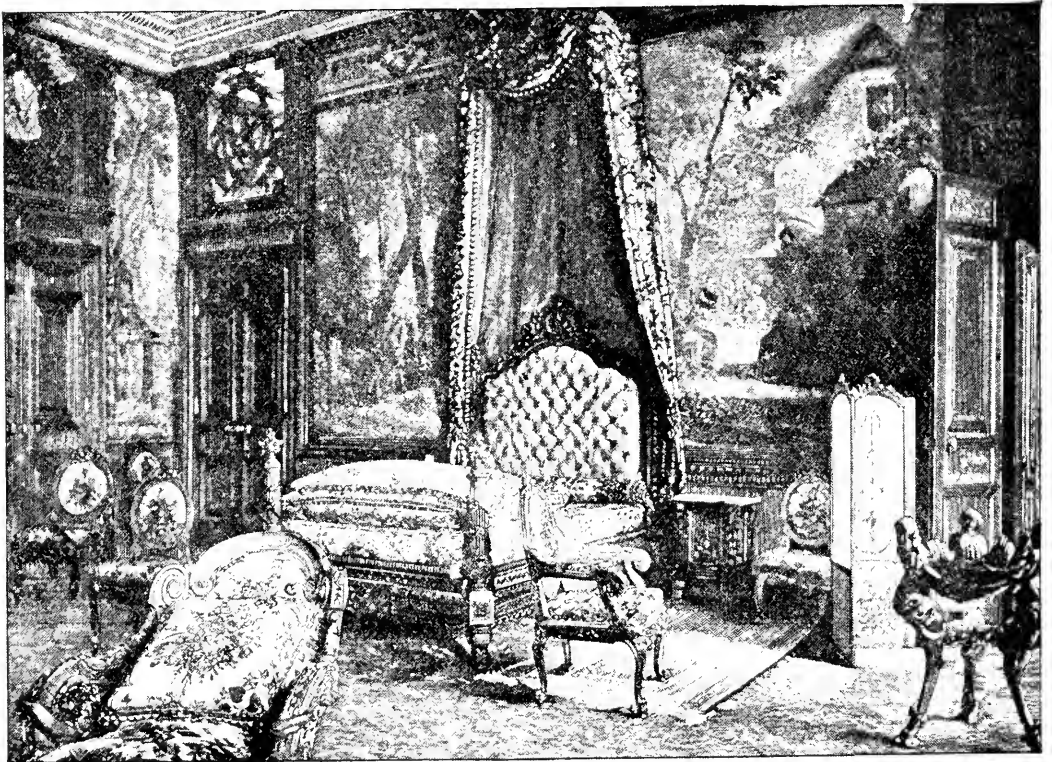
CHAPTER III.

ON the 26th of August, 1819—the same year which witnessed the birth of the Queen—there was born to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld a son, who was afterward named Albert. This child, who was destined to be closely allied with England, was lineally descended from those great Saxon princes “whose names are immortalized in European history by the stand they made in defense of their country’s liberties against the encroaching power of the German emperors, as well as by the leading part they took in the Reformation.” Albert was a delicate, nervous child, with a beautiful countenance, almost too much of a seraph, it was thought, for this mundane sphere; but by the time he was six years old he showed that he was pretty much like other boys. The young Prince’s training was very thorough, embracing tuition in various branches of science, languages, music, literature, ethics, and politics. He had also a fine moral and physical training, so that as he advanced toward manhood he was upright both in mind and body. His mind was further enlarged by travel through Germany, Austria, and Holland.

In May, 1836, the Duke of Coburg, together with his two sons, Prince Ernest and Prince Albert, paid a visit to England, and spent nearly four weeks at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. It was now that the Princess Victoria saw



ROYAL BOUDOIR.



ROYAL BED-ROOM.

for the first time her future husband. The distinguished visitors were *fêted* at Windsor and at St. James's by the King and Queen, and by every member of the royal family in England. In the company of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter they also visited the chief attractions of the metropolis. In his home at Erenburg, in the spring of 1839, Prince Albert was agreeably surprised, on entering his apartments after a long journey, to receive a smiling welcome from the features of his fair cousin, the young Queen of England. It appears that she had sent her portrait, executed by Chalon, for his acceptance, and it was privately placed, by her desire, so that it should be the first object to meet his view on his return.

Albert again visited England in the ensuing October, this being the third occasion on which he had done so. He reached Buckingham Palace on the 10th, and was conveyed thence in royal carriages to Windsor Castle. The Queen appears to have been still more impressed than before with her young cousin. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week. The Queen now put off the monarch, and was the woman alone. She danced with Prince Albert, and showed him many attentions which she could never show to others. "At one of the Castle balls, just before the Queen declared her engagement with her royal cousin to her Council, she presented his Serene Highness with her bouquet. This flattering indication of her favor might have involved a less quick-witted lover in an awkward dilemma, for his uniform jacket was fastened up to the chin, after the Prussian fashion, and offered no buttonhole wherein to place the precious gift. But the Prince, in the very spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh, seized a penknife and immedi-

ately slit an aperture in his dress next his heart, and there triumphantly deposited the royal flowers."

Royal courtships naturally excite curiosity, for those undistinguished in position are eager to learn whether love is, after all, the "leveler" he is represented. Her Majesty's experience proved that he was. One report says that the Queen endeavored to encourage her lover by asking him how he liked England, to which he responded "Very much." Next day the query was repeated, and the same answer was returned. But on the third occasion, when the maiden-monarch, with downcast eyes and tell-tale blushes, asked "If he would like to live in England?" he rose to the occasion. Emboldened by the Queen's demeanor it is stated that "on this hint he spoke" of feelings that he had treasured up in strictest secrecy since his first visit to England; having, with that sensitive delicacy which is the inseparable companion of true love, waited for some encouraging token before he ventured to offer his homage to the "bright particular star" of his devotions.

Another account says that her Majesty inquired of his Serene Highness whether his visit to this country had been agreeable to him?—whether he liked England? And on the answer being given, "Exceedingly," "Then," added the Queen, "it depends on you to make it your home."

All this is very pretty and very pleasant, but as a matter of fact the Queen actually proposed to the Prince, and was necessitated to do so from the circumstances of her position. We have it on her own admission that she directly made the proposal. Some days after she had done so she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in London, and told her that she was to make her declaration the next day. The

Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said :

“ Yes ; but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago.”

“ What was that ?”

“ I proposed to Prince Albert.”

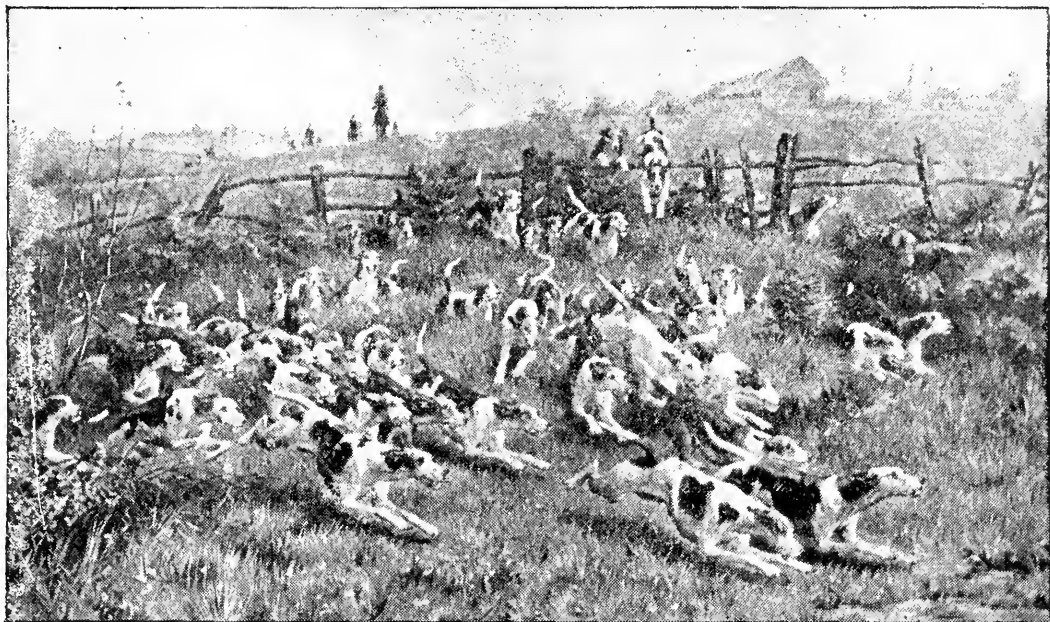
The engagement was made on the 15th of October. Prince Albert had been out hunting with his brother, and returned to the Castle about noon. Half an hour afterward he received a summons from the Queen, and went to her room, finding her alone. After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him, and the whole story of mutual love was once more quickly told. “ Though as Queen,” observes one writer, “ she offered the Prince her coveted hand—that hand which had held the sceptre of sceptres, and which princes and peers and the representatives of the highest powers on earth had kissed in homage—it was only as a poor little woman's weak hand, which needed to be upheld and guided in good works by a stronger, firmer hand ; and her head, when she laid it on her chosen husband's shoulder, had not the feel of the crown on it. Indeed, she seems to have felt that his love was her real coronation, his faith her consecration.”

The young couple were very happy. They had many tastes and sympathies in common. The Prince had considerable facility as an artist, and still more as a composer. The music he composed to the songs written by his brother was beyond the average in sweetness of melody, and some of his sacred compositions, notably the tune “ Gotha,” were of a high order, and found their way into the psalmodies. He also sang well and played with skill. During his stay at

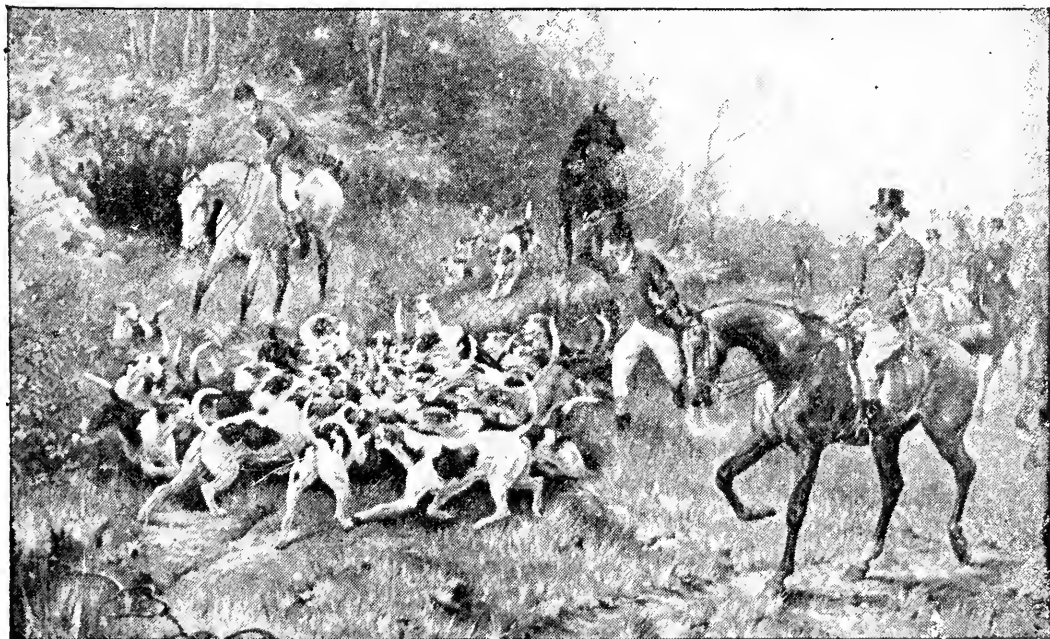
Windsor Castle her Majesty frequently accompanied him on the pianoforte, and at a later period they often sang together the admired productions of Rossini, Auber, Balfe, and Moore. Before he left the Castle, his engagement being then known, the Prince drew a pencil portrait of himself, which he presented to the Duchess of Kent. The King of the Belgians had always favored a marriage between the cousins Victoria and Albert. He, therefore, took a special interest in the engagement. Before he was aware of its conclusion he had written to the Queen as follows concerning his nephew: "Albert is a very agreeable companion. His manners are so quiet and harmonious that one likes to have him near one's self. I always found him so when I had him with me, and I think his travels have still further improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly." Then comes a very direct hint in the King's letter: "I trust that Albert may be able to strew roses without thorns in the pathway of life of our good Victoria. He is well qualified to do so."

A letter from the Queen to the King crossed this one. "My dearest uncle," she wrote, "this letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me at learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice as small as I can. We think it better—and Albert quite approves of it—that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February."

King Leopold sent a very affectionate reply from Wies-



A FOX-HUNT—THE START.



A FOX-HUNT—THE FINISH.

baden; "My dearest Victoria, nothing could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness."

Albert remained for a month at Windsor, and we hear of a beautiful emerald serpent ring which he presented to his lady love.

Albert returned to the Continent on the 14th of November. After so many happy weeks the Queen felt her loneliness very much, and she spent a good deal of her time in playing over the musical compositions which she and her lover had enjoyed together. She had also another reminder of him in the shape of a beautiful miniature, which she wore in a bracelet on her arm when she subsequently announced her intended marriage to the Privy Council.

The Queen had more than one trying ordeal before her. She left Windsor with the Duchess of Kent on the 20th of November for Buckingham Palace, and immediately summoned a Council for the 23d.

Her task before the Council was an embarrassing one, but her courage, as she tells us, was inspired by the sight of the Prince's picture in her bracelet. "Precisely at two I went in," writes the Queen in her journal. "The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shake, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and in the name of the Privy Council asked that this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed. I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or

three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The Queen's declaration to her Council was as follows: "I have caused you to be summoned at the present time in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life. It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country. I have thought fit to make known this resolution to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be apprised of a matter so highly important to me and to my kingdom, and which, I persuade myself, will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects."

Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. On her way to the House she was received with fervent demonstrations of loyalty, and the knowledge of the happy errand she was upon lent additional interest to her progress on this occasion. The marriage that was soon to be solemnized touched the people deeply, for they knew it was one of affection, and not one "arranged" merely for purposes of State.

The first part of her Majesty's speech, which was delivered with some amount of trepidation, was as follows: "Since you were last assembled I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests

of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness ; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament. The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family, persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the Crown."

A bill for the naturalization of Prince Albert was at once passed through both Houses, and the Queen subsequently conferred upon her future husband the title of "His Royal Highness," as well as the rank of a Field Marshal in the British Army.

The question of the precedence of Prince Albert, however, caused a great deal of difficulty, and much annoyance to the Queen. In the end the Queen settled the problem, so far as England was concerned, by declaring it to be her royal will and pleasure, under her sign-manual, that her husband should enjoy place, pre-eminence, and precedence next to her Majesty.

The royal marriage was fixed for the 10th of February, and on the afternoon of the 8th Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his father and elder brother. The Prince brought as a wedding gift to his bride a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch ; and her Majesty in return presented the Prince with the Star and Badge of the Garter, and the Garter itself set in diamonds. The wedding ceremony was one of unusual interest, for more than a century had elapsed since the nuptials of a reigning Queen of England had been celebrated, beside which the youth and grace of Victoria had touched all loyal hearts. At an early hour a dense throng of persons assembled in front of Buckingham

Palace, from whence the procession was to set out for St. James's, where the marriage was to be solemnized. At a quarter before twelve the bridegroom's procession issued forth, consisting of Prince Albert, his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, his brother, Prince Ernest, and their suites. At ten minutes past twelve the signal was given for the departure of the Queen. Accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, her Majesty seated herself in her full-dress carriage. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a veil of Honiton lace, with a necklace and earrings of diamonds. Her dress was of white satin, with a very deep trimming of Honiton lace, in design similar to that of the veil. The body and sleeves were richly trimmed with the same material to correspond. The train, which was of white satin, was trimmed with orange blossoms. The cost of the lace alone on the Queen's dress was £1,000. The satin was manufactured in Spitalfields, and the lace at a village near Honiton. More than two hundred persons were employed upon the latter for a period of eight months, and as the lace trade of Honiton had seriously declined, all these persons would have been destitute during the winter had it not been for the Queen's express order that the lace should be manufactured by them.

As her Majesty entered her carriage she was extremely pale and agitated, but the cheers of the people quickened her spirits, and brought the blush to her cheeks and the smiles to her eyes. She bowed repeatedly in response to the joyous acclamations which greeted her on every side as the carriage moved off. All the way to St. James's Palace nothing was to be heard but enthusiastic cheering, and nothing to be seen but the waving of brides' favors and snowy handkerchiefs.

At twenty minutes past twelve a flourish of trumpets and drums gave notice of the approach of the royal bridegroom, and shortly afterward the band played the triumphant strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" The Prince wore a Field Marshal's uniform, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and the bridal favors on his shoulders heightened his picturesque appearance. One who stood near him thus made notes of his person: "Prince Albert is most prepossessing. His features are regular; his hair pale auburn, of silken glossy quality; eyebrows well defined and thickly set; eyes blue and lively; nose well proportioned, handsome mouth, teeth perfectly beautiful, small mustachios, and downy complexion. He greatly resembles the Queen, save that he is of a lighter complexion; still, he looks as though neither care nor sorrow had ever ruffled or cast a cloud over his placid and reflective brow. There is an unmistakable air of refinement and rectitude about him, and every year will add intellectual and manly beauty to his very interesting face and form."

As the Prince moved along he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the men, and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. In his hand he carried a Bible bound in green velvet. Over his shoulders was hung the collar of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. On his left knee was the Garter itself, which was of the most costly workmanship, and literally covered with diamonds.

When the bridegroom's procession reached the chapel the drums and trumpets filed off without the door, and the procession advancing, his Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left hand of the altar. At

half-past twelve the drums and trumpets sounded the National Anthem as a prelude to the arrival of the bride. Every person arose as the doors were again opened, and the royal procession came in with solemn steps and slow. The *coup d'œil* was now magnificent, as floods of sunshine streamed through the windows upon the many gorgeous costumes in which the royal and distinguished persons who appeared in the procession were attired. The Princesses attracted much attention. First came the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, still very beautiful, and dressed in lily-white satin; then the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, in pale blue, with blush roses round her train; next the Duchess of Cambridge, in white velvet, leading by the hand the lovely little Princess Mary, who was dressed in white satin and swansdown, the mother all animation and smiles at the applause which greeted her child; and lastly the Duchess of Kent, regal in stature and dignity, and dressed in white and silver, with blue velvet train. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Sussex succeeded, the latter "looking blithe and full of merry conceits."

Immediately after Lord Melbourne, who carried the sword of State, came the Queen herself, the central figure, and one of universal interest. She looked anxious and excited, and with difficulty restrained her agitated feelings. Her Majesty's train was borne by twelve unmarried ladies, the daughters of well-known peers.

The bridesmaids, like their royal mistress, were attired in white. Their dresses were composed of delicate net, trimmed with festoons of white roses over slips of rich gros de Naples, with garlands of white roses over the head. The Duchess of Sutherland walked next to the Queen, and the ladies of

the bedchamber and the maids of honor closed the bride's procession.

The Chapel Royal was specially prepared and decorated for the ceremony. The altar and *haut pas* had a splendid appearance, the whole being lined with crimson velvet. The wall above the communion-table was hung with rich festoons of crimson velvet edged with gold lace. The Gothic pillars supporting the galleries were gilt, as were the moldings of the oaken panels, and the Gothic railing round the communion-table. The communion-table itself was a rich profusion of gold plate. The entire floor was covered with a blue and gold pattern carpet, with the Norman rose. The whole of the remaining part of the interior was decorated; and the ceiling adorned with the arms of Great Britain in various colored devices.

The entire service was precisely that of the Church liturgy, the simple names of "Albert" and "Victoria" being used. To the usual questions Prince Albert answered firmly "I will," and the Queen—in accents which, though full of softness and music, were audible at the most extreme corner of the chapel—gave the same answer.

Upon the conclusion of the service, the Queen shook hands cordially with the various members of the royal family, who now took up their positions in the procession as arranged for the return.

The procession, being formed, left the chapel much in the same order as it had entered. But her Majesty and her newly-wedded consort now walked together hand-in-hand, ungloved—Prince Albert with sparkling eyes and a heightened color smiling down upon the Queen, and she appearing very bright and animated.

When the Queen and her husband passed through the corridor, after leaving the chapel, the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs were renewed again and again, until they had vanished out of sight.

The procession passed on to the State apartments, but the Queen and Prince Albert, with their royal relatives and the principal Ministers of State and members of the Privy Council proceeded to the throne-room, where they were joined by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London. The attestation of the marriage now took place upon a splendid table prepared for the purpose. Her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, and it may here be mentioned that the name of the Queen is Alexandrina Victoria Guelph, while that of the Prince Consort was Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel Busici. The marriage was attested by the Duke of Sussex and twenty-nine other persons. The attestation book, which is bound in rich purple velvet, is a speaking memento of royal nuptial ceremonies for many generations past. It is in the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Amongst the witnesses who signed at the Queen's marriage was the Duke of Wellington, and it is an interesting fact that his signature also appeared at the attestation of her birth.

When all was concluded within St. James's, the procession to Buckingham Palace was re-formed in almost the same order as when it set out in the morning, except that Prince Albert now took his place in the same carriage with her Majesty.

The wedding breakfast was given at Buckingham Palace, the guests including the various members of the royal family, the officers of the household, the Ministers of State, and the

Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. The wedding-cake, which was admirably designed, was a great object of attraction. It was more than nine feet in circumference by sixteen inches deep. Its weight was three hundred pounds, and the materials of which it was composed cost one hundred guineas. On the top of the cake was the figure of Britannia in the act of blessing the illustrious bride and bridegroom. The figures were nearly a foot in height, and by the feet of the Prince was the effigy of a dog, intended to represent fidelity, while at the feet of the Queen were two turtle-doves, denoting the felicities of the marriage state. A cupid, beautifully modeled, was writing in a volume expanded on his knees the date of the day of the marriage, and various other cupids were disporting themselves after the manner of cupids. There were numerous bouquets of white flowers tied with true-lovers' knots of white satin ribbon on the top of the cake; and these were intended for presents to the guests at the nuptial breakfast. There were large medallions upon shields bearing the letters "V" and "A," and supported by cupids on pedestals, while all round and over the cake were wreaths and festoons of orange blossoms and myrtle, entwined with roses.

Each of the royal bridesmaids received a magnificent brooch, the gift of her Majesty. This brooch was in the shape of a bird, the body being formed entirely of turquoises; the eyes were rubies and the beak a diamond; the claws were of pure gold, and rested on pearls of great size and value. The whole workmanship was very exquisite, and the design was furnished by the Queen.

Shortly before four o'clock the royal party left Buckingham Palace for Windsor amid the acclamations of a vast

multitude. Just as the procession left the palace the sun shone forth brilliantly upon the newly-married pair, an emblem, it was universally hoped, of their future happiness. On the road to Windsor the principal houses in the villages were illuminated, and crowds came forth to testify their loyal delight on the happy occasion. Eton College presented one of the finest spectacles on the route. Opposite to the college was a representation of the Parthenon at Athens, which was brilliantly illuminated by several thousand variegated lamps ; it was surmounted by flags and banners, and under the royal arms was displayed the following motto: "*Gratulatus Etona Victoriæ et Alberto.*" Beneath the clock tower of the college there was a blaze of light, and a number of appropriate devices were displayed in various colored lamps. A triumphal arch, composed of evergreens and lamps tastefully displayed, extended across the road. The Etonians, wearing white favors, were marshaled in front of the college. They received the Queen with loud acclamations, and escorted her to the Castle gates.

By the time Windsor was reached the shades of evening had gathered. The whole town could be perceived therefore brilliantly illuminated before the royal carriage entered it. A splendid effect was created by the dazzling lights as they played upon the faces of the multitude. The crowd on the Castle hill was so dense at half-past six that it was with the utmost difficulty a line was kept clear for the royal carriages. The whole street was one living mass, whilst the walls of the houses glowed with crowns, stars, and all the brilliant devices which gas and oil could supply. At this moment a flight of rockets was visible in the air, and it was immediately concluded that the Queen had entered Eton. The bells now

rang merrily, and the shouts of the spectators were heard as the royal cortége approached the Castle. At twenty minutes before seven the royal carriage arrived in the High Street, Windsor, preceded by the advance guard of the traveling escort. The shouts were now most loud and continuous, and from the windows and balconies of the houses handkerchiefs were waved by the ladies, whilst the gentlemen huzzaed and waved their hats. The carriage, owing to the crowd, proceeded slowly, the Queen and her royal consort bowing to the people. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, and Prince Albert seemed in the highest spirits at the cordiality with which he was greeted. When the carriage drew up at the grand entrance the Queen was handed from it by the Prince ; she immediately took his arm and entered the Castle.

A splendid State banquet in celebration of the royal wedding was given at St. James's Palace in the grand banqueting-room.

How well and judiciously on the whole the Prince fulfilled his functions as the Queen's adviser, history has already borne testimony. If he sometimes made mistakes, he certainly made fewer than might have been expected from one in his difficult position. But his unquestioned integrity, his sincerity, honesty, and high principle, stood him in good stead ; and they were a sheet-anchor upon which the Queen could always rely. Neither her Majesty nor her husband expected to find life easy in their exalted station ; but as both were in deep sympathy with each other, and as love, trustful and unfeigned, was the moving spring of both, difficulties were overcome instead of becoming themselves insurmountable. The Queen's was a marriage of profound happiness and mutual trust, for it was a real union of souls.

EARLY YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

A USPICIOUSLY as the Queen's married life began, it necessarily caused some friction in quarters which were ruled by old Court principles. It was difficult for the officials of the palaces to settle down under the new conditions. All was altered, and Prince Albert found that even in his own home it was necessary to be stern sometimes and to exercise his authority.

The Queen and Prince Albert spent their first Easter together at Windsor, and here also they took the Sacrament in common for the first time. Reference has already been made to the Prince's religious convictions, and the Queen has remarked concerning the taking of the Sacrament: "The Prince had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of the act, and did not like to appear in company either the evening before or on the day on which he took it, and he and the Queen almost always dined alone on these occasions."

At this time the Queen parted with her mother, who now felt it right to retire to a separate establishment. But even this separation did not interrupt the close sympathy and affection which had always existed between mother and child.

Her Majesty spent her birthday at Claremont, and in the company of her husband enjoyed her first period of uninterrupted leisure and relaxation from the affairs of State. The attractions of that charming seat afforded great delight to the

royal couple, who wandered about at their will, undisturbed by the bustle and cares of a full Court. On one occasion they were caught in a shower, and sought shelter in a cottage inhabited by an old and solitary dame. This good cottager entertained her visitors with many stories touching the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, once the owners of Claremont, little imagining the rank of her listeners. When the royal visitors left she lent them her umbrella, with many strict injunctions to Prince Albert that it should be taken care of and faithfully returned.

The first occasion on which the Prince manifested his deep sympathy with humanitarian movements—one of the conspicuous features of his career—was on the 1st of June, when he presided over a meeting called to promote the abolition of the slave trade. He had carefully prepared his speech beforehand, committed it to memory, and repeated it to the Queen. The Prince made a successful *entrée* upon public life. Caroline Fox, the Quaker, makes mention of the Prince's appearance in her Memoirs: "The acclamations attending his entrance were perfectly deafening, and he bore them all with calm, modest dignity, repeatedly bowing with considerable grace. He certainly is a very beautiful young man, a thorough German, and a fine poetic specimen of the race. He uttered his speech in a rather low tone, and with the prettiest foreign accent."

London was startled on the evening of the 10th of June by the report of Oxford's attempt to assassinate the Queen. From the various accounts published at the time, and subsequently, it appears that the Queen and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace by the garden gate opening from Constitution Hill for a drive. The hour was about six o'clock.

They were seated in a very low German droschky, drawn by four horses, with postillions, preceded by two outriders and followed by two equerries. As soon as the carriage had proceeded a short distance up Constitution Hill, thus getting clear of spectators, a young man on the park side of the road presented a pistol and fired it directly at the Queen. The Prince, hearing the report, turned his head in the direction whence it came; her Majesty at the same instant rose, but Prince Albert immediately pulled her down by his side. Several persons rushed upon the miscreant. The fellow was quite calm and collected, admitted having fired the pistol, and went quietly with two of the police to the Queen Square Station. He was discovered to be one Edward Oxford, seventeen years of age, and recently employed as barman at a public house in Oxford Street. The Queen, as might naturally be supposed, was seriously alarmed at the occurrence. Rising to show that she was unhurt, she ordered the postillions to drive to Ingestre House, her first thought being for her mother. The Duchess of Kent received her daughter safely before there had been time for her to be shocked by the news of the attempted assassination. The Queen and the Prince remained with the Duchess for a short time, and then returned by way of Hyde Park.

For many days after the dastardly affair there was an exhibition of almost unbounded loyalty. The journals of the day report that thousands of people continued to assemble before the palace, and hundreds of noblemen, members of the Government, and private ladies and gentlemen called to congratulate or inquire, and to present their grateful addresses on such a happy and providential deliverance. Whenever her Majesty and the Prince drove out they were escorted by

hundreds of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, who accompanied them like a bodyguard; whilst the immense sympathizing crowds cheered most enthusiastically. At first there was a surmise as to a widespread conspiracy being on foot, but this report was discovered to be unfounded, though there had been some slight countenance for it.

At the different theatres, and at places where public dinners were held, as soon as the news transpired on the Wednesday evening, the day of the attempt, "God Save the Queen" was sung with loyal fervor. A grand concert was being held at the Opera House for the benefit of the New Musical Fund; it was to have terminated with Mozart's overture to *Idomeneo*, but Sir George Smart, the conductor, stepped forward, and having informed the audience of the attempt on her Majesty's life, proposed to substitute the National Anthem. His suggestion was received with great enthusiasm.

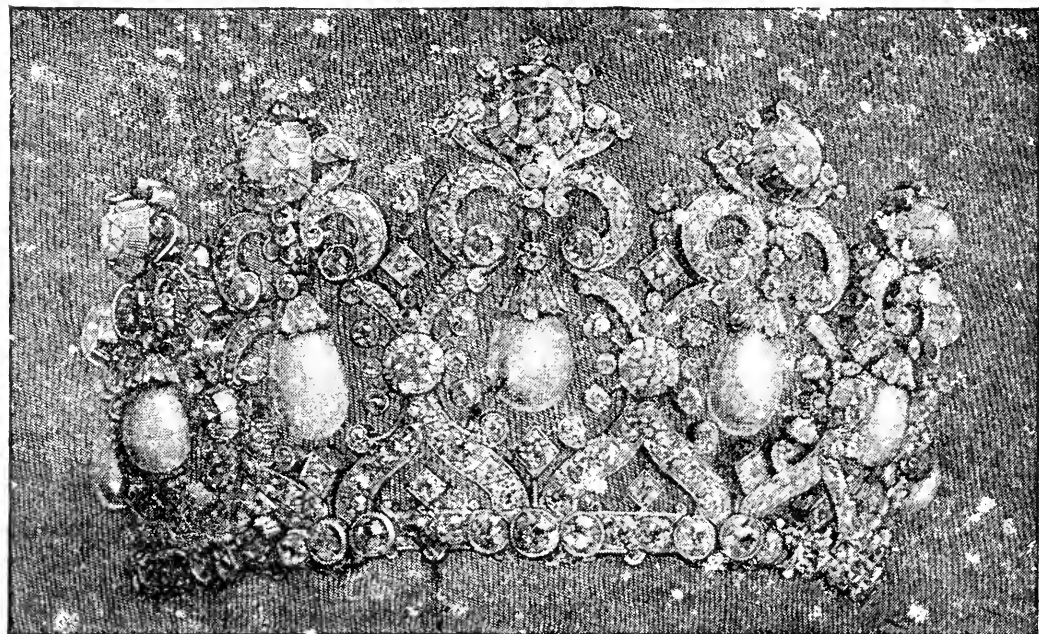
Toward the close of the Parliamentary session of 1840 a Regency bill was introduced. The prospect of an heir to the throne rendered it necessary to make provision for her Majesty's possible death or lengthened disqualification for reigning. Both political parties were consulted in the matter, and a bill was brought forward providing that Prince Albert should be Regent in the event of the death of Queen Victoria before her next lineal descendant and successor should have attained the full age of eighteen years. The measure was well received, and, with the exception of a speech made by the Duke of Sussex in the Lords, it passed both houses unanimously and without objection, and became law.

The daily life of the royal pair has been thus described. The Queen and Prince breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterward. When in London these

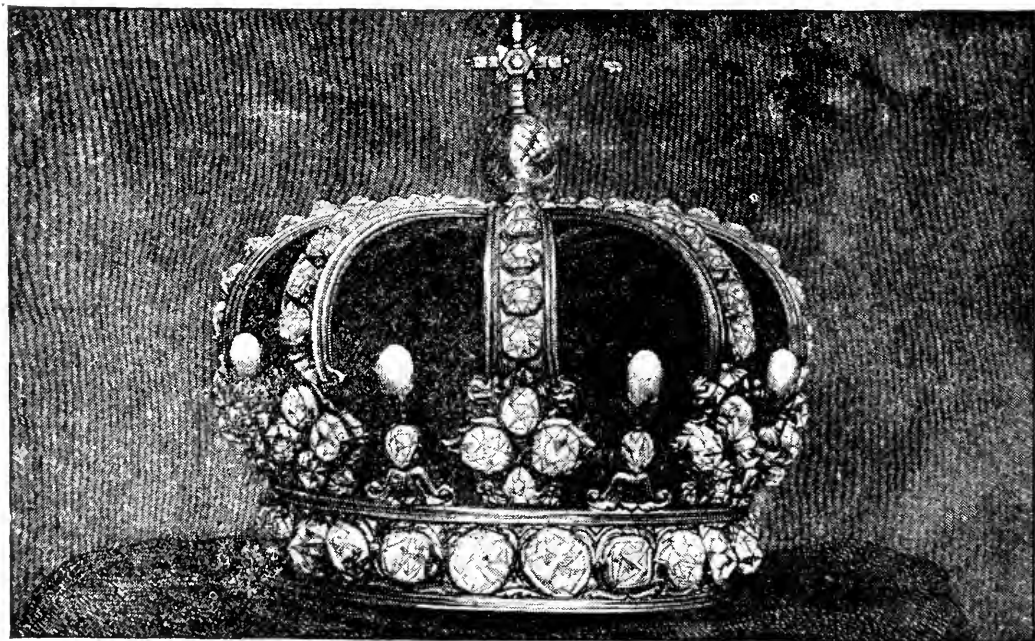
walks were taken in Buckingham Palace gardens, which the Prince had already enlivened with different kinds of animals and aquatic birds. In their morning walks in the gardens it was a great amusement to the Prince to watch and feed these birds. He taught them to come when he whistled to them from a bridge connecting a small island with the rest of the gardens.

After the walk came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, then than now), besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates bit in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne, who was generally staying in the house, came to the Queen in the afternoon; and between five and six the Prince usually drove her out in a pony phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen he rode, in which case she drove with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company. In the evening the Prince frequently played at double chess, a game of which he was very fond, and which he played extremely well.

The Prince made his way with all classes, even with those Tories who at first looked rather askance at him. He was conciliatory and judicious; and to show the way he had advanced in the public esteem, the remark which Melbourne made to the Queen on the Regency bill may be quoted: "Three months ago they would not have done it for him; it is entirely his own character." The Duke of Wellington was so completely won over that he remarked: "Let the Queen put the Prince where she likes, and settle it herself; that is the best way."



ROYAL DIADEM.



ROYAL CROWN.

The Queen prorogued Parliament on the 11th of August, Prince Albert accompanying her for the first time. Next day the Court left for Windsor. On the 26th his Royal Highness attained his majority, and the event was celebrated by a breakfast at Adelaide Lodge. The Prince went to London on the 28th for the purpose of receiving the freedom of the city. At this ceremony the names of six Aldermen and Common Councilmen, who undertook to vouch for the eligibility of the Prince, were read, together with the declaration upon oath. The oath was as follows: "We declare, upon the oath we took at the time of our admission to the freedom of the city, that Prince Albert is of good name and fame; that he does not desire the freedom of this city whereby to defraud the Queen or this city of any of their rights, customs or advantages; but that he will pay his scot and bear his lot; and so we all say."

The Chamberlain then proposed the freeman's oath to the Prince, and it was remarked that he was evidently moved at that part where he swore to keep the peace toward her Majesty. Husbands do not always voluntarily swear to keep the peace toward their wives. The Chamberlain having next addressed his Royal Highness, the Prince delivered the following answer very distinctly and audibly: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I meet you upon this occasion, and offer you my warmest thanks for the honor which has been conferred upon me by the presentation of the freedom of the city of London. The wealth and intelligence of this vast city have raised it to the highest eminence amongst the cities of the world; and it must therefore ever be esteemed a great distinction to be numbered amongst the members of your ancient corporation. I shall always remember with pride

and satisfaction the day on which I became your fellow-citizen; and it is especially gratifying to me, as marking your loyalty and affection to the Queen."

Prince Albert was sworn a member of the Privy Council on the 11th of September, and it is stated that so anxious was he to discharge conscientiously every duty which might devolve upon him, that in his retirement at Windsor he set to work to master Hallam's *Constitutional History* with the Queen, and also began the study of English law with a barrister.

Early in November preparations were made at Buckingham Palace for the approaching accouchement of the Queen. The Court removed from Windsor to London on the 13th, and on the 21st the Princess Royal was born at Buckingham Palace.

The Queen has recorded the traits of tenderness shown by her husband during her seclusion: "He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her, and to write for her. No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. His care for her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, more judicious nurse."

The Queen speedily recovered from her accouchement, and opened Parliament in person on the 26th of January, 1841. Prince Albert, in the uniform of a Field Marshal, entered the House of Lords with the royal procession and took his seat on the chair of State appropriated for him on the left of the throne. The Queen's speech was not an exciting document. Happily, affairs were peaceful at home at this time, though

abroad there were wars and rumors of wars. England was just passing through one of its many difficulties with China; serious differences had arisen between Spain and Portugal on the navigation of the Douro; and affairs in the Levant were in a serious condition. England had concluded with Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Turkey a convention intended to effect a pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe. Treaties had also just been concluded with the Argentine Republic and the Republic of Hayti for the suppression of the slave trade.

An accident happened to Prince Albert on the 9th of February, which, but for the Queen's presence of mind, might have had serious consequences. His Royal Highness was skating in Buckingham Palace gardens when the ice suddenly gave way, and he was immersed in deep water. He had to swim for several minutes before he was got out. The Queen was close by the Prince when the accident occurred, and was the only person who had sufficient presence of mind to render him any material assistance.

The christening of the Princess Royal took place on the 10th, in the throne-room at Buckingham Palace. The font, new for the occasion, was very elegant in form and exquisitely finished. It was of silver gilt, elaborately carved with the royal arms, etc. The water used for the ceremony was brought from the river Jordan. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, with the assistance of the Bishops of London and Norwich, and the Dean of Carlisle. Queen Adelaide named the royal infant "Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa."

There was great rejoicing at Buckingham Palace on the

9th of November, 1841, when the Queen gave birth to her first-born son, and consequently the heir to the throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Premier, and all the great officers of State were summoned to the Palace as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and the Duchess of Kent arrived at nine. The Queen was then very ill, and had been so at intervals during the two preceding hours. Prince Albert manifested the greatest anxiety and interest as he remained in attendance with the medical men, Sir James Clark, Dr. Locock, and Mr. Blagden. Shortly before eleven o'clock the Prince was born. He was conveyed by the nurse to the Privy Councillors and others in the adjoining apartment, who thereupon signed a declaration as to the birth of an heir to the British Crown. Intelligence of the happy event was immediately communicated to all the members of the royal family.

Official etiquette, usually as strong as the law of the Medes and Persians, was for once set aside in the great joy over the birth of a Prince. It appears that almost every influential individual in the household of her Majesty stepped out of his proper sphere and gave directions which belonged to the departments of others. There was a complete confusion of places for at least half an hour after the event, and Court officials rushed hither and thither with the gratifying intelligence of the birth of a Prince; three messengers arrived at Marlborough House within two minutes, all desirous of being the first to convey the news to the Queen Dowager. An act of royal clemency marked the happy occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne. Her Majesty was pleased to notify to the Home Secretary that those convicts who had behaved well should have their punishment commuted; and that those



THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA MAY OF TECK.

deserving this clemency on board the various hulks should have their liberty at once granted to them. On the 11th of November the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs were received at Buckingham Palace. After having had caudle served, the party were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the apartments of Prince Albert, to pay a visit of congratulation to his Royal Highness. The infant Prince was brought into the room in which the company were assembled, and was carried around to all the distinguished visitors present. The Archbishop of Canterbury issued a special prayer to be offered up in all churches on behalf of the Queen and the infant Prince.

There was great happiness within the Palace. At Christmas the Queen wrote in her journal: "To think that we have two children now, and one who enjoys the sight already (the Christmas tree); it is like a dream." Prince Albert, writing to his father, said: "This is the dear Christmas Eve on which I have so often listened with impatience for your step, which was to convey us into the gift-room. To-day I have two children of my own to make gifts to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree and its radiant candles." Her Majesty gives us another sketch of a peaceful "interior": "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy (Princess Victoria) in such a smart, white merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good; and as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." Writing some weeks later to King Leopold, she said: "I wonder very much whom our little boy will

be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in mind and body." And in another letter she remarked: "We all have our trials and vexations; but if one's home is happy, then the rest is comparatively nothing."

When the baby Prince was a month old the Queen issued a patent creating "our most dear son" Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. He was already Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland. With regard to his new Welsh dignity the patent ran: "As has been accustomed, we do ennoble and invest him with the said principality and earldom, by girding him with a sword, by putting a coronet on his head and a gold ring on his finger, and also by delivering a gold rod into his hand, that he may preside there, and may direct and defend those parts."

The christening of the Prince of Wales, which was made a very imposing ceremony, took place on the 25th of January, 1842, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The King of Prussia had arrived at the Castle three days before, on a visit to the Queen, and to stand as chief sponsor at the christening. When the infant Prince was brought in and given into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sponsors named him "Albert Edward," by which names he was accordingly christened by his Grace. On the conclusion of the ceremony the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the full choir, by request of Prince Albert, and the overture to Handel's oratorio of "Esther" was performed. The name of Albert was given to the young Prince, after his father, and that of Edward after his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

After the christening the Queen held a chapter of the Order of the Garter, when the King of Prussia, as "a lineal descendant of King George I," was elected a Knight Companion, the Queen buckling the garter round his knee. Then followed luncheon in the white breakfast-room, and in the evening there was a grand banquet in St. George's Hall. The display of plate was amazing, and there was one immense gold vessel, described as more like a bath than anything else, capable of containing thirty dozen of wine. To the great surprise of the Prussian visitors, it was filled with mulled claret. The Queen paid special honor and deference to her august visitor, the King of Prussia.

There never was a period in her Majesty's life when she was more jubilant in spirits, or more profoundly happy, than this which immediately succeeded upon the birth of the Prince of Wales. Supremely blest in the choice she had made of a husband, she rejoiced to see her royal consort daily making his way in the affections of the people, and now that there was an heir to the crown, the Sovereign and the people were drawn closely together by a new and auspicious bond. The weight of State cares no longer pressed heavily upon her, and her cup of happiness was full even to overflowing.

JOYS AND CARES

OF

ROYALTY.

CHAPTER V.

THE year 1842 brought with it many sad episodes. Terrible news came from Afghanistan, where "the fatal policy of English interference with the fiery tribes of Northern India in support of an unpopular ruler had ended in the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir William Macnaghten, and the evacuation of Cabul by the English." Other disasters succeeded, chief amongst which was the destruction of her Majesty's 44th Regiment. The soldiers were cut down almost to a man, and only one individual of the whole British force was able to reach Jellalabad. This was Dr. Brydon, who arrived there, faint and wounded, on the 13th of January.

As the year opened, there was also war with China, which resulted in favor of Great Britain. After the taking of Chin-keang-foo by the British, and the appearance of the squadron before Nankin, hostilities were suspended, and negotiations for peace were entered into and concluded between the Chinese Commissioners and Sir Henry Pottinger.

But the condition of things at home was very serious. Not only was there a continuous fall in the revenue, but an ever-growing agitation throughout the country on the subject of the Corn Laws. Loud and general complaints were heard of depression in all the principal branches of trade, accompanied by distress among the poorer classes; and after all

allowance had been made for exaggeration there still remained a real and lamentable amount of misery and destitution. Though the people bore their sufferings with exemplary patience and fortitude, there could be no doubt that they were passing through a period of deep trial and privation.

It was not, therefore, without a shadow over her happiness that the Queen opened Parliament in person on the 3d of February. The ceremony was attended by more than usual pomp and splendor in consequence of the presence of the King of Prussia.

The Queen and Prince Albert were profoundly interested in March by the news of the approaching marriage of Prince Ernest to the Princess Alexandrina of Baden. Writing to King Leopold on the subject, her Majesty said: "My heart is full, very full, of this marriage; it brings back so many recollections of our dear betrothal—as Ernest was with us all the time, and longed for similar happiness. I have entreated Ernest to pass his honeymoon with us, and I beg you to urge him to do it, for *he* witnessed *our* happiness, and *we must therefore witness his.*" Prince Albert much wished to go over to Carlsruhe for the wedding, which took place on the 3d of May, but he felt that he could not leave the Queen at this anxious time. The prevalent distress, which led to rioting in the English and Scotch mining districts, the agitation on the subject of the Corn Laws, the fears of a Chartist rising, and the unsettled condition of affairs abroad, all impelled him to remain by the side of her Majesty, and amongst the people whose sufferings he was anxious to alleviate.

On the 12th of May the Queen gave a grand *bal masqué* at Buckingham Palace, which is spoken of as "the Queen's Plantagenet Ball." The object of the ball was to endeavor

to give a stimulus to trade in London, which had gradually been getting worse. At the Palace on this brilliant occasion a past age was revived with great picturesqueness and splendor. Her Majesty appeared as Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III, and Prince Albert as Edward III himself; the costumes of those of the Queen's own circle belonging mostly to the same era. Fabulous sums were spent upon dresses, diamonds, and jewels, which could hardly have a direct effect upon the trade of the East End, though they undoubtedly did upon that of the West. Her Majesty's dress, however, was entirely composed of materials manufactured at Spitalfields. In her crown she had only one diamond, but that was a treasure in itself, being valued at £10,000. The leading feature of the ball, according to the journals of the day, was the assemblage and meeting of the Courts of Anne of Brittany and Edward III and Philippa. All the arrangements were made in exact accordance with the customs of the period.

About a fortnight after this pageant a grand ball was given in her Majesty's Theatre for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers, at which the Queen was present with a brilliant circle. Fancy balls were also given at Stafford House and Apsley House for the same charitable object.

Her Majesty's first visit to Scotland—the land for which she afterward came to entertain such affection—was paid in the year 1842. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk and the Earl of Morton, as lady and lord in waiting, and other members of the household, embarked at Woolwich in the "Royal George" yacht. Landing at Granton Pier, they proceeded direct to Dalkeith Palace, the splendid seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. The civic

authorities of Edinburgh, who did not anticipate so early an arrival, were not prepared for her Majesty's reception. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated. As the royal visit to the Scottish capital was one of national importance, Edinburgh presented a spectacle such as had never before been witnessed. An immense concourse of people gathered together from all parts of the country, journeying by steamer, rail, and stage coach, while some trudged on foot from the remotest districts of the North.

Her Majesty yielded to the desire for a State procession through Edinburgh. Having taken the city, as it were, by surprise on her first entry, this new arrangement was made to meet the wishes of the people, and to compensate the civic authorities for their disappointment, when they were unable to give the Queen that right royal reception they had prepared for her. The State procession was of a most successful and gratifying character, and was described with great circumstantiality of detail in all the Scotch and English papers.

The Queen set out from Dalkeith Palace about half-past ten o'clock A. M. Around her carriage were the Royal Company of Archers. Her Majesty wore a tartan plaid of the Royal Stuart pattern. As the Queen entered the precincts of the royal grounds a salute was fired from the Castle. Amidst the loud cheers of the people the procession moved up the Canongate and the High Street to the Cross, where the city barrier was erected. Here the magistracy were assembled to present the keys of the city to the Sovereign, and the crowd was excessive. There were also drawn up at this spot the members of the Celtic Society, in the full costume of their respective clans. They saluted the

Queen with their claymores in true Highland fashion, and her Majesty made a gracious acknowledgment. The society then formed in the rear of the royal *cortége*, and escorted her Majesty to the Castle. The procession halted in front of the Royal Exchange, about fifty yards from the barrier, where the Lord Provost advanced, and after delivering a brief address, presented the keys of the city to her Majesty.

The Queen, after receiving the keys, replied, with much dignity mingled with kindness of manner: "I return the keys of the city with perfect confidence into the safe keeping of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council." After viewing the magnificent scene over the Firth of Forth from the Mortar Battery, the Queen proceeded to the Half-moon Battery, and thence to the Old Barrack Square. The Crown Jewel Office was next visited, where are deposited the regalia of Scotland, which, after being lost for a long period, were recovered in 1818, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir Walter Scott. Her Majesty was much interested in the insignia. Queen Mary's rooms were now visited, and here the Queen was accompanied by Prince Albert only. The chamber in which King James was born her Majesty regarded with special interest.

Everything of historical interest having been viewed, the Queen returned to the Castle gate, where she again entered her carriage. Amidst the loud cheering of the multitude she drove down the Castle hill.

On leaving Edinburgh the royal party proceeded to Dalmeny Park, where the Earl of Rosebery—the predecessor of the illustrious statesman who now bears that title—had provided a sumptuous luncheon. It had been arranged that after the *déjeuner* the Queen should walk in the grounds which





THE DOWAGER CZARINA OF RUSSIA,
Sister of the Princess of Wales.

command a view of the Forth, the islands which stud it, and the heights beyond; but the rain fell heavily. A great multitude of persons had assembled on the lawn, however, undeterred by the weather; and in order not to disappoint them, her Majesty went to the library, whose windows opened upon the lawn, and advancing to an open window remained there for some time, amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty. In the afternoon the Queen and Prince Albert left Dalmeny Park for Dalkeith, passing through Leith, which was *en fête*, and where her Majesty stopped to receive a civic address.

Her Majesty held a *levée* in Dalkeith Palace which was attended by an extraordinary concourse of the nobility and gentry of Scotland. Holyrood House could not be used on the occasion, because of a contagious fever lately prevalent in the vicinity. The Queen received a number of deputations, including one from the Church of Scotland, and in replying to the address of the latter she said: "I acknowledge with gratitude the inestimable advantages which have been derived from the ministrations of the Church of Scotland. They have contributed in an eminent degree to form the character of a loyal and religious people." The remainder of the Queen's Scotch visit was thoroughly enjoyed by the Sovereign and her husband. Leaving Dalkeith, they went to Queensferry, where they embarked in a royal steamer. Landing at North Ferry, in Fifeshire, they proceeded to Dupplin Castle, where they dined with the Earl of Kinnoull. The Lord Provost and Town Council of Perth attended to present an address, and subsequently her Majesty drove into Perth, where a handsome triumphal arch of Grecian architecture had been erected in honor of her visit. The

Queen dined and slept at Scone Palace, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield. Next morning, at the solicitation of the authorities of Perth, the Queen and Prince enrolled their names in the Guildry Books, in imitation of the precedents therein contained of King James VI and King Charles I. The following were the inscriptions:

Dieu et Mon Droit.

VICTORIA R.

SCONE PALACE,

September 7th, 1842.

Treu und Fest.

ALBERT.

SCONE PALACE,

September 7th, 1842.

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, was next visited, and her Majesty's stay here was rendered full of interest.

Previous to leaving Taymouth Castle, the Queen planted a fir and an oak tree in the grounds as a memorial of her visit. The royal party then embarked on Loch Tay, and were rowed up to Auchmore, a distance of sixteen miles. As the barges and boats proceeded slowly and majestically up the loch, they exhibited to the spectators a very beautiful sight.

A picturesque scene took place when a hundred Highlanders in the Drummond tartan, some armed with Lochaber axes, others with swords and bucklers, paraded before her Majesty. An old man known as Comrie of Comrie, who claimed to be hereditary standard-bearer of the Perth family, displayed the very flag which was rescued by his great-uncle, after it had been taken by King George's troops at the battle

of Culloden; and he also wore the same claymore which did service on that occasion.

The Queen was so deeply impressed with the heartiness of her reception by all classes of her Northern subjects that before leaving Scotland she caused the Earl of Aberdeen to write the following letter, in which she gave expression to her gratified feelings: "The Queen cannot leave Scotland without a feeling of regret that her visit on the present occasion could not be further prolonged. Her Majesty fully expected to witness the loyalty and attachment of her Scottish subjects; but the devotion and enthusiasm evinced in every quarter, and by all ranks, have produced an impression on the mind of her Majesty which can never be effaced."

When Parliament assembled on the 1st of February, 1843, the Queen was unable, for the first time since her accession, to open it in person. But not long after this we find that she manifested her anxiety for the highest interests of the people by returning a gracious answer to an address forwarded to her at the instance of the philanthropic Lord Ashley (the Earl of Shaftesbury of honored memory), praying the Sovereign seriously to consider the best means of diffusing the blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes.

Another daughter was born to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on the 25th of April. The infant Princess was christened on the 2d of June, and received the names of Alice Maud Mary. The child grew up to be an especial favorite with the English people, who sympathized deeply with her in the many sorrows which marked her married life.

The first public statue of her Majesty which had been erected in any part of her dominions was unveiled at Edin-

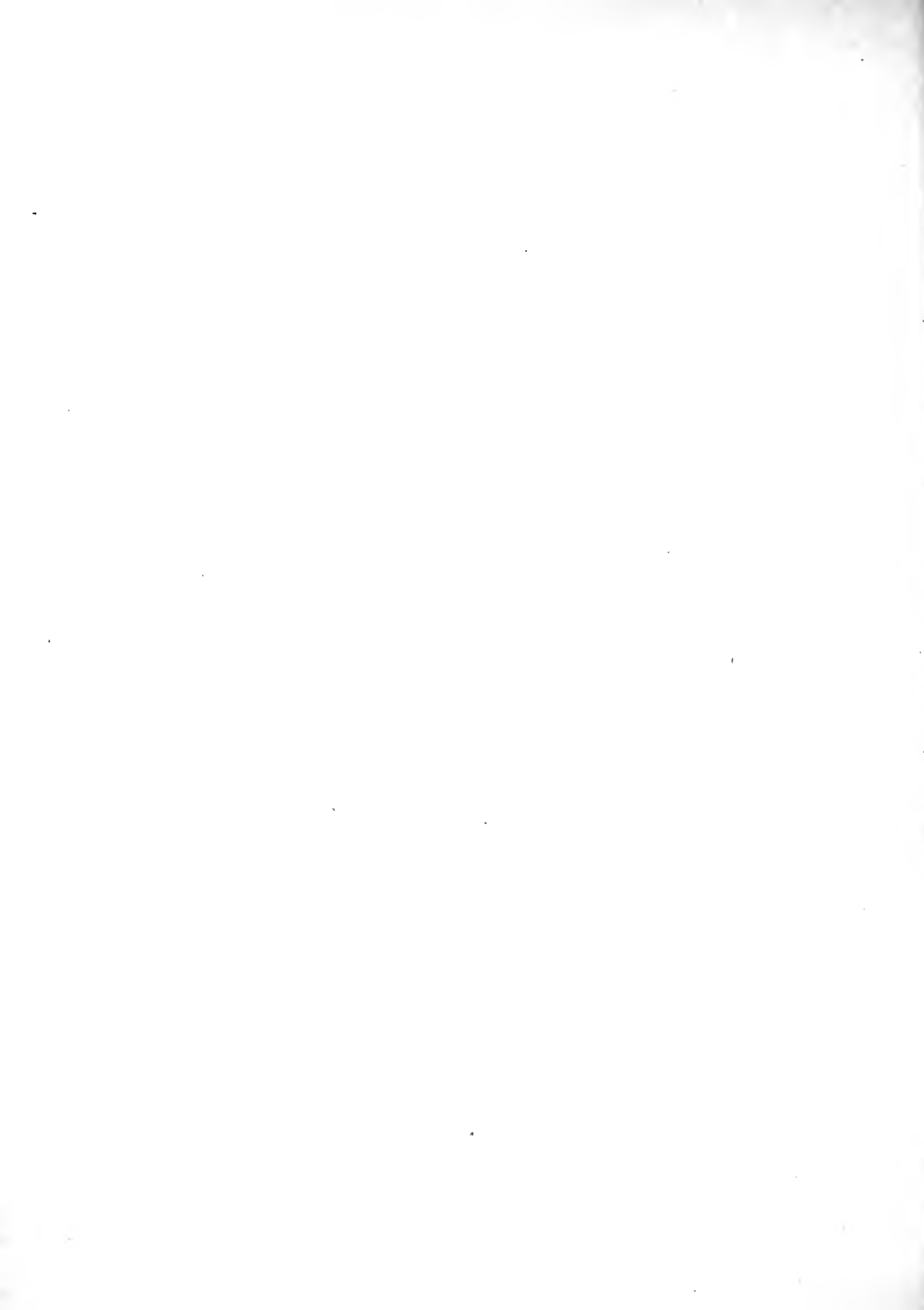
burgh on the 24th of January, 1844. It was a colossal statue by Mr. (afterward Sir John) Steell, and it was placed in position on the colonnade of the Royal Institution, fronting Prince's Street. From the high elevation of the pedestal, the gigantic figure, which was nearly four times life size, assumed to the spectators almost natural proportions, and harmonized with the massive building on which it was placed. The whole composition was modeled on the severest principles of Grecian art, and it still remains a classic conception of much grandeur. Her Majesty is represented seated on a throne, with the diadem on her brow, while her right hand grasps the sceptre, and her left leans on the orb, emblematic of her extended sway.

The last days of January were saddened for the Queen and her consort by the death of Prince Albert's father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at the age of sixty years.

On the 1st of February the Queen opened Parliament in person. The Irish Repeal agitation was at this time causing much concern, and State trials were proceeding at Dublin. Daniel and John O'Connell and six other prisoners were charged with conspiracy in endeavoring to obtain a repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland. Her Majesty, in receiving an address on the 2d of February from the Corporation of Dublin, said: "I receive with satisfaction the assurance that sentiments of loyalty and attachment to my person continue to be cherished by you. The legal proceedings to which you refer are now in progress before a competent tribunal, and I am unwilling to interrupt the administration of justice according to law." O'Connell and his fellow-agitators were convicted, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment; but an appeal being made to the House of



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE CROWN PRINCE,
Grandson and Great Grandson of Queen Victoria.



Lords, the judgment was reversed. The Repeal agitation, however, did not flourish after the trial.

The great Court event of the year was the visit of the Emperor of Russia—the hard, cold, cruel, handsome, and imposing Nicholas. He was just in the prime of life, and struck every one by the grandeur of his bearing, though he must have thrown the officials of the royal household into a flutter, seeing that he slept upon straw, and always took with him a leathern case, which at every stage of the journey was filled with straw from the stables. Nicholas won the Queen's heart by his unstinted praise of her husband. The King of Saxony arrived at Buckingham Palace on the same day. Very scant notice had been given of the Emperor's visit, but her Majesty expressed a strong hope that he would take up his abode at Buckingham Palace, and this he did, after some days spent at Windsor. The Emperor paid visits to the various members of the royal family, and also to the Duke of Wellington, evincing the deepest interest in the veteran soldier.

The Emperor, the King of Saxony, and Prince Albert witnessed the races at Ascot, and there was a grand military review in the Great Park at Windsor. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested for the Iron Duke, who really attracted more attention than the Czar; but Wellington took off his hat, and waving it in the air, said to the people very earnestly: "No, no! not me—the Emperor! the Emperor!" The people then warmly cheered the Czar. During the inspection of the troops the Emperor was most keenly interested in the 17th Lancers and 47th Foot. He surveyed them minutely, saying that he wished to see the regiments which had fought and gained England's battles in India. On the approach of

the Life Guards the Duke of Wellington put himself at the head of his regiment, and advanced with it before her Majesty; the spectacle calling forth an exhibition of unusual enthusiasm. In spite of the immense number of spectators present, not a single accident occurred during the day.

On the evening of this day, and for several succeeding days, there were splendid festivities at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace, and on the 8th of June the Duke of Devonshire gave a grand *fête* to the Emperor and the King of Saxony at his Grace's suburban villa at Chiswick. The Queen, Prince Albert, the Czar, and the King subsequently attended the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was crowded in every part. On the 10th the Emperor Nicholas left London on his return to Russia. During his stay in England the Emperor's private gifts had been on the most lavish and princely scale, no one being forgotten.

The Queen gave birth to a son on the 6th of August at Windsor Castle. The event was scarcely expected so soon, and only three hours before her Majesty had signed the commission for giving the royal assent to various bills. The Queen's happy delivery was announced in the *Times* in precisely forty minutes after it had taken place at Windsor Castle; and as this was the first occasion on which the electric telegraph had been so used, the rapid publication of the news was considered very surprising. The young Prince was christened on the 6th of September in the names of Alfred Ernest Albert, being afterward created Duke of Edinburgh.

The Queen had intended visiting Ireland in the summer of 1844, but the unsettled condition of the country rendered this unadvisable, and a second visit to Scotland took the place of the projected Irish tour. Therefore, early in Sep-

tember, her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and the little Princess Royal, set out for Scotland. All along the way there was an enthusiastic series of receptions from the loyal Scotch.

The Queen was able to leave behind her almost entirely the heavier cares of her position, and she devoted herself to the rural recreations which had such a charm both for herself and her husband. Journeys up the hills on Scotch ponies was a favorite recreation with the royal pair. The Queen on these occasions proved herself a bold and expert horsewoman, disdaining the broad, winding paths of the hills, and venturing upon more direct roads which presented obstacles that would have deterred many other persons, including even natives of the district.

When the time came for journeying south again the Queen and her consort left Scotland with great regret; they had begun to appreciate the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, and the charms of solitude which this "land of the mountain and the flood" afforded so abundantly. But they had afterward a permanent reminder of their visit to Blair Athole, for the ponies ridden by the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal—and to which they had become much attached—were presented to their royal riders by Lord Glenlyon.

Louis Philippe, King of the French, arrived at Windsor Castle on the 8th of October, on a visit to her Majesty. It was an event of great national interest and importance, for that distinguished yet unfortunate Sovereign was the first and only French monarch who had ever landed in the British islands on a visit of peace and amity. The British nation hailed him with the heartiest demonstrations of welcome. Prince Albert went down to Portsmouth to receive him. The

King was awaiting his arrival, and eagerly advancing, he embraced the Prince, and saluted him in the continental fashion, on each cheek. The Prince returned the monarch's greeting with warmth, though restraining himself to the English modes. As the King landed, a volley of cheers went up from the spectators, whereupon his Majesty bowed repeatedly on all sides, laying his hand on his heart.

When the King and Prince reached Windsor Castle they found the Queen waiting for them in the grand vestibule fronting George IV's gate. The Queen advanced to the threshold, and in the most cordial manner extended her arms whilst Louis Philippe and the Prince descended from the carriage. The King's "embrace of the Queen was very parental." During the visit the King was made Knight of the Order of the Garter. "The ceremony must have been pregnant with suggestions to all present who remembered that the Order had been instituted by Edward III after the battle of Cressy, and that its earliest knights were the Black Prince and his companions, whose prowess had been so fatal to France."

London saw a splendid show on the 28th of October, when the Queen opened the new Royal Exchange. The procession was magnificent, and very similar to the one at the coronation. From Buckingham Palace to the Exchange every place, hole, or cranny which commanded the smallest view of the route was crammed to suffocation. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen met the Queen at Temple Bar at twelve and escorted her to her destination. On alighting at the Exchange she walked round the colonnade, and through the inner court. She then went upstairs, and walked through the second banqueting-hall to show herself; subsequently

receiving an address in a small room prepared for the purpose. After the address she created the Lord Mayor (Sir William Magnay) a baronet. A few hours before his lordship had been in the most pitiable distress, for in going to receive her Majesty he had put on an enormous pair of jack-boots to protect himself from the mud; and as the Queen approached he was unable to get them off—or at least one of them. He had one on and one off just as the Sovereign was about to draw up at Temple Bar, and in an agony of fright he ordered the attendants, who were tugging at the immovable boot, to let it alone and to replace the other one, which they did. These boots he was compelled to wear until after the ceremony.

After the opening of Parliament in February, 1845, the Queen and the Prince Consort went down to Brighton to make a short stay at the Pavilion. From thence they visited Arundel Castle and Buxted Park. During her stay at Brighton the Queen was exposed to great annoyance in consequence of the rude behavior of the crowd, who lay in wait to follow her in her walk from the Pavilion to the pier. She was very glad when the time came for taking possession of Osborne, which she and the Prince did on the 29th of March following. The park and grounds attached to this marine residence comprised upward of 300 acres, chiefly sloping to the east, and well stocked with noble timber. The views from Osborne are very extensive, commanding Portsmouth, Spithead, etc. A new mansion was subsequently built for the Queen in lieu of the old house.

Her Majesty held a Court at Buckingham Palace on May 21st, to receive an address from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, inviting her to visit Ireland.

On the 6th of June, at Buckingham Palace, the Queen gave a grand costume ball illustrating the period of George II. The precise period selected was the ten years from 1740 to 1750. The company numbered about 1,200, and amongst those present were the Duke and Duchess of Nemours and the Prince of Leiningen, then on a visit to her Majesty. Noblemen, ambassadors, statesmen, senators, and judges attended the ball. Ladies were most perplexed to fulfill all the points of the costume of the period, and it was *de rigueur* that they should thus appear. "However, it was discovered that the powder made the complexion show more brilliant, and if the hoop disguised the figure, the stomacher displayed it; while both hoop and stomacher displayed the glowing jewelry, the rich and elegant lace, the splendid brocades, magnificent velvets, and gorgeous trimmings that were the pride of the evening." The men appeared in coats of velvet—crimson, black, or blue—adorned with gold or silver; and powdered wigs were universal. Many wore the dresses of their old ancestors, copied from family portraits. The beauty of the ball was the Marchioness of Douro, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1845 her Majesty set out with the Prince Consort on her first visit to Germany. Such a tour must have had special interest for her, seeing that Germany was not only her husband's country, but that of her mother also. For the first time in her many excursions by sea and land the Queen had unfavorable weather. Her Majesty and Prince Albert disembarked at Antwerp, and went on to Malines, where they were met by the King and Queen of the Belgians, who escorted them through their dominions to Verviers and Aix-la-Chapelle, where the King of Prussia was in readiness to

receive them. Then came in succession Cologne, Bonn, and the royal palace of Bruhl. At Bonn the Queen was quite pleased to meet with some of her husband's old professors. Of the Prince's "former little house" her Majesty writes: "It was such a pleasure for me to be able to see this house. We went all over it, and it is just as it was—in no way altered. We went into the little bower in the garden, from which you have a beautiful view."

One can imagine the delight with which the Prince would point out to his wife the various places dear to his youth, as well as the many other romantic spots in which this part of Germany abounds. Then also there were the people of the "fatherland" to interest them both. The King of Prussia behaved admirably, and soon made the Queen feel perfectly at home in her new surroundings. In proposing the Queen's health at a grand banquet in the palace of Bruhl his Majesty said: "There is a word of inexpressible sweetness to British as well as to German hearts. Thirty years ago it echoed on the heights of Waterloo from British and German tongues, after days of hot and desperate fighting, to mark the glorious triumph of our brotherhood in arms. This day, after a peace of thirty years' duration—the fruit of those arduous days—it resounds in the lands of Germany, on the banks of our noble Rhine. The word is Victoria. Gentlemen, empty your glasses to the bottom. The toast is, 'Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Long live Queen Victoria and her illustrious consort.'"

While in Germany the royal visitors witnessed the inauguration of Beethoven's statue at Bonn, and in the evening there was a splendid spectacle on the river; Cologne was illuminated, and the Rhine was made one vast *feu de joie*.

The visit of the Queen and Prince was marked by *fêtes* and celebrations innumerable, and finally, when it came time for them to return home, there was a very affectionate parting between the old and the young monarch, after which the Queen's yacht stood for England. On the 10th her Majesty and the Prince reached their home at Osborne, where a joyous welcome awaited them as they "drove up straight to the house after landing; for there, looking like roses, so well and so fat, stood the four children." The Queen has left it on record that this visit to Germany was one of the most exquisite periods of enjoyment in her whole life.

The ensuing winter of 1845-6 was a disastrous one in some respects in our domestic history. In England the railway mania had hurried many into ruin, while in Ireland there was fearful destitution through the failure of the potato crop. The settlement of the great Corn Law question was seen to be imperative toward the close of 1845, and Sir Robert Peel resigned office in order that Lord John Russell and the Whigs might come in and grapple with this long-vexed question. Lord John was unable to form a Ministry, however, and on the 5th of December Sir Robert Peel returned to power. He courageously resolved to abolish the Corn Laws, and although by doing so he incurred great odium with his party, the country generally acknowledged with gratitude his great and disinterested services. The obnoxious Corn Laws were swept away, and Peel's action was more than justified by subsequent events.

During the thick of the political conflict the Queen gave birth, at Buckingham Palace, on the 25th of May, to her third daughter, Princess Helena, afterward Princess Christian.

In the closing days of June the Government was defeated on its Irish Coercion bill, a measure to check assassination in Ireland, and on the 6th of July the Prime Minister resigned office. The Queen felt the parting with Peel and Lord Aberdeen most keenly. Writing to King Leopold on the 7th she said: "Yesterday was a very hard day for me. I had to part from Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so much overcome that it quite upset me. We have in them two devoted friends; we felt so safe with them. Never during the five years that they were with me did they ever recommend a person or a thing that was not for my or the country's best; and never for the party's advantage *only*. . . . I cannot tell you how sad I am to lose Aberdeen; you cannot think what a delightful companion he was. The breaking-up of all this intercourse during our journeys is deplorable." But the Queen had still one person on whose counsel she could rely, and one far dearer to her than her Ministers. "Albert's use to me, and I may say to the country, by his firmness and sagacity in these moments of trial, is beyond all belief."

The infant Princess was christened at Buckingham Palace on the 25th of July in the names of "Helena Augusta Victoria."

The year 1847 opened very gloomily. The commercial depression from which the country had been suffering had been further aggravated, while the ravages of the potato disease had reduced the people of Ireland to a terrible condition of starvation and disease. Consequently when her Majesty opened Parliament in person on the 19th of January, the royal speech was not a cheerful document. Fortunately,

foreign affairs were in a satisfactory condition, and as regards the home difficulties, the government of Lord John Russell took prompt measures for relieving the distress in Ireland. They also brought in a new Irish Poor Law measure, which was quickly passed, together with other remedial legislation.

But the season in London, always inexorable, was not without its gayeties. The theatre saw the reappearance of Fanny Kemble, whilst at the Italian Opera a new prima donna appeared, concerning whom the Queen thus wrote: "Her acting alone is worth going to see, and the *piano* way she has of singing, Lablache says, is unlike anything he ever heard. He is quite enchanted. There is a purity in her singing and acting which is quite indescribable." The new operatic star which thus suddenly came upon the horizon was that popular favorite, Jenny Lind.

The Queen resolved upon spending the early autumn of 1847 in Scotland. This was partly due to the pleasure derived from her previous visit, and the beneficial effect it had upon her health, and also to the strong desire of the Prince Consort to enjoy the really fine sport of chasing the red-deer in their native forests.

The Queen and Prince had a true Highland reception. For four weeks this life of enjoyment and perfect retirement lasted, but upon this period of calm and peaceful repose in the Highlands was shortly to supervene one of profound care and anxiety.

HAPPY YEARS OF WEDDED BLISS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE year 1848 was one of great upheaval amongst the States of Europe. France was the first to feel the force of the revolutionary movement. The policy of Louis Philippe, and especially his intrigues with a view to Bourbon aggrandizement, had long rendered the King very unpopular. The public discontent now found vent in revolution, and the dynasty was swept away and a republic proclaimed.

The effects of the revolutionary spirit were felt in other countries—Italy, Spain, Prussia, and Austria; but in Belgium the attempts to incite the people against the monarchy proved abortive, and the throne of her Majesty's uncle remained secure. This, however, was not the case with her brother and brother-in-law, the Princes of Leiningen and Hohenlohe, who were compelled to abdicate their seignorial rights.

In the midst of the general solicitude for the peace of England during this time of convulsion, the Queen was delivered of her fourth daughter, the Princess Louise. The royal infant was christened at Buckingham Palace on the 13th of May following, receiving the names of Louise Caroline Alberta.

By way of showing the immense labor which devolved upon the Queen and Prince Albert, as well as the Foreign Secretary, during this year of trial and anxiety, it is stated that

“no less than twenty-eight thousand dispatches were received by or sent out from the Foreign Office.”

The Queen prorogued Parliament in person on the 5th of September, and on the afternoon of the same day her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Prince Alfred, embarked in the royal yacht at Woolwich for Scotland. Their destination on this occasion was Balmoral Castle. “It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style,” remarked the Queen, in her journal. “There is a picturesque tower and garden in the front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around.”

Balmoral Castle is a reddish-granite structure in the baronial style. Over the principal entrance are the coat-of-arms, and two bas-reliefs which indicate the character of the building. One of these shows a hunting-lodge under the patronage of St. Hubert, supported by St. Andrew of Scotland and St. George of England, and the other represents groups of men engaged in Highland games. Inside the house is full of relics of the chase, and of expeditions made in the district. The furniture is Scotch, with hangings and carpets representative of various royal tartan sets. The rooms are, of course, not so large as in the royal palaces proper; but they are commodious enough for the restricted circle which has always gathered there with her Majesty. The ball-room is a long and picturesque hall, one story in height, bearing numberless Highland devices on its walls. The yearly ball was an event which many looked forward to, in addition to the royal children, some of whom at least greatly distinguished themselves in Highland reels.

Crathie Church is a little white building standing upon a

green and wooded eminence, and looking across the Dee to Balmoral. The gallery of the church, which is the principal seated part of the structure, contains the Queen's pew and that of the Prince of Wales. There are two stained windows in the building, the gifts of her Majesty in memory of her sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, and of Dr. Norman Macleod. The finest orators in the Church of Scotland have preached in this little building, and amongst their auditors have been celebrated British statesmen and men of letters. Near to the Castle are the Queen's cottages, whose occupants are admirably looked after, and who possess many reminders of a concrete character of her Majesty and her family.

There is little wonder, especially considering its associations with the Prince Consort, that the Queen came to love Balmoral dearly. It was one of the happiest of royal homes, and it has become endeared to her Majesty by her annual residences there for upwards of thirty years. It was the birthplace of many hopes, as it was the home of unclouded happiness for an all too brief period, and its memories are now the most ineffaceable from the Queen's affections as she looks back through a long vista to the time when she first visited it with the beloved partner of her life.

During her Majesty's stay in Scotland important events were transpiring abroad. England was comparatively quiet, though the sudden death of the Conservative leader, Lord George Bentinck, caused great sensation. In France, Prince Louis Napoleon had been elected by no fewer than five departments to the new French Chamber, while news came from Frankfort of a terrible riot in which two members of the German States Union were assassinated.

In the ensuing month of November Lord Melbourne, the

Queen's first Minister—and a man to whom she had become much attached, in consequence of his almost paternal devotion to her in her early youth—passed away, having been for some time in seclusion. Her Majesty wrote concerning him: "Truly and sincerely do I deplore the loss of one who was a most disinterested friend of mine, and most sincerely attached to me."

The Queen's long-expected visit to Ireland was paid in August, 1849. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their four children, embarked at Cowes on the 1st, in the royal yacht, and steered to the westward, convoyed by a squadron of four steamers. A royal progress was made through the city, the Queen being much struck by the noisy but good-natured crowd, and by the beauty of the women. The royal squadron next sailed to Waterford, and from there went on to Dublin. As the vessels came into Kingstown Harbor, and the Queen appeared on deck, there was a burst of cheering, renewed again and again, from some 40,000 spectators.

Intense enthusiasm filled the hearts of the Irish people and her Majesty's progress from place to place was marked by expressions of great joy. Her Majesty was greatly delighted with her reception by the Irish people of all classes, and before leaving the country she resolved upon creating her eldest son "Earl of Dublin," a title which had been borne by her honored father.

The new London Coal Exchange was opened in October, and the Queen had intended to perform the ceremony in person, but a slight attack of chicken-pox prevented her. Prince Albert took her place, and was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, who made their first

appearance in public on this occasion. The illustrious party went down the Thames in the royal barge, and there was a grand water pageant such as had not been seen for almost a century.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide died on the 2d of December, at her country seat of Bentley Priory, at the age of fifty-seven years. Toward the close of November Queen Victoria had paid her last visit to her, afterward writing to King Leopold: "There was death written in that dear face. It was such a picture of misery, of complete prostration, and yet she talked of everything. I could hardly command my feelings when I came in, and when I kissed twice that poor dear thin hand. I love her so dearly. She has ever been so maternal in her affection to me. She will find peace and a reward for her many sufferings." In accordance with the Queen Dowager's wishes, there was no embalming, lying in state, or torchlight procession, and she was buried at Windsor without any pomp or state.

Her Majesty's third son and seventh child was born on the 1st of May, 1850, and as this was the birthday of the Duke of Wellington, it was determined to give him the same name, Arthur. Writing to Baron Stockmar, the Queen said: "It is a singular thing that this so much wished-for boy should be born on the old Duke's eighty-first birthday. May that, and his beloved father's name, bring the poor little infant happiness and good fortune." The child was christened "Arthur William Patrick Albert."

Preparations were at this time being made for the Great Exhibition. Prince Albert favored Hyde Park as the place for holding the Exhibition, but his idea did not meet with much favor, and there was considerable discussion over the matter.

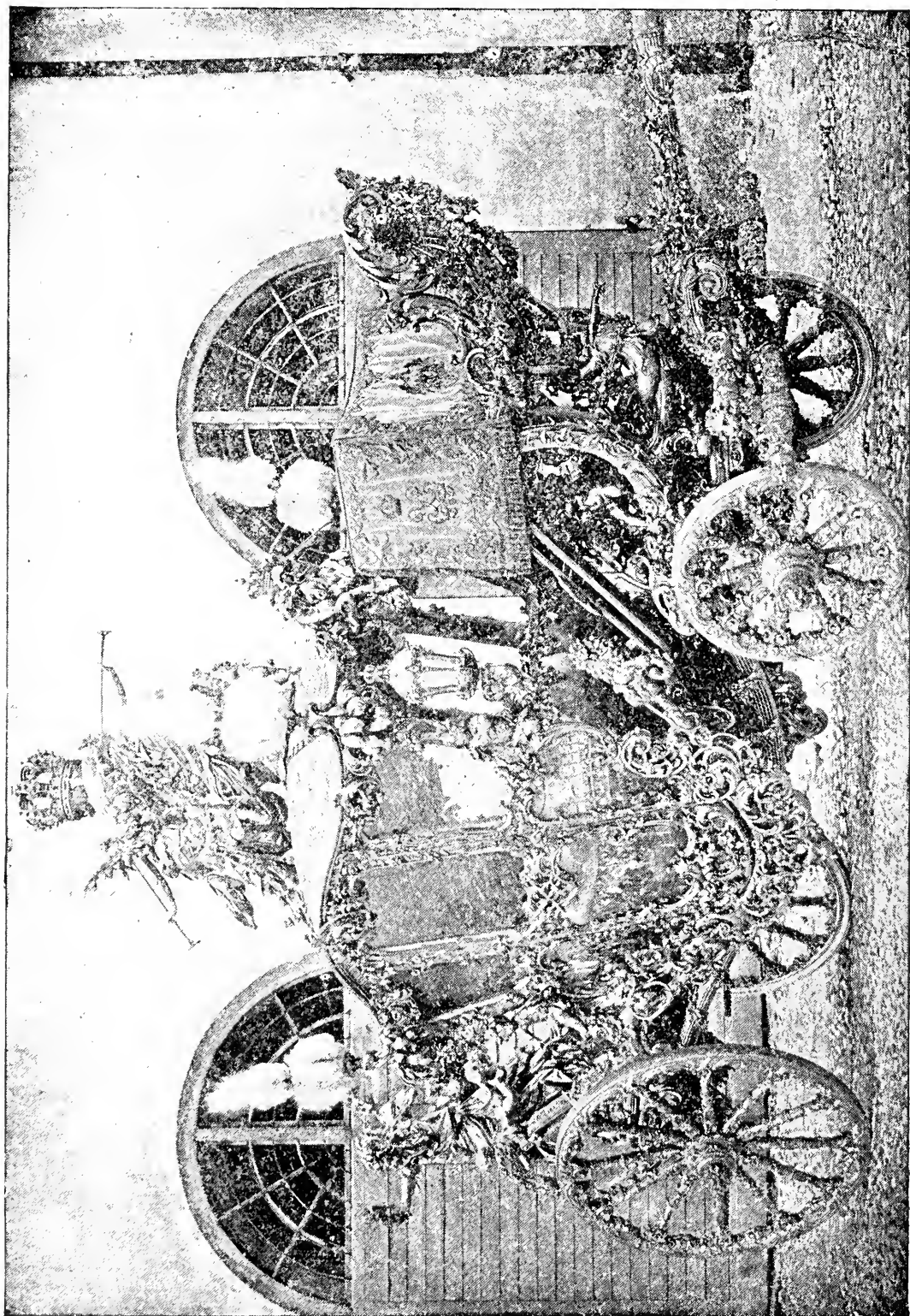
The Queen and the Prince experienced considerable relief when the House of Commons decided that Hyde Park should be the site of the projected Great Exhibition.

The greatest domestic event of 1851, and indeed of many years, was the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. This precursor of so many international festivals was held in the palace of glass designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, who was knighted for his services. Prince Albert chose the motto of the Exhibition—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;" and from all quarters of the universe came goods and treasure to the great central storehouse, which peacefully represented the progress of the human race in art, science, industry, and commerce. Never had such a triumph been witnessed in all that concerns the internal welfare and advancement of States and Empires.

The inaugural ceremony took place on the 1st of May, and it is almost superfluous to say that it was a most imposing sight. The Queen and Prince Albert and all the royal children, as well as the Duchess of Kent and the young Count Gleichen, were present. The park presented a wonderful spectacle, and the scene in the streets recalled that of the coronation.

A grand fancy ball was given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on the 13th of June. All the characters and costumes were drawn from the Restoration period. Her Majesty and the Prince were superbly dressed. The Duke of Wellington was in the scarlet and gold uniform of the period; while Mr. Gladstone—*mirabile dictu*—appeared as a Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Charles's reign, "in a velvet coat turned up with blue satin, ruffles and





A ROYAL CARRIAGE.

collar of old point, black breeches and stockings, and shoes with spreading bows."

The city also gave a grand ball at the Guildhall on the 9th of July, to celebrate the opening of the Exhibition. The Queen and Prince Albert, and large numbers of the aristocracy, were present. The great hall in which the ball took place was splendidly fitted up. There was a striking array of banners emblazoned with the arms of the nations and cities represented at the Palace in Hyde Park, while the compartments beneath the balconies were filled with pictorial representations of the finest and most striking contributions in the Exhibition. After the dancing, supper was served in the crypt, which was made to represent an old baronial hall.

The Queen paid a farewell visit to the Exhibition on the 14th of October, and shortly afterward it was dismantled. During the five and a half months it had remained open, the visitors had been 6,200,000, and the total receipts £500,000.

A great sensation was caused the following winter by the issue of a Papal Bull redistributing the Roman Catholic bishoprics in England, and placing a Cardinal Archbishop at their head. The Pope's policy was strongly resented by the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, who introduced the Ecclesiastical Titles bill. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge presented formal protests to the Queen, which her Majesty acknowledged. Like many more sober judges of the question, the Queen felt that the Pope could do no harm; he might do what he pleased, but he could never make England Catholic, and this sensible view prevailed throughout the country as soon as the momentary excitement passed away.

In August, 1852, the Queen received intelligence of the

death of the greatest of her subjects. The illustrious Wellington, "the great Duke," had passed away at Walmer, after a few hours' illness, and with no suffering, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. Keenly did her Majesty feel this great loss, for the Duke had in a measure held toward her the triple capacity of father, hero, and friend. In the plenitude of her grief, and with an exaggeration of language which will be understood in consequence, she spoke of him as "England's, or rather Britain's, pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she had ever produced."

Thousands of British hearts, however, echoed the Queen's sentiment when she wrote that "one cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!" Full justice was done by the Queen in the following passage to the great soldier's character: "In him centred almost every earthly honor a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party—looked up to by all—revered by the whole nation—the friend of the Sovereign—and how simply he carried these honors! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided. The Crown never possessed—and I fear never *will*—so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter!"

The great Duke was laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, the funeral being such as had never before been celebrated for any Englishman. At the close of the funeral rites in the Cathedral the body was lowered into the vault amid the solemn strains of the "Dead March." A sense of depression and personal loss settled like a pall over the vast assembly. "Verily a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel!"

In December, 1852, the Derby-Disraeli Government fell

upon its Budget, which was attacked with great force by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister, and his Ministry included many of the leading Whigs and Peelites, Mr. Gladstone being Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time. Across the Channel the French Empire had just been declared, and Louis Napoleon had made his public entry into Paris as Emperor.

On the 19th of March, 1853, a disastrous fire broke out in Windsor Castle, which at one time placed that magnificent structure and the whole of its contents in jeopardy. Fortunately, the flames were subdued and the injury was confined to the ceilings of the dining-room in the Prince of Wales's Tower, and two floors of bed-rooms immediately over it, which were practically destroyed. The fire was supposed to have originated from the heating of the flues. The Court was at Windsor at the time, and the Queen, in writing upon the fire to the King of the Belgians, said: "Though I was not alarmed, it was a serious affair, and an acquaintance with what a fire is and with its necessary accompaniments, does not pass from one's mind without leaving a deep impression. For some time it was very obstinate, and no one could tell whether it would spread or not. Thank God, no lives were lost." The principal treasures in the State rooms were removed in safety on the announcement of the outbreak.

The eighth child of her Majesty, and her fourth son, was born at Buckingham Palace on the 7th of April. He was named Leopold George Duncan Albert.

That royalty is subject to the ordinary ills of humanity was proved early in July, when various members of the Queen's family were attacked with measles. The Prince of Wales was the first sufferer, but he was quickly convalescent; Prince

Albert suffered more virulently; the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice took the infection mildly, and the Queen also suffered from a very mild attack of the disorder. All happily recovered without any serious consequences; but the disease was subsequently conveyed by the Queen's visitors to the Courts of Hanover and Belgium.

Her Majesty held a grand naval review at Spithead on the 11th of August, and there were present with her as spectators the Prince of Prussia, the Crown Prince and Princess of Würtemberg, and three Russian Archduchesses. The sight was splendid, as the noblest vessels in the British fleet passed majestically along, and afterward engaged in mimic warfare.

Her Majesty's birthday was this year spent at Osborne, and to commemorate the occasion the royal children were presented with the Swiss cottage in the grounds for their own youthful use and behoof. Undeterred by wars and rumors of wars, the young Princes and Princesses enjoyed themselves exceedingly. Each had a flower and vegetable garden, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. All worked at gardening *con amore*. On this juvenile property there was also a building, the ground floor of which was fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, dairy, and larder, and the young Princesses might sometimes be seen arrayed *à la cuisinière*, floured to the elbows, and deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, or cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, etc. The Queen resolved to give all her children a useful training. She further taught them to love and appreciate Nature by keeping up for their benefit a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the royal party in their



THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

rambles and researches. The children were taught the structure of animals, plants, and birds.

A thoroughly friendly alliance having been established between England and France, Prince Albert went over to Paris in September, on a special visit of some days to the Emperor Napoleon. Shortly after his return the Court proceeded to Balmoral, where the news reached it of the victory of the Alma.

All the interest of the country now centred in the war news, the Queen sharing the feeling of anxiety in all its intensity. In October came the ever-memorable charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and on the 5th of November the brilliant but costly victory of Inkermann. Then ensued a disastrous period of mismanagement in the Crimea. Her Majesty thus wrote to Lord Raglan: "The sad privations of the army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness are causes of the deepest concern and anxiety to the Queen and Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. The Queen trusts that Lord Raglan will be *very strict* in seeing that no unnecessary privations are incurred by any negligence of those whose duty it is to watch over their wants." But the serious blundering and mismanagement continued, and the only light in the gloom was the noble-hearted service rendered by Florence Nightingale and the ladies who went out with her to the East as nurses.

A Council relating to the Crimean War was held at Windsor on the 20th of April. The Queen was present, and took such a profound interest in public affairs that she said it was one of the most interesting scenes she was ever present at, and one which she would not have missed for the world.

A touching scene was witnessed on the 21st of May, in front of the Horse Guards, when her Majesty distributed medals to some of the heroes of the war in the East. Many of these gallant soldiers had been sadly injured and mutilated in their country's cause, and some were so weak that they could scarcely stand to receive the medals. Tears of gratification stood in their eyes, that they should receive these honorable distinctions from the Queen's own hands. Some of the officers were wheeled past her Majesty in Bath-chairs, and one of these was young Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had had both feet carried off in battle, but who insisted on commanding his battery to the end, only desiring his limbs to be raised in order to stop the loss of blood. The Queen leaned over Sir Thomas's chair and handed him his medal, telling him that she appointed him one of her aides-de-camp; whereupon he replied, "I am amply repaid for everything."

Four of the royal children—Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, and the Princesses Louise and Alice—were attacked with scarlet fever in the summer. The disease was not very virulent, however, and fortunately did not spread.

On the 18th of August her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, went over to France on a visit to the Emperor and Empress. Never since the infant Henry VI was crowned at Paris in 1422 had an English Sovereign been seen in the beautiful French capital. The Queen's visit was therefore a remarkable event, and it was doubly significant as marking the close of the "natural enmity" which for centuries had exasperated two hostile nations.

One or two incidents during this visit are especially worthy of mention. In the course of a quiet drive which the Queen

took with the Emperor, she explained her friendly attitude toward the Orleans family, which it had been said would displease the Emperor. She told him that they were her friends and relations, and that she could not abandon them in their adversity, though politics were never touched upon between her and them. The Emperor understood the situation and accepted the explanation. Prince Albert's birthday was celebrated in the course of the visit, and the Emperor gave him a picture by Meissonier, and the Empress a mounted cup carved in ivory.

A pleasing international incident occurred in December, 1856, when the Queen accepted from the American people the gift of the "Resolute," one of the English ships which went to the North Seas in search of Sir John Franklin. It had been abandoned in the ice, but had been discovered by an American vessel and conveyed across the Atlantic and refitted.

On the last day of January, 1856, the Queen opened Parliament in person under auspicious circumstances. Two months later the war in the East was at an end and peace was signed. London and the provinces rejoiced greatly over the event. Though the troops had suffered severely in the Crimea, British pluck had once more triumphed, and, together with her allies, England had gained the victory over the Russians. But the struggle had been a fierce and deadly one, and peace was everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm.

The Prince of Prussia had some time before made a proposal of marriage for the Princess Royal on behalf of his only son, Prince Frederick William, then twenty-four years of age. As the Princess was only fifteen, the Queen and her husband resolved that the question should not be forced, and

that the Princess should see more of the Prince, and determine for herself whether her affections tended in his direction. The young wooer came to Balmoral on a visit, and all-potent love settled the difficulty, as he has done many times before and since.

The approaching marriage of the Princess Royal having been announced to Parliament, the House of Commons, in a spirit of liberality which was gratifying to her Majesty, voted an annuity of £8,000 to the Princess, and a dowry of £40,000.

The Queen's fifth daughter, and last and ninth child, was born at Buckingham Palace on the 14th of April, 1857. The infant Princess received the names of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

Prince Albert opened the Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester in May; and on the 25th of the following month the Queen formally conferred upon him, by letters-patent, the title of "Prince Consort." It was deemed advisable to take this step in order to ensure the due recognition of the Prince's rank at foreign Courts.

The stay at Balmoral this season was overshadowed by the terrible news of the mutiny in India, and the massacre at Cawnpore. The intelligence of the dramatic relief of Lucknow alleviated the gloom a little, but the Queen was sorely distressed at the severity of the measures adopted to avenge the native cruelties. The mutiny was happily suppressed, and in the succeeding year Parliament rendered a great service to India herself by placing that vast dependency under the immediate control and government of the Queen.

On the 25th of January, 1858, the Princess Royal was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, now the Crown

Prince of Germany. For days before, the ceremony had been the common topic of conversation in society. The Princess was very popular, and the many splendid gifts she received were some slight evidence of this popularity. The marriage was celebrated in the Chapel Royal of St. James's, and all the members of the royal family were present, besides many other illustrious and noble guests. Following the wedding ceremony were numerous elaborate receptions, after which the bride and bridegroom left for Windsor, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

The day was observed as a general holiday throughout the United Kingdom, and in the evening London was brilliantly illuminated. Only two days after the marriage the Court removed to Windsor, and her Majesty created her royal son-in-law a Knight of the Order of the Garter. On the 29th, the Court and the newly-married couple returned to Buckingham Palace. In the evening a State visit was paid to Her Majesty's Theatre, when "The Rivals" and "The Spitalfields' Weaver" were performed. Addresses of congratulation poured in upon the bride and bridegroom.

The first grandchild of the Queen was born at Berlin on the 27th of January, 1859. The infant Prince's mother was then only nineteen years of age, and his grandmother only forty. At his christening the child had forty-two godfathers and godmothers.

Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 24th of January, and she was accompanied for the first time by the Princesses Alice and Helena. Her Majesty was not so occupied in State matters as to forget art and literature. In the Academy Exhibition this year was Phillips's picture of the "Marriage of the Princess Royal," the Queen's property, and

now hung in the great corridor at Windsor Castle. The Queen and Prince were great admirers of Tennyson's new work, the *Idylls of the King*, also of "George Eliot's" *Adam Bede*, and at Osborne there hangs, as a pendant to a scene from the *Faery Queene*, a representation of the young squire watching Hetty in the dairy. Another royal link with literature was the appointment of Sir Arthur Helps as Clerk of the Privy Council in June.

Many domestic events occurred during the year. The Prince of Wales went out to Canada, and had a most successful progress through the Dominion, with a visit to the American President at Washington. It was arranged that Prince Albert should also visit a distant English colony, and land at the Cape of Good Hope. It was hoped that these visits would strengthen still further the friendly bonds existing between England and her dependencies. In July, a daughter was born to the Prince and Princess Frederick William, at Potsdam, and the infant Princess received the baptismal names of Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte.

Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt came over to England in December, and his betrothal to the Princess Alice came about during this visit. A heavy trial was impending over the royal house, though not that supreme sorrow which was also to be experienced before the close of this disastrous year. The Duchess of Kent, now in her seventy-sixth year, was showing alarming symptoms of breaking health.

On the 15th of March, "while resting quite happily in her arm-chair," the Duchess was seized with a shivering fit, from which serious consequences were apprehended. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice left Buckingham Palace immediately on receiving the information, and reached

Frogmore in two hours, which seemed to her Majesty like an age. The Prince Consort first went up to see the Duchess, and when he returned, with tears in his eyes, the Queen knew what to expect. She went up the staircase with a trembling heart and entered her mother's room. The Queen writes thus in her diary: "I asked the doctors if there was no hope. They said they feared none whatever, for consciousness had left her."

The Queen remained through the night by the side of the unconscious sufferer. In the morning her husband took her away for a short time, but she soon returned to her vigils. Holding the Duchess's hand, she sat down on a footstool and awaited the issue. "I fell on my knees," subsequently wrote her Majesty, "holding the beloved hand, which was still warm and soft, though heavier, in both of mine. I felt the end was fast approaching, as Clark went out to call Albert and Alice, I only left gazing on that beloved face, and feeling as if my heart would break. . . . It was a solemn, sacred, never-to-be-forgotten scene. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing; at last it ceased, but there was no change of countenance, nothing; the eyes closed as they had been for the last half-hour. . . . The clock struck half-past nine at the very moment. Convulsed with sobs, I fell on the hand and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up and took me into the next room—himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him—and clasped me in his arms. I asked if all was over; he said, 'Yes.' I went into the room again, after a few minutes, and gave one look. My darling mother was sitting as she had done before, but was already white. O God! how awful, how mysterious! But what a blessed end! Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings

over." The Prince Consort bade his daughter Alice "comfort mamma," and the Princess Royal came over from Germany with the same filial purpose.

Great respect was shown by the Houses of Parliament and the whole nation to the memory of the deceased. The Duchess bequeathed her property by will to the Queen, and appointed the Prince Consort sole executor. Her remains were interred in the vault beneath St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 25th of March.

There was mourning at Osborne after the death of the Duchess, but more joyous events soon supervened. On returning to Buckingham Palace, in April, the Queen announced to the Privy Council the forthcoming marriage of the Princess Alice. Parliament voted a dowry of £30,000 and an annuity of £6,000 to the Princess. Prince Louis came over at Whitsuntide, and had the misfortune to suffer from measles, which he communicated to Prince Leopold, who suffered severely, and with permanent ill effects. Other visitors in the summer were King Leopold and the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, with their children. These were succeeded by the King of Sweden and his son.

Fortunate for humanity it is that a veil hangs between it and the future. Little did any member of the happy royal party which now journeyed southward imagine that for one of its members, and that the noble and self-sacrificing Prince Consort himself, the last journey had been made to Balmoral, and that the ceremonials at Edinburgh were the last public acts which it was the will of Providence he should perform.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

TWENTY YEARS
OF
FAITHFUL SERVICE.
CHAPTER VII.

A PROFOUND interest attaches to all the details concerning the illness and death of the Prince Consort. Death often strikes waywardly; it takes those who desire to live; and leaves those who are ready to die. But in the case of the Prince the great enemy found him ready; he was perfectly prepared for the end. It is stated that not long before his fatal illness he said to the Queen: "I do not cling to life. You do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." It has never been accurately ascertained how the fever under which he sank originated; but it is strongly surmised that the first predisposing cause was the Prince's visit to Sandhurst on the 22nd of November. He went to inspect the buildings for the new Staff College and Military Academy, and as the day was one of incessant rain, he suffered from exposure and fatigue. Next day came news of the distressing death of the young King of Portugal, and other members of his family, from malignant typhoid fever; and this intelligence weighed heavily upon the Prince's spirits.

On the 24th, which was Sunday, the Prince complained of being full of rheumatic pains. Next morning, although the

weather was cold and stormy, he travelled to Cambridge to visit the Prince of Wales.

Though very ill, the Prince continued to go out, and wrapped in a fur-lined coat on one occasion he witnessed a review of the Eton College Volunteers. On Sunday, December 1st, he walked out on the terrace, and attended service in the chapel, and notwithstanding his weakness he insisted upon "going through all kneeling." Low-fever was next mentioned, and this greatly discomposed her Majesty, especially as she remembered the terrible mortality from this cause in the Portuguese royal family. But in speaking of his own illness, the Prince said that it was well it was not fever, "as that, he felt sure, would be fatal to him." Lord Palmerston, who was not one as a rule to take gloomy views, was so alarmed by what he heard at the Castle, that he suggested the calling in of another physician. Dr. Jenner and Sir James Clark, however, reassured the Queen with the hope that the fever which was feared might pass off.

There was now nothing left to do but to wait and hope for the best; but unfortunately the Prince lost strength daily, and there would sometimes be "a strange wild look" upon his face. He would smile when his pet child, Princess Beatrice, was brought to him, but his most constant companion was the Princess Alice. The Prince had long resisted the entreaties of the medical men that he should undress and go to bed, and when at length he was prevailed upon to do this it was too late. Fever having unmistakably declared itself, knowledge of the unfavorable change could no longer be kept from the Queen, who was almost broken down by her grief. As she expressed it in her diary, she seemed to be constantly living "in a dreadful dream." The sufferer was moved on the 8th

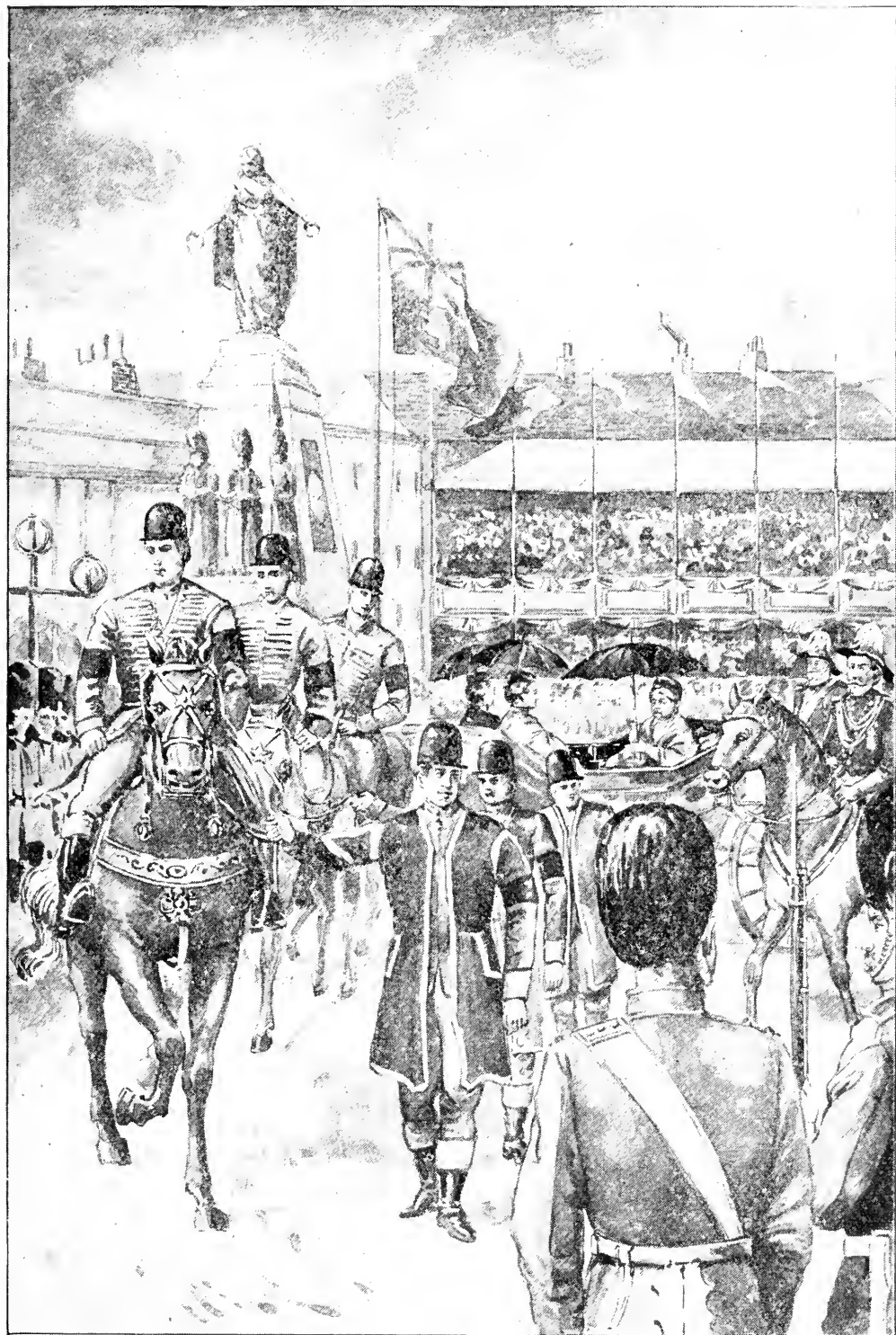
of December into a more commodious room, and as fate would have it, it was the very room in which both William IV. and George IV. had died. At the Prince's request a piano was brought into the room, and his daughter Alice played two hymns—one of them, "A strong tower is our God." During the playing his eyes were filled with tears.

The day was Sunday, and in a letter written by a member of the Queen's household shortly after the Prince Consort's death, the following touching passages described the events of the day: "The last Sunday Prince Albert passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill, and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, while the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorales. After she had played some time she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently, he looked up and smiled. She said: 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end.

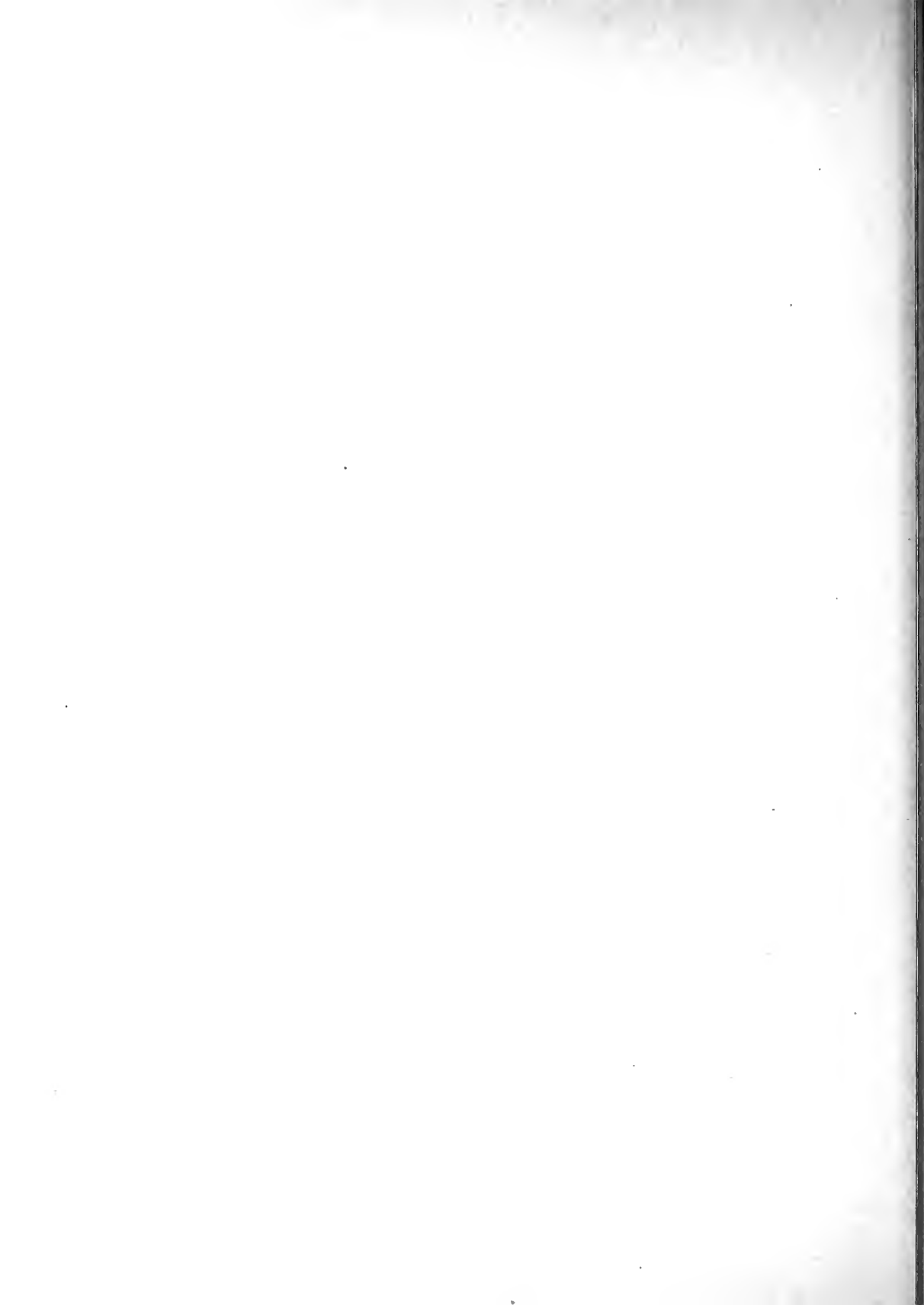
"The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father's and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could

not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him, listened to all he said, repeated hymns, and then when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and rush away to her room, returning with the same calm and pale face, without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through. Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly. Her Royal Highness has indeed felt that it was her place to be a comfort and support to her mother in this affliction, and to her dutiful care we may perhaps owe it that the Queen has borne her loss with exemplary resignation, and a composure which under so sudden and so terrible a bereavement could not have been anticipated."

Returning to the last days of the Prince, the illness obtained such hold that Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland were called in. While the doctors regarded the case as grave, they by no means thought it hopeless. The great irritability and restlessness of the Prince, which were characteristic symptoms of the disease, gave way to delight when the Queen was by his side. The patient would tenderly caress her cheek and whisper loving words in German, such as "Dear little wife, good little wife." By the 12th of December it became manifest that the fever and the shortness of breathing had increased. There was also a probability of congestion of the lungs, and on the 13th Dr. Jenner was compelled to make known to Her Majesty that the illness was very serious. The Prince was wheeled into the next room, according to custom for the last



QUEEN PASSING SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.



few days, but he sat with his hands clasped, gazing abstractedly out of the window.

Princess Alice now summoned the Prince of Wales from Cambridge on her own responsibility. Next morning, however, Mr. Brown, of Windsor, the medical attendant of the Royal Family for twenty years, told the Queen that he thought the Prince much better, "and that there was ground to hope the crisis was over." As Mr. Brown knew the Prince's constitution well, this news was felt to be very reassuring. Unfortunately, the apparent improvement proved only to be that brief recovery which frequently comes before the end. As the Queen entered the sick room on the morning of the 14th, she was more than ever struck by the unearthly beauty upon the patient's face. His eyes were dazzlingly bright, but they were fixed on vacancy, and did not notice her entrance. The medical men were now extremely anxious, and to the Queen's inquiry whether she might go out for a breath of air, responded: "Yes, just close by for a quarter of an hour." Going out upon one of the terraces with the Princess Alice, they heard a band playing in the distance, whereupon the Queen burst into tears and returned to the Castle.

Although Sir James Clark said he had seen a recovery in worse cases, the Queen gave way to despair as she saw the dusky hue stealing over her husband's face. Some hours passed without further change. In the afternoon, after the Prince had been wheeled into the middle of the room, the Queen went up to him and saw with dismay that his life was fast ebbing away. The sufferer ejaculated in German his last loving words: "Good little wife," kissed her, and with a moaning sigh laid his head upon her shoulder. He dozed and wandered, speaking French sometimes. All his children who

were in England came into the room, and one after the other took his hand, Prince Arthur kissing it as he did so, but the Prince made no sign of knowing them. He roused himself and asked for his private secretary, but again slept. Three of the gentlemen of the household, who had been much about the Prince's person, came up to him and kissed his hand without attracting his attention. All of them were overcome; only she who sat in her place by his side was quiet and still. So long as enough air passed through the laboring lungs the doctors would not relinquish the last grain of hope. Even when the Queen found the Prince bathed in the death-sweat, so near do life and death still run, that the attendant medical man ventured to say it might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever.

But the last hope was at length abandoned. Not long before the end came the Queen bent over her husband and said in German: "It is your little wife." The dying man recognized the voice, and answered by bowing his head and kissing the Queen. The sands of life were now rapidly running out. The Queen retired into the next room to weep, but she was soon sent for again into the chamber of death. She knelt by her husband's side, holding his hand, their children also kneeling around; while the Queen's nephew, Prince Ernest Leiningen, the gentlemen of the Prince's suite, General Bruce, General Grey, Sir Charles Phipps, the Dean of Windsor and the Prince's favorite German valet, Löhlein, reverently watched for the end. The Prince died at a quarter to eleven o'clock, thus passing, in his forty-third year, to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

The great bell of St. Paul's tolled at midnight, spreading the mournful news over the vast city. Early on the following

day, which was Sunday, the sad intelligence was flashed by telegraph to all parts of the Empire. In the churches the omission of the Prince Consort's name from the Litany told many for the first time of the calamity which had fallen upon the nation. There was not a house in the land that was not saddened by the news, while the hearts of all the people went out to the Queen, who was thus made "a widow at forty-two." There had seemed such a long period of married happiness still in store for her, and now all was over. The sorrow which continued to be expressed recalled in its intensity the national mourning for the Princess Charlotte. "All diversities of social rank and feeling were united in one spontaneous manifestation of sympathy with the widowed Queen and the bereaved family ; for the loss of the husband and father was instinctively felt to be as grievous to the most exalted rank as to the humblest. The highest family in the realm had lost, indeed, with scarce a warning or a presentiment of woe, the manly soul, the warm heart, the steady judgment, the fertile mind, the tender voice and the firm hand that for twenty-one years had led and guided and cheered them through the trials and dangers inseparable from theirs, as from every position. Through a period of many trials he had been the dearest friend and most devoted servant of his Sovereign ; while it was known to her subjects that her Majesty fully valued the blessing of the love and care of so good and so wise a husband and companion."

The news of her father's death was communicated to the Princess Royal at Berlin ; and it was also conveyed to Prince Leopold at Cannes under specially painful and melancholy circumstances. The young Prince was in great grief over the death of his governor, General Bowater, who had just expired

in a chamber next to that of his Royal Highness, when a telegram came announcing the still more crushing calamity of the Prince Consort's death. The message was directed to the dead general. When it was opened it was found to contain the dreadful tidings: "Prince Albert is dead!" The anguish of Prince Leopold knew no bounds, and he called out in his desolation: "My mother! I must go to my mother." The child's sobs and tears were most touching, as he exclaimed in his grief: "My mother will bring him back again. Oh! I want my mother!"

At Windsor there was great solicitude for the Queen and the Princess Alice. For three days they suffered terribly, and her Majesty's weakness was so great that her pulse could scarcely be felt. The Princess afterwards said that she wondered how her mother and herself had lived through these first bitter days. The Queen "spoke constantly about God's knowing best, but showed herself broken-hearted." At length the country was relieved on learning that exhausted nature had somewhat recovered itself, and that the Queen had slept.

Her Majesty was again and again urged to leave Windsor before the funeral, but she wept bitterly, and said her subjects were never advised to leave their homes or the remains of those lost to them. It was only when the safety of her children was pleaded as a means of giving them immunity from the fever, that she was prevailed upon to leave Windsor and repair to Osborne. Attired in her deep widow's mourning, she set out in the strictest privacy, accompanied only by the Prince of Wales and the Princesses Alice and Helena. But before going to her desolate home in the Isle of Wight, her Majesty visited Frogmore to choose a site for a mausoleum,

where her husband and herself were yet to lie side by side. Leaning on the arm of the Princess Alice, she walked round the gardens, and selected the spot for the ultimate and final reception of the Prince's remains. Then she left for Osborne.

The funeral took place at Windsor on the 23rd of December. The service was held in St. George's Chapel, where had assembled the company who had received commands to be present at the ceremony, including the Ministers of the Cabinet, the foreign ambassadors, the officers of the household, and representatives of the nobility, and the higher clergy. The Knights of the Garter were in their stalls, and representatives were present of all the foreign States connected by blood or marriage with the late Prince. The chief mourner was the Prince of Wales, who was supported by his brother Arthur, a boy of eleven. There were also present the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince's brother, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the sons of the King of the Belgians, Prince Louis of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Gleichen, the Duc de Nemours, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

When the coffin arrived, bouquets from Osborne were placed upon it. One bouquet of violets, with a white camellia in the centre, was from the Queen. At the head of the coffin stood the Prince of Wales, with his brother and uncle, the Lord Chamberlain being at the foot, and the other mourners grouped around. The service was taken by the Dean of Windsor. The grief of the young Princes for their father, as well as that of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg for his beloved brother, greatly moved the spectators. The Prince of Wales, himself overcome, spoke a few soothing words to his little brother, and for a short time both seemed comforted. As the body was committed to its resting-place in the vault, a guard

of honor of the Grenadier Guards, of which the Prince Consort had been colonel, presented arms, and minute-guns were fired at intervals by Horse Artillery in the Long Walk. The Thirty-ninth Psalm, Luther's Hymn, and two chorales were sung during the funeral service and while the coffin was uncovered and lowered in the grave.

During the last moments the spectacle was very touching. The two Princes hid their faces and sobbed bitterly, and almost every other person present was overcome by his emotion. It was a solemn period when the coffin began slowly to sink into the vault; the half-stifled sobs of the mourners were audible from all parts of the choir. The silence could almost be felt as the coffin gradually descended and finally disappeared from view. The service being concluded, Garter King-at-Arms advanced to the head of the vault, and proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince. When he came to the prayer for her Majesty, for the first time during her reign the word "happiness" was left out, and only the blessings of "life and honor" were besought for her. As the strains of the Dead March in *Saul* pealed forth, the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep vault. The Prince of Wales approached first, and stood for one brief moment with hands clasped, looking down; then all his fortitude suddenly deserted him, and bursting into a flood of tears, he hid his face, and was led away by the Lord Chamberlain. Prince Arthur now seemed more composed than his elder brother; it seemed as though his unrestrained grief had exhausted itself in tears and sobs. Heartfelt sorrow was depicted on the face of every mourner, as one by one they slowly left the side of the vault.

Throughout the country there was long and genuine mourning for the "blameless Prince."

This is not the place in which to attempt an exhaustive estimate of the character of the Prince Consort. But it has been well remarked that his influence for good, alike in the affairs of State, over public morals, and over the sentiments and conduct of private life; his interest in the arts, in the sciences, and in those manufactures into which art and science enter as vivifying forces, were ever alive, ever present, and ever most beneficially exerted. He was wise and temperate in his judgment of public events; and he influenced the counsels of a great nation in its relations with foreign States by a love of order united with an equal love of freedom. In private life he was deservedly beloved. While the Sovereign mourned the counsellor, the wife sorrowed for the tender and affectionate husband; and the children who had profited so much by his love and guidance, have since risen up to "call his memory blessed." No man could well exchange worlds under happier conditions.

EARLY YEARS OF
THE
QUEEN'S WIDOWHOOD.
CHAPTER VIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cheering sympathy of the Princess of Hohenlohe and the King of the Belgians—who came over to Osborne on a mission of consolation—the daily sense of her loss pressed heavily upon the Queen. “There is no one near me to call me ‘Victoria’ now!” she is said to have exclaimed on the morning after her bereavement, and this touching expression strongly illustrates her great loneliness.

In February, the Queen took leave of the Prince of Wales, who went on a lengthened tour in the East, accompanied by Dean Stanley and General Bruce. Gradually the Sovereign began to evince a renewed interest in State affairs, and the Princess Alice was made the great medium of communication between her and her Ministers. On the 1st of May the International Exhibition was opened, amid much pomp and ceremony.

The remains of the lamented Prince Consort were removed on the 18th of December from the vault beneath St. George's Chapel to the noble mausoleum prepared for them by the Queen and the royal children at Frogmore. This memorial edifice stands in Frogmore Park. It is cruciform in plan,

with a cell in the crossing, and the arms directed towards the cardinal points. The cell is lighted by three semicircular windows in the clerestory. It is decorated externally with polished shafts of Aberdeen granite; the roof is of copper, octagonal in plan, with a square tower, surmounted by a gilt cross. The transepts are square in plan, lighted by a clerestory to correspond with the cell. The whole exterior of the mausoleum is faced with Aberdeen and Guernsey granite, and with different colored building stones; the interior is also faced with variously-colored marbles and stones, and is decorated with statues. Beneath the dome of the cell is placed the sarcophagus of the Prince, upon which rests a recumbent figure of the deceased by Baron Marochetti. The ceremonial observed on the removal of the Prince's body was strictly private. The coffin was placed in a hearse, and the Prince of Wales and his brothers and Prince Louis of Hesse followed as mourners. After a brief appropriate service, the coffin was placed in the sarcophagus. The Princes then arranged upon it the wreaths of flowers which their sisters had woven with their own hands "to rest over the breast of the fondest and noblest of fathers."

On one of the closing days of this year the Duchess of Sutherland presented to the Queen a sumptuously bound Bible, the gift of "loyal English widows." Her Majesty returned the following beautiful letter of thanks for this offering: "My dearest Duchess,—I am deeply touched by the gift of a Bible 'from many widows,' and by the very kind and affectionate address which accompanied it. . . . Pray express to all these kind sister-widows the deep and heartfelt gratitude of their widowed Queen, who can never feel grate-

ful enough for the universal sympathy she has received, and continues to receive, from her loyal and devoted subjects."

London, and indeed the whole of England, was alive with pleasurable excitement on the 7th of March, when the Princess Alexandra, "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea," arrived off Gravesend as the bride-elect of the heir to the British Crown. She was accompanied by her father, mother, brother, and sister, and was met by the Prince of Wales, who drove with her through the streets of London amid the cheers of an enthusiastic crowd.

The wedding took place in St. George's Chapel on the 10th of March. The Queen was present in the royal closet, in widow's weeds, but she took no part in the brilliant ceremony. All the members of the Royal Family attended, and the general company included many illustrious and distinguished personages. The Prince of Wales wore a full general's uniform, with the stars of the Garter and the Indian Order, and the ribbon and band of the Golden Fleece round his neck. Over his uniform was the mantle of the Garter.

After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom returned to the Castle, alighting at the grand entrance, where they were received by the Queen. The marriage was attested in the White Room, and then the wedding-breakfast was served in the dining-room to the royal guests, and in St. George's Hall to the diplomatic corps, &c. The Prince and Princess of Wales subsequently left Windsor for Osborne, to spend their honeymoon. London and all the large towns were brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and the rejoicings over this happy event were kept up for some days. The crowds were so dense in the City to witness the illuminations, that six persons were crushed or trodden to death, and this melancholy circum-

stance drew a very sympathetic letter from the Prince of Wales addressed to the Lord Mayor. Marlborough House was selected as the town residence of the bride and bridegroom, and Sandringham as their country house.

Early in October the Queen went to Aberdeen to unveil the statue of the Prince Consort. She has left on record how terribly nervous she was, and that she longed not to have to go through the ordeal. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Princesses Helena and Louise, and Princes Arthur and Leopold. The day was very wet. There was a long, sad, and melancholy procession through the crowded streets of Aberdeen, where all were kindly, but all were silent. The Queen trembled during the ceremony, which was the first she had attended in public since her husband's death. An address was presented, and her Majesty knighted the Provost, a reply being afterwards forwarded to the address. The Prince's statue, by Marochetti, was considered to be very faithful and lifelike. After it had been unveiled, the Queen, who appeared much depressed, scanned it for some time narrowly.

On the 14th of December, the anniversary of the Prince's death, the Queen, accompanied by all the members of the Royal Family, proceeded at an early hour from Windsor Castle to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, where a devotional service was held. This has since been observed as an annual custom, and all the members of the household, including the servants, are likewise permitted to pay their tribute of love and respect to the memory of the Prince. This wonderfully beautiful tomb, as the Princess Alice described it, with all its elaborate decorations, was erected at the cost

of upwards of £200,000, which was entirely defrayed from her Majesty's privy purse.

A joyful but unexpected event occurred at Frogmore on the 8th of January, 1864, when the Princess of Wales was prematurely confined of a son, Prince Albert Victor. There was no nurse in attendance, and no preparation had been made for the advent of "the little stranger," who had not been expected until March. The Queen was immediately apprised of the happy news of the birth of a direct heir to the Crown. The Prince was christened at Buckingham Palace on the first anniversary of his parent's marriage. The Princess of Wales made a speedy recovery, and congratulations poured in upon the Prince and Princess, and also upon the Queen, on the birth of the infant Prince.

When England was startled by the sad news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the Queen wrote with her own hand a touching letter of condolence to the widow of the late President.

On the 8th of August the Queen left England on a visit to Germany, accompanied by Prince Leopold and the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice. The illustrious party embarked at the Royal Arsenal pier on board the steam yacht *Alberta*, under the command of Prince Leiningen. The birthday of the Prince Consort was celebrated by the inauguration of a costly monument to his memory at Coburg. It took the shape of a gilt bronze statue, ten feet high, which was unveiled in the public square of the town. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the Queen, accompanied by her children, walked across the square, and handed to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg a large bouquet of flowers, which he laid on the pedestal. All the children did the same, until the flowers rose to the feet of the

statue. Princess Alice writes of the "terrible sufferings" of the first three years of the Queen's widowhood, but adds that after the long storm came rest, so that the daughter could tenderly remind the mother, without reopening the wound, of the happy silver wedding which might have been this year, when the royal parents would have been surrounded by so many grandchildren in fresh young households. The royal family returned from Germany in September, visiting King Leopold at Ostend on the journey.

The year 1865 closed with great personal loss to the Queen. On the 9th of December her Majesty's uncle, King Leopold, passed away at the age of seventy-six. In the deceased King, Queen Victoria not only mourned a dear relative, but a faithful friend and counsellor—one whose sympathy and advice had been constant and unfailing ever since she ascended the throne.

TWENTY YEARS
OF
FAITHFUL SERVICES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE earliest occasion on which her Majesty attended any State ceremony after the death of the Prince Consort, was on the 6th of February, 1866, when she opened the first session of her seventh Parliament. The event attracted much attention, and gave great satisfaction. Enthusiastic crowds lined the whole route of the procession to the Houses of Parliament. In the House of Lords the scene was one of great splendor, peers and peeresses being resplendent in their robes and jewels. After prayers had been read by the Bishop of Ely, at a signal from the Usher of the Black Rod the whole assembly rose *en masse*—peers, peeresses, bishops, judges, and the foreign ambassadors—to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Princess was escorted to the place of honor on the woolsack, immediately fronting the throne. Shortly afterwards the whole assembly rose again; the door to the right of the throne was flung open, and the Queen entered, preceded by the State officials. Her Majesty, who was attired in half-mourning, walked with slow steps to the throne, stopping on the way to shake hands with the Princess of Wales. The Queen wore a deep purple velvet robe trimmed with a white miniver, and a white lace cap *à la* Marie Stuart; around her neck was a collar of brilliants, and over her breast the blue riband of the Order of the Garter. During the proceedings and the reading of the royal speech

the Queen sat silent and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. She appeared wrapt in contemplation, and was doubtless moved by reminiscences of the time when she stood, proud and happy, with her husband by her side, and took an active part in this august ceremony.

Two marriages were celebrated in the royal circle in 1866. The first was that of the Princess Mary of Cambridge to Prince Teck, which took place at the village church of Kew on the 12th of June. The Queen was present, and looked remarkably well, but it was noticed that she was attired in mourning so deep that not even a speck of white relieved the sombreness. On the 5th of July her Majesty's third daughter, the Princess Helena, was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the bride being in her twenty-first and the bridegroom in his thirty-sixth year. The Princess was accompanied to the altar by her mother and the Prince of Wales, and the Queen gave her daughter away.

The war in Germany this year saw the husbands of two of the Queen's daughters ranged on opposite sides. During the progress of the war in the immediate vicinity of Darmstadt, the third daughter of Princess Alice was born. The mother was deeply concerned for her husband in the field, but eventually he was restored to her in safety. Austria was utterly worsted in the conflict, and Prussia ultimately annexed Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, as the spoils of victory.

The Queen again came forth from her seclusion in February, 1867, when she once more opened Parliament in person. The Reform question was the all-absorbing one occupying the public attention, and before the session closed the Conserva-

tive Government succeeded in carrying a measure which provided for a large extension of the suffrage.

In the course of the year there appeared the interesting work entitled, *The Early Years of H. R. H. the Prince Consort*. In this book the Queen pays an affectionate tribute to the virtue and character of her deceased husband, and the biography contains much material furnished directly by the Sovereign herself. "No homage which the Queen has paid to her husband's memory is more expressive than the humility and simple confidence with which she has in these pages trusted to the world particulars relating to herself. The candor with which she has published the events that led to their engagement, and their feelings and impressions, is not more striking than the assiduous self-denial which causes the interest always to centre in the Prince. The Queen is kept out of sight whenever her presence is not required to illustrate his life." What the book gives is "not merely the privilege of overhearing the tale of love and grief, whispered by a mother to her children, but a great argument of history, a resolute attempt to make the nation understand the most illustrious character the Royal Family has possessed since the accession of the dynasty. To accomplish this high purpose, the Queen has not shrunk from the sacrifices which men seldom make, and monarch's never."

In June the Queen of Prussia arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen; and in the following month the Sultan was also hospitably housed for a time at the Castle. His Majesty was made the centre of a round of gaieties and celebrations at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere; but a grand naval review, at which he was present, off Spithead, was spoiled by tempestuous weather. The Sultan left England much





PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

impressed by his visit. On the day before his departure from Buckingham Palace, the Queen received at Osborne another illustrious visitor in the person of the Empress of France.

Her Majesty left England on a visit to Switzerland in August, travelling *incognita* as the Countess of Kent; *en route* she stayed for a day at the English Embassy, Paris, where she received the Empress Eugenie.

The Queen visited the City of London on the 6th of November, 1869, for the purpose of opening the new bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars, and the new viaduct over the Fleet Valley from Holborn Hill to Newgate Street. The citizens of London gave a warm welcome to their Sovereign after her prolonged absence from their midst.

The year 1870 was an eventful one upon the Continent. The war between France and Germany—in which the Queen's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Louis of Hesse were engaged—led to the re-making of the map of Europe so far as France and Germany were concerned; and as one result of the deadly struggle, the Emperor and Empress of France were driven into exile. Under changed and melancholy conditions Queen Victoria visited the Empress Eugenie at Chislehurst towards the close of the year.

The visit to Balmoral in the autumn of 1870 was marked by a happy incident. On the 3rd of October the Princess Louise became engaged to the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll.

The marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne was solemnized at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 21st of March. The ceremony was distinguished by much pomp. The Duke of Argyll attracted special attention when he appeared in "the garb of old Gaul," with kilt, phili-

beg, sporran, and claymore complete. The bridegroom, who was supported by Earl Percy and Lord Ronald Gower, looked pale and nervous. All the members of the Royal Family were present. The bride was supported on the right by the Queen, and on the other side by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The bridesmaids were dressed in white satin decorated with red camellias, with long and drooping leaves; and the bride wore a white satin robe, with a tunic of Honiton lace of ingenious and graceful design. In this tunic were bouquets composed of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, linked together by a floral chain, from which hung bouquets of various flowers. The veil, which was of Honiton lace, was worked from a sketch made by the Princess Louise herself. When the Bishop of London put the usual question as to the giving away of the bride, the Queen replied by a gesture, and then the bishop joined the hands of the young couple. At the close of the ceremony the Queen lovingly embraced her daughter. The bride and bridegroom left Windsor for Claremont, to spend the honeymoon. For their London residence, rooms were allotted to them in Kensington Palace.

Her Majesty opened the Royal Albert Hall on the 29th of March, in the presence of the members of the Royal Family, the chief officers of State, and a large and distinguished assembly, consisting of some 8,000 persons. On the entrance of the Queen the whole audience rose to receive her, and remained standing while the National Anthem was performed. At its conclusion the Prince of Wales read an address to her Majesty. The Queen handed to the Prince a written answer, and said in a clear voice: "I wish to express my great admiration of this beautiful hall, and my earnest wishes for its complete success."

A prayer was offered by the Bishop of London, and then the Prince exclaimed: "The Queen declares this hall to be now opened." The announcement was followed by a burst of cheering, the National Anthem, and the discharge of the park guns. The opening was celebrated by a concert, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who composed a cantata expressly for the occasion. The cost of the hall was estimated at £200,000, and—what is probably unique in the history of public building—this cost was not exceeded.

Early in April, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold, paid a visit to the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie at Chislehurst. The Emperor was suffering greatly both in mind and body, but he was much touched by this manifestation of friendship.

The Queen did not return from her usual visit to Balmoral until a late period this autumn, and when she reached Windsor, she was met by the disturbing news that a feverish attack from which the Prince of Wales had for some time been suffering, had assumed a grave aspect. The news of the Prince's illness created profound sorrow and solicitude throughout the United Kingdom. As the fever continued to run its course for some days without any alarming symptoms, her Majesty returned to Windsor; but on the 8th of December a very serious relapse occurred. The life of his Royal Highness was in imminent danger, and the Queen and all the members of the Royal Family hurried to Sandringham. For some days the whole nation was plunged into gloom, and the excitement respecting the daily bulletins was intense. By the Queen's desire, special prayers were used in all churches and chapels of the Establishment. Prayers also went up from the Jewish synagogues and from Catholic and

Dissenting churches. The national anxiety and suspense were continued until the night of December 14th—the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death—when there was a slight amelioration of the worst symptoms, and the invalid obtained long-needed and refreshing sleep. From that day forward the Prince continued gradually to recover. The Queen returned to Windsor on the 19th of December, and on the 26th she wrote the following letter to her people: "The Queen is very anxious to express her deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the Prince of Wales. The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement of the Prince of Wales's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart, which can never be effaced. It was indeed nothing new to her, for the Queen had met with the same sympathy when, just ten years ago, a similar illness removed from her side the mainstay of her life, the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands. The Queen wishes to express at the same time, on the part of the Princess of Wales, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the Queen by the great and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy. The Queen cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength."

The 27th of February, 1872, was observed as a day of national thanksgiving for the Prince's recovery. A more

joyous and successful celebration was never witnessed in London.

In July, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, visited the national memorial erected in Hyde Park to the memory of the Prince Consort. This magnificent and costly monument was then complete, save for the statue of the Prince, which was to be executed by Mr. Foley, and to form the central and principal figure. The structure, which is very elaborate in all its parts, reaches to a height of 180 feet, and terminates in a graceful cross.

Before the month closed her Majesty received intelligence of the death of her beloved sister, the Dowager Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg, who expired at Baden-Baden. There was ever a warm attachment between the two illustrious ladies, and the Princess was deeply mourned, not only by the Queen, but by a wide circle. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur went over to Germany to the funeral, at which also were present the Emperor of Germany and the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse.

A strange and chequered career came to a close in January, 1873, when the Emperor Napoleon died after much physical suffering at Chislehurst. Messages of sympathy with the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial were sent by the Queen and various European Sovereigns.

On the 23rd of January, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the ceremony taking place in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. In the succeeding March the royal couple made a public entry into London. A heavy snow storm somewhat marred the proceedings, but the Queen, with the Duchess and the Duke of Edin-

burgh and Princess Beatrice, drove through the streets of the metropolis in an open carriage. On arriving at Buckingham Palace, the newly wedded couple met with an ovation from a large crowd of persons who had assembled in front of the palace.

Many distinguished men who had been personally honored by the Queen, passed away in this and the following year. The mournful death-list included Bishop Wilberforce, Sir E. Landseer, Charles Kingsley, W. C. Macready, and her Majesty's literary adviser and clerk of the Council, Sir Arthur Helps.

It had been announced that the Queen would open Parliament in person in February, 1875, but the alarming illness of her youngest son, Prince Leopold, prevented her from carrying out her design. The Prince had been seized with typhoid fever during the Christmas vacation at Osborne, and for a long time a fatal termination was feared to his illness. Happily, however, he eventually recovered. As the Princess Alice said, he had already been given back three times to his family from the brink of the grave.

In October the Prince of Wales left England for a lengthened tour through her Majesty's Indian dominions. He met with a grand reception in Bombay, and his birthday was kept in India. The Prince visited the chief wonders of India, including the caves of Elephanta. There was an elephant hunt in Ceylon, and an illumination of the surf. Colombo, Bombay, Baroda, Calcutta, and Madras were all visited. The tour was in every respect a perfect success, and created a most favorable impression amongst the Queen's Indian subjects. In the following year the Royal Titles Bill was passed, and her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India.

The Albert Memorial at Edinburgh was unveiled by the Queen with great ceremony on the 17th of August, 1876. The Memorial, which is in Charlotte Square, consists of a colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, in field-marshal's uniform and bareheaded, standing on a pedestal, at the four corners of which are groups of figures looking up to the central figure.

A severe gap was made in the Royal Family in December by the death of the lamented Princess Alice. Some time before, diphtheria had broken out in the Darmstadt household, and every member of it had been attacked in succession. Princess Marie, who was only four years old, died in November. The Princess caught the infection as the result of her devoted attention to others, and from having on one occasion rested her head, from sheer sorrow, on the Duke's pillow.

Few princesses have been more warmly beloved than the Princess Alice. The remains of the Princess were interred in the mausoleum at Rosenhöhe, on May 18, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Prince Christian being amongst the mourners. A beautiful recumbent figure in white marble of the Princess, in which she is represented as clasping her infant daughter to her breast, has been placed near the tomb, as a token of the loving remembrance of her brothers and sisters. The Queen issued a letter to her subjects expressing her heartfelt thanks for the universal sympathy called forth by the death of her beloved daughter.

The following year, the Duke of Connaught was married to the Princess Louise of Prussia, at St. George's, Windsor.

A great trial befell her Majesty in 1884, by the untoward death of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany. From his childhood the Prince had been of delicate health. Alike from

inclination and necessity, he had always been given to studious pursuits. As he reached manhood he was not only proficient in music and painting, but developed strong literary tastes. He had an excellent and refined judgment, and had gathered copious stores of book learning. He lived a comparatively retired life, suffering much from a constitutional weakness in the joints, and from a dangerous tendency to hemorrhage, which rendered the most extreme care necessary. On several occasions his life was in danger from sudden and severe fits of indisposition. His intellectual gifts, combined with his ill-health, rendered him an object of pride as well as of solicitude to the other members of the Royal Family.¹ Towards the close of his existence he seemed, by the interest he took in literature and science, and the graceful public speeches which he delivered, about to take the place once held by his honored father. He had a happy marriage, and in 1883 a daughter was born to him, to whom was given the name of his beloved and revered sister, Alice.

The career of this much-esteemed Prince, however, was prematurely cut short. In March, 1884, he went to Cannes to avoid the inclement east winds, leaving the Duchess behind him at Claremont. His stay in the south of France proved of considerable service in restoring his health; but on the 27th of March, as he was ascending a stair at the Cercle Nautique, he slipped and fell, injuring the knee which had been hurt on several occasions before. The accident did not at first seem serious, and the Duke wrote a reassuring letter to his wife from the Villa Nevada, whither he had been conveyed. A fit of apoplexy supervened during the following night, however, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 28th he expired in the arms of his equerry, Captain Perceval.

When the fatal news reached Windsor it was gently broken to the Queen by Sir H. Ponsonby. Though almost overwhelmed with her own grief, her Majesty's thoughts turned at once to the young widow at Claremont.

The Prince of Wales went over to France to bear the remains of his brother back to England. The Queen and the Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice met the body at the Windsor railway station. On reaching the Castle, it was conveyed to the chapel, where a short service was held in the presence of her Majesty and her children, and the afflicted Duchess of Albany bent one last look upon the bier. The funeral took place on the 5th of April, the Prince of Wales being chief mourner.

On the 23rd of July, 1885, the marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg was celebrated at Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal Family, and a distinguished party of English nobility and others, but no representative of the German reigning dynasties attended. With this wedding the Queen saw the last of her children united in the bonds of matrimony.

Her Majesty has erected many monuments at Windsor to those whom she holds in loving remembrance. One of the chief attractions of the Albert Chapel, is a pure white marble figure of the Prince, represented as a knight in armor, with the epitaph on the pedestal, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course." In St. George's Chapel are five monuments. The first is an alabaster sarcophagus to her father; the second, a white marble statue to King Leopold, whom the Queen has described as her second father; the third monument is to her Majesty's aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester; the fourth, to the late King of Hanover; and the fifth, to

the son of King Theodore of Abyssinia. The young Prince died in England, and his monument bears the epitaph: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Theed's admirable group of the Queen and her husband, stands at the entrance to the corridor which runs round two sides of the quadrangle of the Castle. The corridor contains many pictures and mementoes of events and persons relating to the Queen's life and reign. At Frogmore is Marochetti's recumbent figure of the Prince, and space has been left for a similar statue of her Majesty. There are also memorials of Princess Alice and of the Queen's dead grandchildren in the mausoleum. In an upper chamber belonging to a separate vault is a statue of the Duchess of Kent by Theed. At Osborne are many groups, statues, and busts of the Queen's children and other relatives, which serve to remind her Majesty—if she needed such reminders—of the happy years of the past.

During the ten years just reviewed the Queen had been exceedingly busy. Many visits of a personal and political nature had been made, and in one way and another the Queen had been much before the public. She was especially identified with the numerous educational and charitable institutions that were opened during this period. Among these was the opening of St. Thomas's Hospital and the laying of the corner-stone of the Hall of Arts and Sciences at Kensington Gore. Subsequently she was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the New Medical Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The ceremony took place in the presence of a vast concourse of people, all eager to behold their Queen. Still later she opened the Royal Holloway College for Women at Mount Lee, Egham.

Among the events of this period was the opening of the

Colonial and Indian Exhibition—the most successful and extensive of a series of admirable exhibitions at South Kensington. The Prince of Wales was the actual promoter, the executive President, and practically the director of this Exhibition, which reflected the highest credit upon the energy and exertions of his Royal Highness. The opening ceremony was very imposing, both from the dense crowds in the vicinity of the Exhibition and the brilliant gathering within the building.

Another interesting event was the opening of the International Exhibition of Navigation, Commerce and Industry at Liverpool. The Queen was the centre of a brilliant throng. There was a royal progress through the streets of Liverpool, whose streets were thronged by loyal subjects anxious to do honor to their Sovereign. These years also marked the death of some of the Queen's most trusted friends, among them being Dr. McLeod, her spiritual adviser, and were signalized by three great losses in English literature and politics. George Eliot died in December, 1880, Carlyle in February, 1881, and the Earl of Beaconsfield in the following April. The Conservative leader was buried at Hughenden, and the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the funeral vault while it was still open and placed flowers upon the coffin. At a later period a monument was erected in Hughenden Church to Lord Beaconsfield "by his grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria R. I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right.'"

With the passing of the year 1886 Victoria was brought to the threshold of an event which stirred all loyal English hearts. Fifty years of her life on the throne were rounding to a close, and soon was to come the celebration of her Royal Jubilee.

CELEBRATION
OF
THE ROYAL JUBILEE.
CHAPTER X.

FEW pageants in British history could equal in dignity and splendor that by which the Royal Jubilee was commemorated in 1887. Only three Sovereigns have reigned over the Anglo-Saxon race for fifty years and upwards, Edward III., George III., and Victoria. The jubilee of George III., her Majesty's grandfather, was celebrated in 1810, and there were a few survivors from that period who had the felicity of witnessing the Jubilee of this beloved Sovereign.

Jubilee Day, the 21st of June, was a day ever to be remembered by those who were privileged to be in London, and to witness the magnificent royal progress to Westminster Abbey. The day was observed as a national holiday, and fortunately it was one of perfect sunshine. Houses and streets were profusely decorated, and the demonstrations of loyalty and of personal affection for the Queen were universal. Tens of thousands of persons lined the thoroughfares, especially along Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Whitehall, and Parliament Street. The gorgeous cavalcade excited intense interest; the brilliant group consisting of the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the Crown Prince of Austria, being singled out for special admiration.

Whenever her Majesty appeared, however, she was the cynosure of all eyes. She drove in State, accompanied by the members of the Royal Family, and by the foreign potentates and princes who were her guests. The Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey was most impressive. The interior of the Abbey had been completely transformed, so as to afford the largest possible amount of sitting accommodation. An eye-witness of the ceremony thus described the scene in the Abbey, and the order of the service: "King Henry VII.'s Chapel had been shut off, and not a single monument was to be seen anywhere. The Abbey was more like Cologne Cathedral than the Abbey Englishmen know and love so well. At either end—that is to say, above the altar and at the western end of the choir—were two immense galleries crowded with people. On either side of the nave, too, there were galleries filled with naval and military officers and their wives. On the floor in the nave were the Judges, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and Common Councillors, and a host of distinguished personages. The Beefeaters kept the line of route here, but they had little to do, for the arrangements were too admirable to make over-crowding possible. The choir was reserved for minor potentates and for the attendants of the Kings and Princes, who were seated within the rails of the sacrarium. Between the sacrarium and the choir was the daïs, a wide structure covered with red baize, with the coronation chair in the centre. On the right of the chair the Princes who accompanied her Majesty were to sit, while the Princesses were on the left. On the altar was a splendid gold alms-dish and four large bouquets of white lilies. On one side of the daïs were members of the House of Lords, on the other, members of the House of Commons.

while above the peers was a diplomatic gallery, where a most dazzling exhibition of classes and orders could be seen. The Abbey, with the exception of the choir and the sacrarium, was full at 10 o'clock. It was a most brilliant sight—one which will never be forgotten by those who saw it. The bright hues of military uniforms and the scarlet and ermine of the judges blended admirably with the white dresses of the ladies.

The kings and princes who passed to the sacrarium did so by side passages ; not one of them ascended the steps to the daïs, where Queen Victoria and her family alone were to tread. Half an hour more of waiting, and then Sir Albert Woods, Garter King, who was watching at the western door, gave a signal. A voice as of many waters was heard outside, and the State trumpeters, perched aloft on the rood-screen, performed a fanfare on their instruments. The vast crowd of all that is great and illustrious in England arose. The clergy of the Abbey came first, and behind them were the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury. After them came the Queen, attended by the princes and princesses of her family. The procession having reached the daïs, the Queen took her seat on the coronation chair, and Lord Lathom and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe placed the robes of State on her shoulders. She bowed low to the altar just before they did so, and then sat down. At that moment, when the scene was complete, the *mise-en-scène* was a very striking one.

The Archbishop of Canterbury began the services with some versicles. Then came the Prince Consort's Te Deum, rendered by a choir of three hundred voices. After the reading of the lesson and three special collects came the Jubilee

anthem, "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighted in thee, to set thee on his throne to be king for the Lord thy God, because thy God loved Israel, therefore made he thee king to do judgment and justice." The whole anthem was most beautiful and effective throughout. The final chorus was given with immense effect, and when its echoes died away the Archbishop read three more collects and pronounced the benediction.

The prettiest scene of all followed. The Queen held out her hand to the German Crown Prince, who reverently kissed it. The Prince of Wales came next. To each of the princes she offered, according to custom, her cheek to be kissed, but every one of them, equally according to custom, kissed her hand. The princesses curtsied low before the Queen, who kissed each of them, and there was quite a touching scene when three times over the Queen and the German Crown Princess saluted one another. The procession was re-formed. As the Queen passed down the choir she bowed very graciously to every Indian prince present. She then retired for a quarter of an hour, when, amid an immense outburst of enthusiasm, she passed up Parliament street on her homeward route.

London, west and east, was gaily illuminated on the night of the Jubilee. Most of the houses in the principal thoroughfares exhibited appropriate devices, some of which were very striking and very costly. Displays of a similar kind were almost general throughout the country. From the north of Scotland to the extreme south of England beacons flamed from most of the hills, and bonfires were lighted and kept blazing until daybreak.

One of the most touching as well as one of the most

thoughtful of the Jubilee celebrations was a children's festival in Hyde Park, held on the 22d, through the generous initiative of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. About 30,000 children marched to the Park in perfect order, and were there allowed to enjoy themselves with complete freedom, games and amusements of all kinds having been arranged in the space set apart for them. Each child was provided with a meat pie, a piece of cake, a bun and an orange, besides being presented with a mug specially made for the occasion. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some of the Queen's royal visitors, attended the children's *fête*.

At Windsor, on the 22d of June, her Majesty received the officers and general committee of the Women's Jubilee Offering Fund. This was a fund raised by subscriptions, varying in amount from a penny to a pound, contributed by 3,000,000 women of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales as a present to the Queen on her Jubilee. The offering, which amounted to £75,000, was presented, together with a loyal address, which her Majesty graciously acknowledged. On the same occasion a handsome casket, carved out of Irish bog-oak, with a representation of the Irish harp on the cover, was presented to the Queen on behalf of Irishwomen by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

In acknowledgement of the many tokens of sympathy on the part of her people, the Queen addressed to the Home Secretary the following letter, which was published in the *London Gazette* :

“ WINDSOR CASTLE, June 24.

I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren.

“The enthusiastic reception I met with there, as well as on all these eventful days, in London as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labor and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

“This feeling, and the sense of duty toward my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task—often a very difficult and arduous one—during the remainder of my life.

“The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behavior of the enormous multitudes assembled, merits my highest admiration.

“That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer.

“VICTORIA, R. and I.”

No fewer than four Jubilee functions, in which the Queen bore a part, took place during the month of July. The first was a review of Volunteer Corps at Buckingham Palace, on July 2, when the metropolitan and suburban volunteers, to the number of 24,000, divided into six brigades, marched past the Queen. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Albert Victor appeared with their respective regiments, and the imposing spectacle excited great enthusiasm among thousands of assembled spectators.

On the 4th of July the Queen visited London in order to lay the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington. This undertaking was one in which her Majesty's eldest son, the heir-apparent, took a special interest. The Queen was received by the Prince of Wales, the President of the Institute, and by a magnificent assemblage of representa-

tives from all parts of her dominions. An ode, written by Mr. (now Sir) Lewis Morris, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Then followed the ceremony of laying the first stone, a block of colonial granite upwards of three tons in weight. Subsequently the Prince of Wales read an address to her Majesty from the Organizing Committee of the Institute. In her reply the Queen said: "It is with infinite satisfaction that I receive the address, in which you give expression to your loyal attachment to my throne and person, and develop the views that have led to the creation of the Imperial Institute. I concur with you in thinking that the counsels and exertions of my beloved husband initiated a movement which gave increased vigor to commercial activity, and produced marked and lasting improvements in industrial efforts. One indirect result of that movement has been to bring more before the minds of men the vast and varied resources of the Empire over which Providence has willed that I should reign during fifty prosperous years. I believe and hope that the Imperial Institute will play a useful part in combining those resources for the common advantage of all my subjects, and in conducing towards the welding of the colonies, India and the mother country into one harmonious and united community. In laying the foundation stone of the building devoted to your labors I heartily wish you God-speed in your undertaking."

The third public function was a grand review of troops at Aldershot on the 9th of July. The Queen had gone to Aldershot the night before and slept in the camp. She was attended by a brilliant staff to the review ground, and 60,000 troops of all arms paraded before her. Before the march passed, the

Duke of Cambridge tendered to her Majesty the congratulations of the army upon her Jubilee, and in response the Queen expressed her sense of the love and devotion of the army. The Duke returned to his position, and at a given signal the air was rent by the cheers of the whole mass of troops, the infantry hoisting their helmets into the air on the muzzles of their rifles. The troops then marched past, moving with admirable precision. The ceremony occupied two hours and three-quarters. Then the cavalry and horse artillery advanced towards the Queen in one magnificent line about a mile in length, the flanks being lost in clouds of dust. Gradually increasing the pace till it became a gallop, they were halted after having made a splendid advance, and the Queen, with her escort and suite, withdrew, passing through an avenue formed by the infantry.

The last, and perhaps the most important event of all, was a grand naval review at Spithead, on the 23d of July. The fleet was moored so as to form a double line of great ships, the centre of which was nearly opposite Gilkicker Point on the north and Ryde pier on the south. Between it and Portsmouth was a double line of coast-defence ships, gunboats and torpedo-boats. The vessels comprising the squadrons were anchored about a quarter of a mile apart, the space between the two columns being about half as much again. South of these were troopships with visitors, and a large number of other steamers and yachts, in all over one hundred vessels.

The Jubilee celebrations were a tribute at once to the loyalty of the British people and the popularity of the Sovereign. The enthusiasm evoked was heartfelt and sincere, and the whole nation was moved, as by one genuine and spontaneous impulse, to show its gratitude for the many blessings which in God's providence had attended her Majesty's beneficent rule.

YEARS OF MINGLED JOY

AND

SORROW.

CHAPTER XI.

THE years which have intervened between the Royal Jubilee and this the year when Victoria will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, have been full of changes. Joy and sorrow have each had their place in the Sovereign's life. Many dear and trusted friends have moved off the scene of action, leaving an aching void in the heart of the Queen. But amid the darkness there has been much joy and gladness. During this period the Queen has been present at the opening of many educational and charitable institutions, showing by her presence that she was in sympathy with all forms of advancement. During this period also she spent much of her time in travel. In the spring of 1888 she left Windsor for Italy, traveling *incognito*. She remained in Italy a month, stopping on her return to visit Emperor Frederick. The German Court had been filled with anxiety and gloom on account of the illness of the Emperor, but he had recovered somewhat before the Queen's arrival, and a great banquet was held in her honor.

About the middle of April her Majesty was much disturbed by the news that the Emperor Frederick had suffered a serious relapse, arising from bronchitis and over-exertion. The members of the imperial family were hastily summoned, but the Emperor subsequently rallied. During the latter part of May and the early part of June, his malady, which was

now known to be cancer, appeared to take a milder form. Indeed hopes of his Majesty's partial recovery, if not of his complete restoration to health, began to be entertained. But all too suddenly very grave symptoms began to be developed toward the middle of June. Disquieting rumors were mentioned in the House of Commons, and on the 14th it was announced that a telegram had been received from Berlin affirming that inflammation of the lungs had set in, and that no hopes of his Majesty's recovery were entertained. At 11.15 A. M. on the 15th the Emperor passed away at Potsdam, in his fifty-seventh year, after a reign of ninety-nine days. Upon his accession the Emperor had issued a liberal and enlightened programme, which fate thus forbade from being carried into effect.

The funeral of the Emperor was celebrated on the 18th, with as little pomp as possible, in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam. On the same evening, in both English Houses of Parliament, addresses of condolence to the Queen and the Empress Frederick were moved and carried. In the Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury thus closed his references to the deceased Emperor: "He has left an example which may be of most precious value, not only to sovereigns and those who may follow him, but to all sorts and conditions of men; and it is with a feeling that we are performing no act of mere formality in rendering homage to one of the highest and noblest natures which ever adorned a throne, that I move the addresses which I have now the honor of laying on the table." Mr. Gladstone, in seconding the address in the House of Commons, touched briefly on the leading incidents in the Emperor's life, and then paid this eloquent tribute to his memory: "Sir, there may be a disposition to regret that

the reign of the Emperor Frederick was too short for the display of the qualities of the ruler, but there is another view which, I think, will change that into thankfulness. The circumstances attending his ascent to the throne made him still more conspicuous to the eyes of the world, and, I have no doubt, caused a yet deeper impression of the invaluable qualities of his mind and character, both upon the German people and upon mankind at large. If there was a high estimate formed of him before he became Emperor, it was fully realized by those wide views of the condition of Europe which were at the very earliest date made known to the German people and the nations around. So far as human sorrow can be alleviated, either by the expression of sympathy, or by glorious recollections, or by yet more glorious hopes, all that consolation will be enjoyed by those who are now mourning over the death of the German Emperor. But one thing remains to those, and it is this—the recollection of his great qualities, of his singular union of wisdom with virtue and with valor, his known attachment to the liberties of his country, and his respect for its constitution—all those winning qualities and a fortitude greater in degree than that of many a soldier and, perhaps, of many a martyr; all those things constitute a great and noble inheritance for the German people; and we trust that that great nation will treasure the recollection of the Emperor whom they have lost as among the most precious possessions that can fall to the lot of any people upon earth.”

One interesting event of this year was the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which was celebrated on the 10th of March, with as much display of loyalty as the mourning consequent upon the recent death of the German

Emperor, William I, would permit. A deputation from the Corporation of the City of London attended at Marlborough House and presented the Prince and Princess with a silver model of the Imperial Institute. Numerous gifts were also received from other public bodies and private individuals. In the evening a State banquet was given at Marlborough House at which the Queen was present.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation fell on the 28th of June, but in consequence of the death of Emperor Frederick, who was extremely popular in England, both on his own account and because of the noble way in which he had borne his sufferings, the Court went into mourning and the projected *fêtes* were abandoned.

In the years immediately following the Royal Jubilee, and in commemoration of that event, numerous statues of the Queen were unveiled, two or three of which are worthy of a passing notice. One of these was erected in the court-yard of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, and the other, a full-length statue, was on the Thames embankment at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The Prince of Wales performed the ceremony of unveiling in both instances.

The Empress Frederick at Eton unveiled the statue of the Queen which had been placed over the gateway of the new Queen's schools. The Queen watched the event from her carriage. After the unveiling, the Empress walked through the quadrangle into the chapel, whilst the Queen drove to the door. In the chapel the royal party listened to the choir singing the chorale, "Now thank we all our God." Subsequently their Majesties returned to the carriage by way of the quadrangle, and, passing under the archway, drove back

to Windsor amidst the hearty cheers of the Eton boys and the crowds lining the streets.

On the 28th of June, the Queen, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was present at the unveiling of a statue of herself erected in Kensington Gardens. Additional interest attached to this work of art from the fact that it was executed by the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

The year 1892 had scarcely opened before a heavy calamity befell the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the nation by the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the second heir to the Crown. While on a visit to Sandringham, the Duke was attacked on the 9th of January by influenza and pneumonia in a severe form. He had caught cold at the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, another of the numerous victims of the insidious malady which then hung like a pall over the country. In the case of the Duke of Clarence, inflammation of the lungs supervened at an early stage. All efforts to arrest the complication of disorders proved unavailing, and on the morning of the sixth day after he had been taken ill he succumbed, never having rallied under the skillful treatment and unremitting care of which he was the object. His death, which occurred on the 14th of January, was only within a few weeks of the date fixed for his marriage with his cousin, the Princess May.

A memorial service for the Duke was held privately at Sandringham. The coffin containing the body having been removed from Sandringham House to the church, the service was performed in the presence only of the members of the family and the household. The body of the Duke was then conveyed to Windsor, where a military service was held, attended by the representatives of various foreign countries,

and chief dignitaries of State. Memorial services were simultaneously held in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and at nearly all parish churches, Nonconformist chapels, and Jewish synagogues throughout the country. Services were also held in various places on the Continent, and in India and the Colonies. General mourning was observed throughout Great Britain.

An imposing spectacle was witnessed on the 10th of May, when the Queen went in great state from Buckingham Palace to Kensington to open the Imperial Institute. She was received with great enthusiasm by the crowds which thronged the route. The inaugural ceremony took place in a temporary building erected on the site of the great hall of the Institute. It was provided with seats for 2,000 spectators, among whom were the Indian princes, the leading members of the Ministry and Opposition, numerous representatives of the diplomatic body, the Judicial Bench, both Houses of Parliament, State dignitaries, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and other distinguished personages. The hall was lavishly decorated with scarlet cloth and bannerets, and a sumptuous Indian carpet was laid along the whole length of the floor. The ladies were in plain morning dress, but brilliant uniforms abounded, and the hall presented a splendid appearance, the only vacant places being on the dais set apart for members of the royal family, and where, attracting all eyes, stood the gilt chair of state reserved for the Queen.

The appearance of a corps of gentlemen-at-arms in uniforms of scarlet and gold, with white-plumed casques, indicated the arrival of the royal party. A fanfare of trumpets and a roll of drums heralded the approach of her Majesty. With some little assistance the Queen mounted the steps

of the dais and took her seat in the chair of state, bowing right and left as she smilingly acknowledged the homage of those assembled. The Prince of Wales then, amidst perfect silence, read an address setting forth the objects of the Institute, and stating that all parts of the Empire had contributed to its erection. The address concluded with the expression of a confident hope that the Institute would not only be a record of the growth and prosperity of the Empire, but also tend to increase that prosperity by stimulating enterprise and promoting scientific and technical knowledge.

With a profound bow the Home Secretary now handed the Queen the reply, which her Majesty read. It is rarely that the Queen's voice is heard in public, and in all that great assembly not a rustle disputed with its clear silvery tones as her Majesty acknowledged the address. After an Imperial March, specially composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, had been played, the Prince of Wales came forward and said: "I have received the Queen's commands to declare this building open and inaugurated." A grand flourish of trumpets in the porch of the great hall followed the declaration, and then the Prince of Wales, taking a jeweled key, opened a model of the Institute. Three strokes of a bell announced that the lock was turned, and a moment after a joyous peal from the belfry of the Queen's tower proclaimed to the assembled thousands the completion of the ceremony. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction, after which Madame Albani sang "God Save the Queen."

The wedding of the Duke of York and the Princess May early in June, 1893, created much popular enthusiasm. On the 4th a State performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was given at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Gar-

den, by command of the Queen, in honor of the guests invited to the wedding. The marriage ceremony took place on the 6th, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. Although the day had not been proclaimed a public holiday, the event was celebrated as such in most parts of the Queen's dominions. In London great preparations were made along the route of the wedding procession. The dense crowds in the streets equaled those which assembled on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. Some days after the celebration the Queen addressed a letter to the nation, expressing in touching terms her sense of the welcome given to her "beloved grandson, the Duke of York, and his dear bride," on the occasion of their wedding.

On the 24th of May, 1894, the Queen's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated with much rejoicing at home and abroad, and a review of about 11,000 troops was held at Aldershot under the command of the Duke of Connaught. In June her Majesty was gratified by the intelligence that a son had been born to the Duke and Duchess of York—an event which provided a third lineal heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland.

Two interesting ceremonies were performed in May and June by the Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of the Queen. The first was the opening of the new buildings of the Royal College of Music at Kensington, erected at an expense of £45,000. The second was the formal opening of the new Tower Bridge, which had been begun in 1886. The total length of the bridge and abutments was 940 feet, and the opening span about 200 feet. The total cost of erection was estimated at £1,250,000.

In March, 1895, the Queen left England for Nice, accom-

panied by the Princess Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty resided at the Grand Hotel de Cimiez, which is situate in the midst of lovely scenery. As the weather was superb she greatly enjoyed her stay in the south. Many of the dignitaries of the place were entertained at the royal board. The famous Battle of Flowers at Nice received fresh distinction from the attendance of her Majesty, whose carriage occupied a point of vantage at the opening of the Rue du Congrès. The town band played "Rule Britannia" when she appeared, and "God Save the Queen" when she departed. The royal carriage was speedily littered with tiny bouquets, and her Majesty duly acknowledged the compliments showered upon her. From the *Fêtes* Committee she accepted a banner of pink satin, trimmed with blue ribands. To the Mayor, Comte de Malaussena, she expressed her pleasure at witnessing the spectacle; and her thanks for his present of a basket of violets.

During her Majesty's stay on the Riviera she attended, with the members of her family, a special service in the Anglican church at Cannes in memory of the Duke of Albany.

On the 14th of December, the usual memorial service in remembrance of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice was held at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family were present, and the day was rendered specially memorable, inasmuch as it witnessed the birth of a second son to Prince George, the happy event occurring early in the morning at Sandringham.

THREE-SCORE YEARS

ON

THE THRONE.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE of the saddest events of the later years of the Queen's reign was the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who departed this life January 20th, 1896. There had been trouble of a serious nature on the African coast. The King of Kumassi had proclaimed himself King of Ashanti. The English policy on the gold coast had been greatly hampered, and it was proposed to send a British Commissioner to Kumassi. This the dusky king refused to allow, and it was therefore thought wise to send an expedition to subdue him. Prince Henry volunteered to accompany it. He was attacked by the African fever, but after a season rallied and was thought to be getting well.

Within a few days, however, the Court and the nation were plunged in gloom. On the 22d the sad news arrived that the Prince had died on the night of the 20th on board the cruiser "Blonde," which was conveying him from Cape Coast Castle to Madeira. The attack of African fever from which the Prince was suffering had shown no very grave symptoms up to the time when he embarked on board the "Blonde," but on the 19th there was a relapse, from which he was too weak to rally.

When the news of the Prince's death first arrived, it was the Queen herself who, with the Duke of Connaught, undertook to communicate the sad tidings to Princess Beatrice.

The Princess at first scarcely realized the dreadful news. She had naturally been anxious regarding her husband's health for some days, but all the reports agreed that he was getting better; and so satisfied were the royal family of this that a dinner party was to have been given the same night in honor of the officers of the Flying Squadron, to be followed by a theatrical performance at the Palace.

The news was a terrible shock to her Majesty and to the widowed Princess, whose latest previous information as to the state of her husband's health had been favorable.

The "Blonde" arrived at Madeira on the 30th of January, having on board the embalmed body of the Prince. The body was transferred to the "Blenheim," which vessel was followed by a procession of nine boats. Minute guns were fired, and the band of the "Blenheim" played the Dead March in Saul, and the National Anthem. When the body was brought alongside, the ship's bells were tolled, and the remains having been taken on board, a short service was read by the Rev. James Blunn, chaplain of the "Blenheim." The British Consul and Vice-Consul and others were present. The Municipal Council of Funchal sent a beautiful wreath. All the flags on the forts and in the harbor were at half-mast.

The Prince's body was contained within three inclosures—a shell, a leaden casket, and an outer coffin—the last being of polished oak with brass fittings. The inscription on the name-plate, which was surmounted by a cross, read as follows: "Henry Maurice, Prince of Battenberg, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Born at Milan, October 5, 1858. Died January 20, 1896, on board H. M. S. 'Blonde,' off the African coast, on returning from the Ashanti Expedition. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"

It was decided, in accordance with the testamentary wishes of the dead Prince, that his funeral should take place at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, instead of at Windsor. It was also decided that the funeral should be a military one.

There were some departures from the strict letter of the regulations appointed for the solemn military display at the interment of the Prince. But among these deviations there were none which were not justified abundantly either by the royal rank of the Prince whom so many illustrious persons assembled to honor at the last, or by the accompanying circumstances. Certainly the result—that is to say, the impression left upon the minds of those who saw the coffin carried from the “Alberta” to the gun-carriage, who watched its slow progress up the hill toward Whippingham Church, who saw it lifted from the gun-carriage and carried through the lych-gate of the church, while the pall-bearers, royal personages and representatives of royalty, stood in a semicircle and saluted—left nothing to be desired. Nothing could be more impressive, unless it were the scene within the church itself when, before the eyes of the Sovereign and Princess Beatrice and members of the royal family, and in the sight of representatives of many foreign monarchs, the body of the Prince who met his death on active service on behalf of his adopted country was laid to its rest.

At the church itself nothing to equal the wealth and beauty of the flowers displayed had been since the day before the body of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale was removed from Sandringham Church. The ceremony was very impressive. Even while the last hymn was being sung, the bearers filed silently into the chancel, and lifting the coffin from the bier, removed it to the adjoining mortuary chapel.

A happy and interesting event occurred toward the close of July, 1896, when Princess Maud of Wales was married to Prince Charles of Denmark in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. The bride, who is the youngest child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was in her twenty-seventh year. The bridegroom, who is the second son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, was two years and four months younger than the bride, being in his twenty-fifth year. Being first cousins, they had seen a good deal of each other from childhood, and the union was averred to be one of genuine affection.

The marriage was solemnized on the 22d of July, and the weather was everything that could be desired. Six hundred wedding guests were invited, but not more than half of them could be accommodated in the little chapel of Buckingham Palace, the overflow having to content themselves with watching the elaborate processions pass through the Palace. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the gay dresses, bright uniforms, and flashing jewels of the company, lent brilliance to the scene.

The scene in the chapel was most brilliant, with the magnificent costumes of the ladies, and the gorgeous diplomatic, naval, military, and other uniforms. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and others wore the Trinity House garb of dark blue, with gold facings, but most conspicuous of all those who wore this uniform, as well as the most observed of all present, after the Queen and the bride and bridegroom, was the veteran statesman, Mr. Gladstone. Accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, he occupied a prominent position on the right side of the altar.

The marriage service was choral, the choir from the Royal

Chapel being strengthened by voices from St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The performance of the nuptial ceremony took place in accordance with the usages of the Church of England, and it was with quite a paternal air that the Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded to unite in holy wedlock Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Christian Frederic Charles George Waldemar Axel of Denmark. The service over, the bride and bridegroom were kissed by the Prince of Wales—the bridegroom on both cheeks—and afterward by the other parents and the Queen. On receiving the kiss of the Queen, the bride and bridegroom knelt before her. The processions were re-formed, and the parties repaired to the library, where the register was signed.

There were two wedding breakfasts, one for the family and another for the guests. The toasts in each instance were the same—"The Bride and Bridegroom," "The Queen," "The King and Queen of Denmark," and "The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark." These were given at the family breakfast by the Prince of Wales, and then that of "The Prince and Princess of Wales" was given by the Crown Prince of Denmark. The Queen did not attend the breakfast, but afterward privately took leave of the bride and bridegroom.

At a State banquet given at Copenhagen on the day of the marriage, King Christian proposed the health of Queen Victoria, and expressed his thanks to her Majesty for the cordial reception accorded to his grandson. In proposing the toast of the bride and bridegroom, his Majesty wished the royal pair every happiness from the bottom of his heart, adding: "I hope that the bride may be as greatly

beloved in the land of her adoption as is her mother in England."

The 23d of September, 1896, formed a memorable landmark in British history. On that date her Majesty, the Queen, had reigned more days than any other Sovereign of the realm. In view of this event, the Government were questioned in the House of Lords as to whether they would introduce a measure constituting that day a public holiday in honor of the auspicious and extraordinary occurrence. Lord Salisbury replied that, while fully sympathizing with the feeling which had prompted the question, he thought that if it should please Parliament to give effect to its loyal sentiments in the particular manner suggested, the birthday of her Majesty next year would be a more appropriate occasion for the purpose than the 23d of September, 1896. The Queen herself also approved this view, but it is not perhaps surprising that many of her loyal subjects looked forward to celebrating her Majesty's long reign in an unofficial manner on that noteworthy day, the 23d of September.

Ultimately, the Secretary of State for the Home Department was commanded by the Queen to intimate that, while she was much gratified to observe such general expressions of loyalty and affection toward her, in regard to the fact that she would shortly have reigned for a longer period than any other British Sovereign it was her Majesty's wish that, should she be spared to rule over her beloved people for such a period, any recognition or celebration of that event should be reserved until she had actually completed a reign of sixty years.

BEHIND GILDED GATES;

OR,

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

VERY characteristic is the manner in which Queen Victoria received the news of her succession to the throne, on the night of the 19th to the 20th of June, 1837. The young Princess had just celebrated her 18th birthday and was then a blooming girl full of life and spirit who, if not regularly pretty, yet possessed a charm of her own quite undeniable in its winning grace and sweetness.

A little after three o'clock in the morning the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Henry Hallford (the Royal physician), who at twenty minutes after two o'clock had seen King William die, went off from Windsor to the palace at Kensington to hail the Princess Victoria as Queen.

When they reached the Palace all its inmates were wrapped in profound slumber, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could obtain admission. After some delay the young Princess came to them, wrapped in a loose white dressing gown with her magnificent hair falling over her shoulders and with her eyes full of tears. She entered the room with her mother by her side. Neither were unprepared for the news, but the Princess was nevertheless greatly affected, and it went forth to the world as an omen of the happiest augury that the young girl had "wept to learn she was Queen."

As she entered the room the Archbishop and his two companions dropped on one knee before her and kissing her hand hailed her as Queen. Then, by the special request of the new sovereign, they all knelt together in prayer, the Archbishop invoking a blessing on the era about to open for the Princess and the people of Great Britain. It may therefore be said that Queen Victoria's reign was begun by prayer.

The young Queen had been carefully trained with her high destiny in view. She had not been much before the public, though by judicious travel she had become acquainted with a considerable part of her future kingdom. Her education had been conducted by the Duchess of Northumberland, under the constant superintendence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who devoted the privacy of her second widowhood to the preparation of her daughter for public duty, and her perfect demeanor and bearing when she first assumed her duties as a sovereign filled everybody with admiration and wonder.

The reign, therefore, not only began most successfully, but with unusual anticipation and satisfaction. A new era had indeed begun, for from that time Court profligacy and Court extravagance were at an end in England. The young Queen paid her father's debts in the first year of her reign, paid her mother's debts in the second year, and never incurred any debts herself, nor asked Parliament for any addition to her income.

The Coronation took place on June 28th, 1838, and there was more than usual splendor displayed at the ceremony, and more than usual rejoicing all over the land.

The scene in Westminster Abbey was a brilliant spectacle. A large proportion of the gentlemen present were either in military or official attire, and the Ambassadors were superbly



THE PRINCE OF WALES
In Royal Attire.

arrayed, one of them, Prince Esterhazy, being covered with diamonds, even to the heels of his boots, whilst the peers were in robes of State, and the peeresses "shone like a rainbow" in their profusion of precious gems.

The Queen walked up the nave escorted by two Bishops, eight daughters of English Dukes bearing her train, and fifty ladies of rank holding offices in her household following. The Archbishop of Canterbury having presented Her Majesty as the "undoubted Queen of the realm," the building resounded with the shouts of "God save Queen Victoria."

The customary ceremonials followed, and then the final act was performed by the Archbishop reverently placing the Crown on the Queen's head. The peers and peeresses at the same moment put on their coronets, and the effect of the flashing jewels as this was done was startling in its brilliancy. The Queen was then enthroned in the Chair of Homage, and the peers came forward in turn, touched the Crown, and knelt and kissed her hand.

It is a testimony to the truly womanly and domestic character of the Queen that her marriage was, what it should be to every woman, the central event of her life, the point on which her whole after history turned. It was generally known that before she came to the Throne an intimate friendship had existed between the young Princess and her maternal cousins, the sons of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. Albert, the younger of these two sons, was three months younger than his cousin, "the Mayflower," as the Princess Victoria was designated by their maternal grandmother. It was, of course, for the Queen to ask Prince Albert to marry her, and not for him to ask her, and on the 15th of October, whilst he was on a visit at Windsor, she sent for him to her room, where he found her alone. They

talked for a few minutes, and then she told him her love, and that it would ensure her whole life's happiness if she married him. I need not add that the Prince responded with heartfelt gratitude and joy to this outburst of affection on the part of the young sovereign, and that halcyon hours began for them both on that memorable day.

Victoria had nevertheless not only to declare her love to the man of her choice ; she had on a later day to tell it to the assembled Privy Council. "Precisely at two," she went in. The room was full. Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, looked kindly at her with tears in his eyes, but he was not near the Queen. She then read her short declaration. She was trembling violently, but did not make one mistake, and she felt most happy and thankful when it was over.

The marriage was not long delayed. The wedding was celebrated on the 10th of February, 1840, with a splendor unusual, even in Royal marriages, and the popular rejoicing was universal. Contrary to the established custom, by which Royal marriages have been performed in the evening, the Queen's marriage took place at one o'clock in the afternoon, and thus a new precedent was set which was followed all through the reign.

The Prince, with his father and brother, left the Buckingham Palace at a quarter to twelve for St. James's Palace, and half an hour later the Royal bride made the same journey, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent. The streets passed through rang with joyous acclamations. The Queen was dressed in white satin, with a deep trimming of Honiton lace. She also wore a Honiton veil, and was wreathed in orange-blossoms. The satin was manufactured at Spitalfield's, and the lace at Honiton. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the

Bishop of London took the service, and the Queen made the promise of "obedience" to her newly-naturalized subject. Then the cannons roared from the Tower and the parks, and the bells of London and Westminster pealed forth their congratulations. The wedding breakfast was given at Buckingham Palace.

The marriage was immensely popular. It was a true-love match, and the people rejoiced in it as though no such marriage of affection had ever taken place before. There was, however, a good deal of difficulty about settling the position of the Prince Consort. Parliament had given him £30,000 a year, instead of £50,000, which had been asked. His own good sense solved the difficulty of his position. In a letter to the Duke of Wellington, declining the command of the army which had been foolishly offered him, he described the principle on which he had acted from the first. It was to "sink his own individual position in that of the Queen—to aim at no power by himself or for himself, but to be the head of her household, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government." Even in this line, to which he rigidly adhered, Prince Albert was often exposed to public suspicion, and at one period to considerable unpopularity. He certainly took much part in foreign affairs, and his very last act was to write a memorandum for the Queen on the communication which the Government proposed to make the United States on the affair of Trent. He wrote this on his death-bed on the 1st December, 1861.

The Queen was revered, as no other English monarch had ever been before, for domestic virtues which few other English sovereigns have ever possessed. She was known to

be a good mother, and Prince Albert was known to be a good father; and by these unusual titles to popular affection they gave new strength and popularity to the Throne itself.

The first of the Royal children to present itself was Victoria Adlaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of England, now the widowed Empress Frederick, of Germany. She was born at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840. It is the constitutional duty of the members of the Privy Council to be in attendance at the birth of an Heir to the Throne; and, consequently, when the birth was announced there were present at the Palace the Lord Chancellor, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Sir John Russell, and many others, with the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a host of medical men. They received an early introduction to the Princess, but as the young lady was rather noisy, she was soon taken away. The Tower guns were fired in honor of the event, and there were many rejoicings in the country. On the 9th of the same month in the following year, the career of the Prince of Wales had its beginning. He was born at Buckingham Palace, the hour being eleven o'clock. He was also introduced at once to the Privy Councillors and other distinguished people, who signed a declaration in the usual way as to the birth of an heir to the British Crown. This second event made the Queen very happy.

The Prince was christened with great ceremonial at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Palace, on January 25th, 1842, the King of Prussia being chief sponsor. He was christened Albert Edward, the second name being that of his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, afterward Duke of Edinburgh, was born in August, 1844. The Princess Helena (Princess

Christian), was born in 1846; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) in 1848; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught), in 1850; Prince Leopold (late Duke of Albany), in 1853; and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), in 1857.

The totally unexpected death of Prince Albert was to the Queen so terrible a blow that she can be said never to have recovered from it. Like a destructive flash of lightning out of a perfectly clear sky, came the announcement of December 8th, 1861, that he was confined to his room by a very bad cold. A few days later the statement was made that he was suffering from fever, but that it was not attended by serious symptoms, though likely to be prolonged. In another day he was somewhat worse, but still no public apprehension was felt, and when, at midnight on Saturday, the 14th, the people who live within its sound heard St. Paul's bell tolling, and when on Sunday morning the people in the great towns were arrested by a funeral knell, nobody thought at first the meaning of the unusual sounds. The news on that fateful Sunday morning met the people on their way to church and chapel that the Prince had died at ten minutes to eleven the night before, and was everywhere received with consternation and surprise.

The body of the Prince Consort now rests in the noble mausoleum erected by the Queen at Frogmore. Since the death of her husband, the Queen—while not neglecting State affairs—has lived to a large extent a retired life, and the ceremonial duties of her position have been chiefly borne by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Prince Albert was in the very zenith of his fame and happiness when he was taken away. The Queen herself said of his death, that the loss to her was so great that it would be

the beginning of a new reign. It was practically the beginning of a new reign. The Queen's widowhood severed her from politics. The Court was eclipsed; and for several years the widowed Queen made no public appearances.

The great event of the year 1863 was the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark. The whole country was alive with excitement and rejoicing. The Princess was accompanied to England by her father, mother, and sister, and was met at Gravesend by the Prince of Wales, who drove with her through the streets of London, amid the enthusiastic cheering of enormous crowds.

When Eton was reached, on the way to Windsor, the boys cheered again for the beautiful young Princess. The wedding took place at St. George's Chapel, on the 10th of March, the Queen attending in widow's weeds, but taking no part in the proceedings. All the other members of the family were present with the Prince of Prussia and members of many Royal families abroad. The Princess wore a dress of white satin and Honiton lace, with a silver-moire train. Her jewelry was very magnificent, a riviére of diamonds, presented by the City of London, being alone worth \$50,000. An opal and diamond bracelet which she wore was the gift of the ladies of Manchester. At the close of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom returned to the Castle, where they were received by the Queen. London and many other towns were brilliantly illuminated that night, and the scale on which the rejoicings were held proved the truth of the Laureate's line, "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee." The honeymoon of the Royal pair was spent at Osborne, the Queen's beautiful home in the Isle of Wight.

A mournful incident, which brought the Royal family within

the circle of personal sympathy, even of multitudes who have never seen them, was the death of Princess Alice, on the 14th of December, 1878. The death of the Princess on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort was naturally felt by the Queen as a re-opening of the old sorrows. She had been her father's tender and watchful nurse; she had lived as the exemplary wife of a Prince who was not rich as English Princes are; and she died of diphtheria caught in the nursing of one of her children.

A few years ago a great sensation was caused in European circles by the anonymous publication of a book which, under the title of the *Roi de Thessalie*, gave a very graphic and detailed account of the matrimonial adventures of the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the husband of the late Princess Alice, of Great Britain.

Notwithstanding her reported denial, there is not the slightest doubt but that the author of the book was Mme. de Kalomine, the divorced wife by second marriage of the Grand Duke, and if any further proofs thereof were needed beyond those contained in the narrative itself, the fact of its having been dedicated to the Grand Duchess Serge, of Russia, *née* Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the only lady of the Royal family who showed any sympathy to her father's morganatic wife, would be sufficient to convince the most skeptical.

Under the most transparent of pseudonyms the story of the whole scandal is given, showing the part taken therein by Queen Victoria, and it is needless to add that the appearance of the book excited intense wrath in exalted quarters.

M. de Kalomine, who was at the time Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, became jealous of the unconcealed admiration on the part of the Grand Duke for his lovely wife,

on whose account he had already been obliged to fight three duels. Warned by an anonymous letter, he met her as she was riding home alone from a *tête-à-tête* promenade with the Grand Duke in the Heiligenberg woods, and accused her of being the paramour of the sovereign at whose Court he was accredited; he lashed her face repeatedly with his riding-whip, causing her horse to bolt. Falling from her saddle, and slightly injured, she was carried home, and remained confined three weeks to her bed with an attack of brain fever. On her recovery she found that in consequence of a private telegram from the Grand Duke her husband had been recalled, and had been dispatched on a special mission to Japan.

About a week after Mme. de Kalomine's recovery the Grand Duke visited her, and having declared his love, urged her to ask for a divorce on the ground of her husband's ill-treatment, and afterward to marry him. Louis IV of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then only a little over forty years old, was still one of the handsomest and finest specimens of manhood in Europe. and it was not difficult for him to persuade her to separate from M. de Kalomine, who, with his correctly-trimmed whiskers, short, stout figure, and generally graceless appearance, presented but a sorry contrast to the Grand Duke.

Ten months later, in the spring of 1884, Mme. de Kalomine obtained her divorce, and the date on which she was free to marry again fell just two days before that fixed for the wedding of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenberg. Mme. de Kalomine lived so retired and quietly during the whole time that although the Grand Duke's admiration for her was whispered about the city, nobody dreamed that anything serious was about to happen.





THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The day before the arrival of Queen Victoria to attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Mme. de Kalomine entreated the Grand Duke to hesitate before finally uniting himself to her. She had fears as to the future, and reminded him that Queen Victoria was most anxious that he should marry Princess Beatrice as soon as ever the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill had been passed in the English Parliament. The Grand Duke smilingly remarked in reply that his respected mother-in-law would know nothing about the matter until after the ceremony, when it would be too late for any kind of obstruction.

On the following day Queen Victoria reached Darmstadt with Princess Beatrice. At length the day—April 30th, 1884—fixed for the marriage of Princess Victoria arrived. The wedding was to take place without much pomp and ceremony in the evening. At 11 o'clock on the morning of the same day the secret marriage between the Grand Duke and Mme. de Kalomine took place in the Palace Chapel. The only persons present were the Ministers of Justice and of the Interior. At the moment of the benediction a terrible thunder-storm appeared to predict troubles and sorrows to the newly married couple, who immediately retired to the very room used by the late Princess Alice as her boudoir, where they remained several hours, while the old Minister of the Interior guarded the door, frightened out of his wits lest the Queen should notice her son-in-law's prolonged absence.

At 5 o'clock the grand ceremony of Princess Victoria's marriage took place. The royal cortege entered the chapel, the Grand Duke leading his daughter, the Queen following alone, then Princess Beatrice, and following her the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Battenberg family, etc.

The Queen was not present at the subsequent State banquet, preferring to dine alone with her younger grandchildren. Suddenly, about 11 o'clock at night, when she was about to retire to rest, the Crown Prince of Germany arrived and demanded an immediate audience on matters of the very highest importance. The Queen, frightened by the agitation depicted on his countenance, exclaimed, "Good heavens, Fritz, what has happened?" In a few words he informed her of the secret marriage which had taken place in the morning. On hearing this the Queen uttered a terrible cry. What! the husband of her favorite daughter Alice had dared to desecrate the memory of his dead wife by marrying a divorced woman—a mere nobody! She became so red in the face and experienced such difficulty in getting her breath that the Crown Prince, fearing an apoplectic fit, was about to summon help, when she stopped him. "Where are they now?" she exclaimed.

The Prince informed her that they had retired to rest over two hours ago. Furiously the old lady tore open her door and was about to rush to the Grand Duke's apartments, when the Crown Prince, foreseeing the scandal which would ensue, held her back by main force until she had become a little more calm. She then decided to summon the Grand Duke to her presence.

The latter was suddenly awakened from his sweet slumbers by the knocking at the door of a chamberlain, who, in trembling accents, informed his master that the Queen insisted on his appearing before her at once. His wife, very rightly fearing the worst, clung to him in despair, crying that she would never see him again. Her husband soothed her with promises as best he could, and twenty minutes later stood in the presence

of his irate mother-in-law, with whom were gathered the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and his own Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Justice whom the Queen had summoned.

"You must drive that horrible woman away this very night," exclaimed the latter, "and you must sign this decree of expulsion which I have already had drawn up by your Ministers. Good God! if I could drive the creature out of the place with my own hands," shrieked the Queen frantically. The Grand Duke who, although a giant in stature, is blessed with the weakest of characters, and has absolutely no strength of mind, after some hesitation gave way to his mother-in-law's wrath and signed the document.

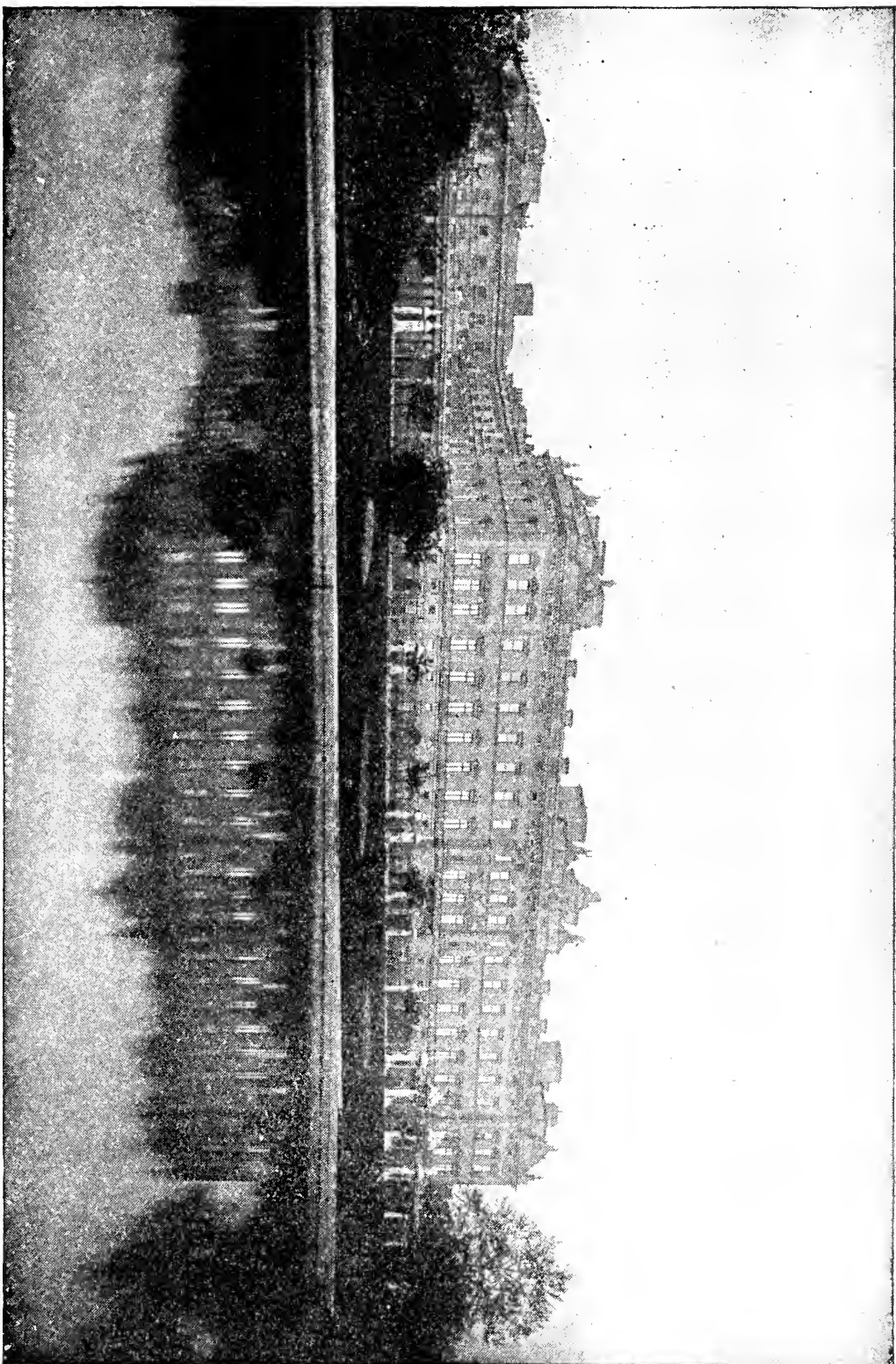
His bride, who, notwithstanding her fright, had finally dropped off to sleep, was awakened about two hours later by the disagreeable old grand-mistress of the robes, who communicated to her in the most offensive manner possible the Royal decree of expulsion and stated that she had orders not to leave her until she left the Palace. The unfortunate woman, on seeing her husband's signature to the document, understood that she was forsaken by the man who, but a few hours previously, had sworn to love and protect her. While she was hurriedly dressing, with the assistance of her Russian maid, a post-chaise, with an escort of about forty mounted police, stopped at the nearest door of the Palace, and she was hustled into it and rapidly driven to the nearest frontier. The only person to wish her God-speed was the old nurse of Princess Elizabeth (subsequent Grand Duchess Serge of Russia), who conveyed messages of sympathy and affection from her young mistress to the unfortunate woman, and brought to her the Princess's own rug, as the night was

bitterly cold. As she drove away she caught a glimpse of the pale face of her husband peering out from the window, while at the next she perceived the angry face of the Queen.

The ex-Mme. de Kalomine took refuge at a convent just across the frontier. Two days later a Royal messenger arrived bearing a written offer on the part of the Grand Duke to create her Countess of Romrod, and to confer on her the estate of the same name, on the condition that she would surrender all her rights as wife of the sovereign, and never again set foot within his dominions.

She contented herself with returning the letter with an indorsement to the effect "that the Grand Duke's wife is not prepared to sell her rights." Summoning the leader of the opposition party at Darmstadt, who happened to be a very clever lawyer, she placed the whole matter in his hands. The latter commenced by having a certified copy of the marriage, with the Grand Duke's signature, published in all the German papers, and then proceeded to defend his client in the action for divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, which the Grand Duke had brought against her. So cleverly was she defended, that the action was about to fall to the ground, when, at the last moment, the Presiding Judge, won over by the promise of a much coveted title of nobility, suddenly remembered that the Grand Duke held a command in the German army, and that officers are not allowed to marry without the Emperor's permission. On these preposterous grounds the marriage was declared annulled and illegal and the divorce decreed.

The poor woman now resides in relative poverty at Dresden with the little boy, issue of her marriage with the Grand Duke. The latter, immediately after the expulsion, was taken



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
View from St. James Park.

off to England by his mother-in-law, who managed to keep him at Balmoral for over three months, by which time he had got over any feelings of regret for his lovely wife.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany left Darmstadt in disgust on the very night of the scandal, and the Prince and Princess of Wales did not attempt to conceal their sorrow and regret of so unseemly an affair.

Less than six years after the death of Princess Alice the Royal family had again to mourn a breach in its ranks. Prince Leopold had always been delicate, but of late years there had been more reason to hope that he might some day be well if not strong. He had gone to Cannes in the beginning of 1884 to escape from the asperities of an English spring. A sprain to his knee in running up-stairs laid him up, and a fit of epilepsy suddenly closed his life. He had not been married two years, and it was scarcely three since he had taken his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Albany. After his funeral the Queen wrote a letter to the nation, expressing her deep sense of the sympathy that had been felt by Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany in their bereavement. When this letter was published, the Queen had gone over to Darmstadt to be present at the marriage of Prince Louis, of Battenberg, with her granddaughter, the Princess Victoria of Hesse. This marriage, as well as that of the Queen's youngest daughter to Prince Henry of Battenberg, gave great offense to the Prince of Wales, and to most members of the Royal family.

Prince Henry is the son of the Princess Julia of Battenberg, whose blood is of the most plebeian hue, and whose brother, a Hebrew socialist, of the name of Hauke, was killed by the military during a riot in 1849.

The Queen's infatuation for her son-in-law, Henry of Battenberg, was most extraordinary in a woman of her judgment and common sense, for the Prince, excepting for his good looks, had absolutely nothing to commend him. He was far from bright, and his conduct before and since his marriage had been anything but admirable.

How securely he stood in the Queen's favor is shown by the fact that he could afford to leave Court from time to time and go either for cruises on the beautiful yacht presented to him by her Majesty, or else visit his brother Alexander, who incurred her Majesty's bitterest resentment by frustrating her pet project of a marriage between him and her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Prussia, whom he jilted on the very eve of the date appointed for their wedding at Windsor Castle, in order to become the husband of the beautiful actress, Mlle. Loisinger.

One of the most popular, unassuming, and kind-hearted of all the members of the British Royal family, however, is the widowed Duchess of Albany, who has recently come before the public in the *rôle* of an inventor.

The Duchess, though not beautiful, has a very sweet and attractive face, and while she has truly and sincerely mourned her husband, yet, on the whole, she cannot but be happier with her children now as a widow than she was as the wife of the youngest of Queen Victoria's sons.

During the Duke's lifetime, after her marriage to him, she was never free from anxiety and care. For he was not only subject to terrible epileptic fits, but, moreover, he was deficient in the normal quota of epidermis. His veins and arteries were insufficiently covered and protected by skin, and the consequence was that the least exertion, the slightest scratch,

was wont to bring on hemorrhages of the most alarming character.

What rendered matters very difficult was that he was extremely self-willed; and he insisted on marrying the Duchess, notwithstanding the fact that every one of his family was opposed to the match on the ground of his precarious health. He died very suddenly at Cannes, as I said above, in the midst of a terrible fit of epilepsy and hemorrhage combined, brought on by over-exertion. Indeed, so great was the hemorrhage that it gave rise at the time to a widespread rumor that he had slashed himself to death with sharp scissors during the throes of the fit.

In one way, however, his marriage was a great relief to his family, for the Duke possessed the unfortunate habit while a bachelor of making friends and associates of people who were in every way unworthy of the honor.

Indeed, on more than one occasion was the Prince of Wales forced to interfere in a rather vigorous and stern manner to prevent his youngest and best-loved brother from showing himself in public with men of more than questionable reputation, whose association with the Duke gave rise to many malicious rumors concerning his character. The Duchess is a sister of the Queen Regent of Holland, a widow like herself. Both are now in easy circumstances, and their present affluence presents a striking contrast to the bitter penury of their youth at the impoverished Court of their father, the reigning Prince of the tiny principality of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

Only those who have had an opportunity of coming into frequent contact with Her Majesty the Queen are acquainted with the irritability and imperiousness of her character, which have not been diminished, but rather increased by a half a

century of rulership over a considerable portion of the globe.

Life at the English Court is by no means agreeable, and popular ideas as to the basking in the sunshine of Royalty are quickly dispelled by the frowns which so frequently cloud the countenance of "Her Most Gracious Majesty." The least trifle annoys her, and although under ordinary circumstances a woman of extraordinary common sense, she becomes at times utterly unreasonable, and even harsh.

Some of the most loyal and deserving members of her household have been dismissed and turned away almost at a moment's notice, not for any misconduct, but merely because their appearance had ceased to please, and had become tiresome to her very capricious Majesty.

There is one case, that of Lord Playfair, who, notwithstanding his long and devoted services to the Prince Consort, was removed from his post of gentleman-in-waiting because the Queen had objection to his legs, which, being short and deflected, did not appear to advantage in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mr. Lyon Playfair, as he was then, has since been consoled by a peerage, and by his marriage to a very charming American girl, Miss Russel, of Boston.

Although the Queen's irritability keeps the members of her household in perpetual apprehension of Royal displeasure and wiggings that are extremely Imperial in their vigor, yet she is constantly doing little acts of considerate and motherly kindness which endear her to both her immediate entourage and to her subjects.

I saw the fact mentioned in a paper the other day that Queen Victoria had not enjoyed a dance since the year 1861, when she lost both her mother and her husband. This is

true as regards the State balls at Buckingham Palace, not one of which has been honored by her presence during the last thirty years.

It is a great mistake, however, to believe that she has never danced since then. For at the tenants' and servants' balls, which she gives every year at Balmoral Castle during her stay in the Highlands, she has frequently trod a measure with some one of her favorite attendants, who, it may well be imagined, enjoy the privilege with a keen relish.

Queen Victoria is by no means the only sovereign lady who is fond of dancing. Both Queen Marguerite of Italy and the Empress of Russia are passionately fond of waltzing, and are, moreover, indefatigable. They enjoy a very notable advantage over the remainder of their sex, for, whereas, under ordinary circumstances, women are forced to wait until invited to dance by men, ladies of royal rank have the privilege of selecting their partners. This they do through their chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting, who bear to the partner of their choice the Royal command to dance such and such a waltz with them.

If the cavalier in question happens to be already engaged for the dance with some other lady, he is forced to leave her in the lurch, as everything has to give way to these Royal commands.

The gardener of the Queen is a very important personage whose post is no sinecure, for Her Majesty absolutely refuses to eat any fruit save that which is grown at Frogmore, near Windsor, and there is a perpetual packing and sending off huge hampers of fruit and vegetables wherever the Queen may be.

By the way, the Queen has now to be very careful about

her diet, and never eats underdone beef, mutton, or veal. Pork, Her Majesty never touches, except when made into sausages. Even the Royal cook has to chop the pork as fine as sand, and put plenty of stale bread-crumbs among the meat, and about ten grains of fine powdered dry sage in each sausage, and a little home-cured Melton Mowbray dried. Unsmoked bacon is always cooked with the sausages. Crabs or lobsters are not thought of, and very seldom oysters. The game put on the table must be high, but not too much so, and black currant jelly is always on the table. Her Majesty is a very healthy woman, but not very strong. She drinks little, but at luncheon enjoys a small glass of bitter ale. Then there is always afternoon coffee and milk cake.

The tea consumed by the Royal household in England is always bought at a quaint, old-fashioned shop in Pall Mall, and has been bought there during the reigns of Queen Victoria's five predecessors. It costs five shillings and fourpence a pound, and was for a long while known as "Earl Grey's Mixture," this nobleman having recommended this particular mixture to Her Majesty.

When a dinner is given at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, fish to the extent of \$250 worth is ordered; but for an ordinary family dinner three kinds of fish are put on the table, whiting being almost invariably one of them. A sirloin of beef is cooked every day, and is put on the sideboard cold for luncheon. The Queen takes after her dinner one water biscuit and a piece of Cheddar cheese; the Prince of Wales eats a bit of Gorgonzola with a crust of home-made bread. The tea, the cheese, and the royal bed are always taken along whenever the Queen travels. Her Majesty's wine, which is well known to be incomparable, is kept in the cellars of St.

James's Palace, and is sent in baskets of three dozen to wherever she may be, this being done more for the household and guests than for herself, as when alone she drinks only very weak whiskey and water with her meals, by her physician's orders. At banquets, however, she takes two glasses of Burgundy. The clerk of the Royal kitchens, who always carves, receives \$3,500 per annum, the head chef the same salary, and the confectioners \$1,500 and \$1,250.

An allusion which I saw in a London letter, published by one of the New York newspapers, to Queen Victoria's fondness for a "nightcap," in shape of Auld Kirk whiskey and Apollinaris, reminds me of an incident which took place on one occasion on board the Royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert." The Queen and her ladies had settled themselves in what they considered to be a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-box! Suddenly, she observed a commotion among the sailors, little knots of men talking together, in a mysterious manner. First one officer came up, then another, looking puzzled, and at length the Captain appeared.

The Queen, whose curiosity had been aroused, asked what was the matter, and laughingly inquired of the Captain whether there was going to be a mutiny on board. The Captain replied that he really did not know what would happen unless Her Majesty were graciously pleased to remove her seat.

"Move my seat!" exclaimed the Queen. "Why should I? What harm am I doing here?"

"Well, ma'am," said the Captain, "the fact is that Your Majesty is sitting up against the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog."

"Oh! very well," smiled the Queen, "I will move on one condition—namely, that you bring me a glass of grog."

Frogmore, to which I alluded just now, when talking of the Queen's love for fruit, was the house in Windsor Park which was formerly inhabited by the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent. In 1863 it was assigned to the Prince of Wales as a country residence at the time of his marriage. It was there that his eldest son, Prince Eddie, was born, somewhat unexpectedly, I may say, for the Princess of Wales had spent the afternoon of the day on which he made his appearance in the world skating and sleighing on Virginia Water. The child was born so quickly after return home that there was no time to summon either the doctors, the Cabinet Minister, who should have been in attendance, or even the nurse. It was Lady Macclesfield, the favorite lady-in-waiting of the Princess, who performed the duty of monthly nurse and *sage-femme* for her Royal mistress, and who was the first to greet the tiny Prince on his arrival in this world.

The Prince of Wales soon afterward gave up Frogmore, finding it too damp, dreary, and above all, too near his mother, the Queen, for the latter is exceedingly despotic with her children, exercising her authority over them not only as mother, but also as sovereign, and ordering them hither and thither, without any regard to their convenience, comfort, or inclinations. The Prince loves his independence, and therefore sees just as little of his respected mother as he can possibly contrive to do. One of his greatest annoyances when in her presence is that he cannot smoke.

Queen Victoria, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, has a very strong dislike to tobacco smoke, and smoking is strictly forbidden in all those parts of the Palace at Osborne, Windsor, or Balmoral which she frequents.

Some time ago one of her Cabinet Ministers received a

letter from her Private Secretary, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, saying that Her Majesty begged that in future he would not send his dispatches saturated with tobacco smoke.

The official in question turned the Royal snub onto a score of his colleagues, for he wrote to each in turn, saying that he had received a letter from the Queen, commanding that they should not smoke while writing their dispatches !

Her Majesty has, of late years, shown a tendency to ignore the claims and customs of Christmas. Before the Prince Consort died, in the days when the Queen's children were children indeed, Christmas created, literally, "a great stir" in the Royal house circle, for everybody had a hand in making the monster pudding that was subsequently to grace the Royal table, and great fun was invariably extracted out of the proceedings, but never did the mirth rise to such a pitch as on one memorable occasion when the Princess Beatrice, then the tiniest of toddlers, in reaching down into the recesses of the pan after a piece of candied peel, over-balanced her chubby little self, and tipped headforemost into the lithe mixture.

She was rescued in a moment, but not before her fair, curly pate and face were a sticky mass of currants, raisins, peel, and spice. Perhaps the Royal family never enjoyed a heartier laugh together, and certainly Princess Beatrice never screamed so loudly !

It may possibly interest my lady readers to learn that all the washing of the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and, in fact, of the entire Royal family, is done at Richmond, where a laundry has been organized for the special behoof of the Royal households.

The wages there are exceedingly low, the employees being presumably satisfied for the paucity of their remuneration by the honor which they possess of washing the soiled linen of Royalty. All the dresses and robes that Her Majesty the Queen has ever worn are kept stored and laid by in large cabinets at Windsor Castle. None are either sold or given away. The practice is a very old one with the British Royalty.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

(CONTINUED.)

QUEEN VICTORIA devotes £10,000, or \$50,000, every year to entertainments at Buckingham Palace. These consist of two State balls and two State Concerts, at each of which Her Majesty is represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen limits the expense of the State balls to \$10,000 each, while that of the State concerts is fixed at \$15,000. Under no circumstances are these figures permitted by the sovereign to be exceeded.

Court trains are not worn by the ladies at these entertainments, while the men, unless they belong to the army or the navy, are forced to don white knee-breeches and white silk stockings, which are very trying to the appearance.

The second category of the Queen's guests are those who attend her periodical afternoon receptions at Buckingham Palace, which are known by the name of "Drawing-rooms," and which are held for the express purpose of permitting *débutantes* to be presented to the Royal family.

The majority of American ladies who visit England for the first time appear to believe that presentation at the British Court carries with it the *entrée* to London society, invitations to Court entertainments, and a personal acquaintance with the members of the Royal family. This is a great mistake, for there is so little exclusiveness displayed by the Lord

Chamberlain's department, in restricting admission to the Queen's drawing-room, that the mere fact of presentation is absolutely without any social significance whatever.

I may add the ventilation of the Palace is terribly defective, with the alternate intense heat and icy draughts most injurious to the health, and that the crush is intolerable. Everybody wants to get ahead of everybody else, in order to get through the presentation and back to her carriage, for a Court presentation practically involves leaving one's house at noon, alighting at the Palace an hour later, after interminable waits, and standing upon one's feet thereafter, and amid an elbowing, pushing, somewhat selfish throng of women, in an atmosphere laden with strong perfumes, which are a combination of artificial scents, natural flowers, and cosmetics, until about four or five o'clock, when one finally re-enters the carriage, crumpled, dispirited, faint from hunger and fatigue, and thoroughly disappointed. .

All this is undergone for the mere sake of spending about sixty seconds in the Throne-room, just the time required to walk from the door up to the spot where stands the Queen, or, as is more generally the case, one of the Princesses representing her, to whom a low courtesy is made. The Royal lady utters no word of welcome or greeting, but merely acknowledges the salute by a slight inclination of the head, and then the presentee has to back out of the room with all possible speed.

When the Court is at Windsor, invitations to the Castle are usually sent out by Sir John Cowell, but sometimes they come from the Lord Chamberlain, to whom the necessary instructions have been telegraphed from Windsor. Very short notice is given, and an invitation has sometimes reached

a guest on the afternoon of the day on which he was expected at the Castle.

As a rule, the Queen's guests travel by the 6.30 train from Paddington, and on arriving at the visitors' entrance of the Castle they are received by the pages of the chamber, who always have a list of the people who are expected in their respective apartments. The company assemble in the corridor by half-past eight, everybody being in full dress, and those who have a right to wear the Windsor uniform are expected to array themselves in that hideous garb. The Queen enters at a quarter to nine with the members of the Royal family, and then the company at once go to dinner. The only personal intercourse between a guest and the hostess takes place after dinner in the corridor, when the Queen always converses for a few minutes with each visitor in succession; and, after having gone round the circle, bows, and retires for the night.

The Queen then goes to her own apartments, where she reads or writes, or listens to a reader for about an hour. Her Majesty occupies either her own sitting-room or the adjoining one, which was formerly Prince Albert's study.

After the Queen has retired, the guests and the rest of the company adjourn to one of the drawing-rooms, of which there are three at Windsor, the Red, the White, and the Green, connected by doors covered with exquisite Chippendale carvings. These rooms are hung with portraits, and contain many cabinets which are virtually priceless. In the Green Drawing-Room is a Sevres dessert service which is valued at \$250,000.

It is a curious fact that Windsor Castle should be one of the only great palaces in Europe which is not supposed to be

haunted, especially when it is borne in mind that it has been the residence of the most cruel and bloodthirsty of English Kings. Hampton Court is haunted, so is the Tower, the latter by an undoubted ghost which has been on the walk for centuries. Whitehall was haunted by the headless spectre of Charles I as long as there was anything to haunt there; in St. James's Palace, Queen Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II, wanders at night in the Throne room, uttering moans of deep distress, throwing her shadowy hands over her head in an attitude of entreaty. At the Hofburg or Imperial Palace of Vienna, the dread spectre of "The White Lady" roams around every time a misfortune is about to overtake the reigning family. It was last seen on the eve of the Crown Prince Rudolph's tragical death. At the Imperial Palace of Berlin a gigantic street sweeper, carrying a ghostly-looking broom, appears a week before the death of any member of the Hohenzollern race. In the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg it is a beautiful lady clothed in snowy draperies and crowned with white roses, who is the death messenger of the Romanoffs; while, according to tradition, a little man dressed in scarlet haunted the Tuileries until the day when the Republic was proclaimed in France and the torches of the Commune reduced the grand old pile to ruin and ashes. The superb old Castle of Heidelberg is visited at midnight on the vigil of St. John by a whole procession of shadowy figures, dressed in the fashion prevailing under the reign of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and it is asserted that their advent is invariably heralded by strains of the sweetest and most enthralling music.

Buckingham Palace is far from showy on the outside, and were it not for the red-coated sentinels who unceasingly

march up and down before the gates thereof, it would hardly give one the impression of being a Royal residence. The building has been considerably enlarged since it was first built, and is now used chiefly for drawing-rooms, State balls, and concerts, for the Queen seldom resides here for more than a few days at a time.

The front of this ugly building gives no idea of the pleasant rooms situated at the back, and which overlook a large and beautiful garden, into which one steps through the French windows opening on to a green lawn, shaded all around by fine and well-grown trees, giving no indication in their luxuriant foliage of being in the midst of London.

This verdant carpet leads to a crystal lake further on, where in quiet enjoyment broods of water-fowl and several swans live in contentment.

The galleries, ball-room, and concert-room, which are reached from the staircase, are of great magnificence. Wall seats, draped in satin, are provided for the company assembling in these rooms for a ball, a concert, or any other Royal function, and at one end many handsome chairs are placed for the accommodation of Royalty, with the Throne-room further on, where the Queen receives her guests in state; and where many *débutantes* with palpitating hearts, as well as more familiar *habitués*, have made their courtesies.

The whole house is splendidly kept—not a suspicion of dust or anything, which in London means a great deal.

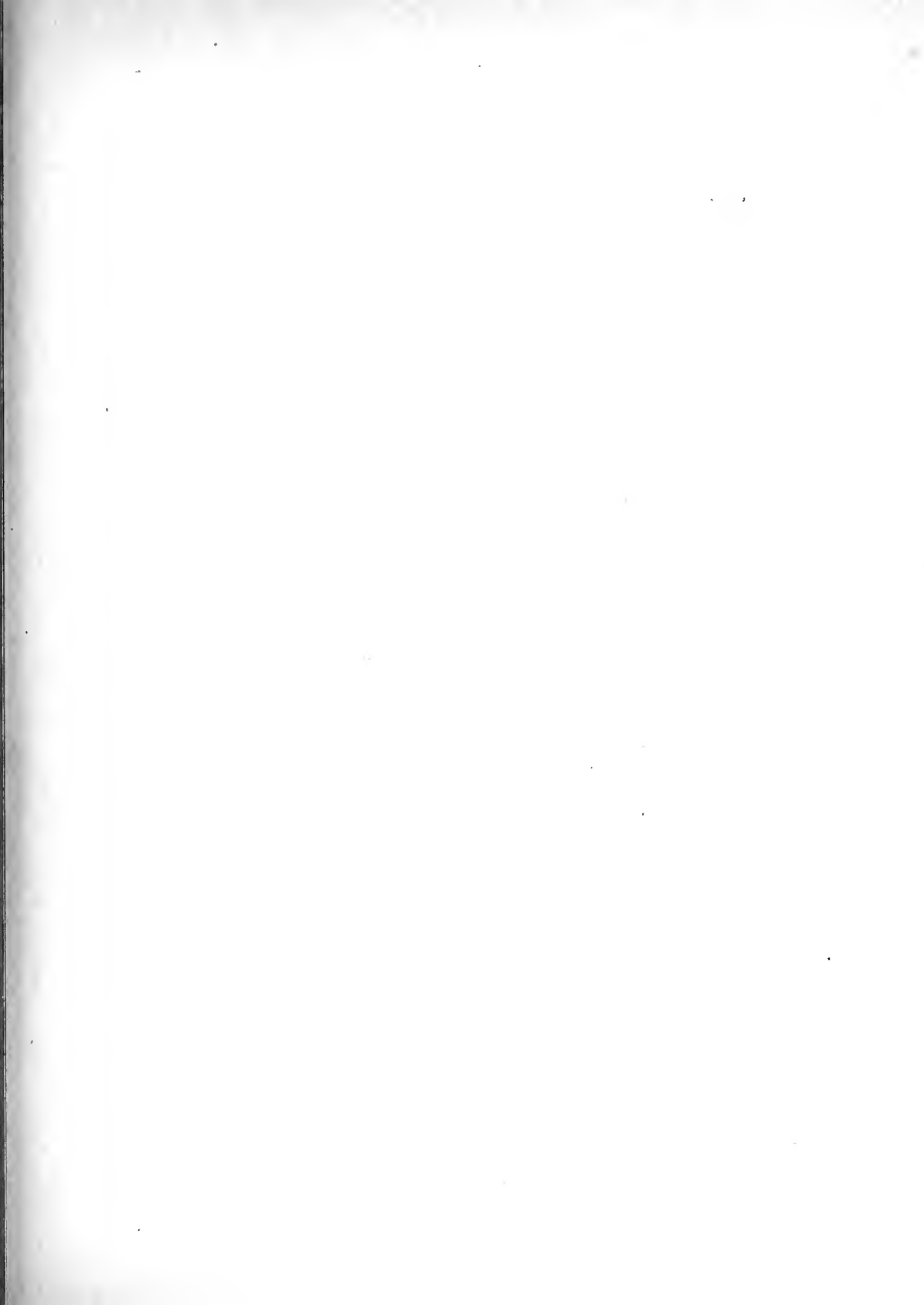
The deer-forest is the great sporting feature of the Queen's Highland country-seat at Balmoral, and it is now one of the best in Scotland, yielding from eighty to a hundred stags every season. Balmoral forest extends to about 10,000 acres; but the Queen leases from Mr. H. M. Gordon the adjoining

forests of Abergeldie and Whitemount, which give an additional 7,500 acres. The latter forest contains the celebrated Corrie Bin, which is the favorite feeding-ground of the red deer, and fine sport is always obtained. In 1874 the Queen enlarged her estate by purchasing from the late Colonel Farquharson, of Ivercauld, the magnificent forest of Ballochbuie, extending to 10,000 acres, which "marches" with the Balmoral ground.

The scenery is very grand in all parts of the Queen's forest, and, owing to the excellent configuration of the ground, three rifles may be out at the same time without interfering with each other's sport in any way. There is quite a network of bridle-paths in all directions, so that every part of the forest is easily reached. Prince Albert was a keen deer-stalker, and a fine shot. In Balmoral forest, on the Meikle Pass, the Queen has erected a cairn to mark the spot where the Prince shot his last stag, which was in October, 1861, on the day before he left Balmoral forever.

Next to the royal deer-forests, the principal sporting feature of the Balmoral domain is the salmon-fishing in the Dee. The Queen has a stretch of fourteen miles, including both banks of the river, and beginning at Invercauld Bridge. These waters yield splendid sport during the spring months, and the pools are easy to fish, eight of the casts being among the best in the Dee. There is very good trout-fishing in some of the lochs on the Royal estate, which were originally stocked with trout by Prince Albert.

Considering the fondness for horses that seems to be in-born in every American, it is strange that so few of the trans-Atlantic tourists should avail themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the Royal and Imperial stables of Europe.





JUDGE HUDDLESTON OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ENGLAND.

This is a mistake, for horses constitute one of the pet luxuries of Kings and Emperors; and the cream-colored horses of Queen Victoria, the “Orloffs” of the Czar, the “Trakeners” of Emperor Francis-Joseph, and the “Mecklenburgers” of Emperor William are each in their way matchless.

Queen Victoria’s cream-hued horses reside in the stables, or Royal mews adjoining Buckingham Palace. The first teams of cream-colored horses were brought from Hanover by King George I, and until Queen Victoria’s accession to the Throne their successors were supplied from the celebrated breeding-stud at the city of Hanover. When, however, in the year 1837, Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, and the Crown of Hanover passed to Her Majesty’s uncle, Duke Ernest of Cumberland, the Royal cream-colored horses ceased to be imported and were bred in England. The “Sacred Hanoverians,” as the cream-colored are called, are very rarely seen by the public at large, save when taken out very early in the morning for an airing on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. They do no work except on State occasions and remain ever untampered with. They are very showy, dignified animals, conscious of their own importance, and look down on the bays, blacks, or roans in the Royal stables with evident pity and contempt.

Napoleon I was the cause of the cream-colored horses being abandoned on State occasions by British Royalty for black ones during the last great war between France and England. In 1803 Hanover was seized and occupied by the troops of Napoleon, and the French Emperor, who hated King George III, and who, besides all his genius and brilliant qualities, had an invincible propensity for appropriating

what pleased him most among other people's goods and chattels, stole the Elector of Hanover's cream-colored stud, to spite the King of England. Adding insult to injury, the Emperor had actually the audacity to have eight cream-colored horses harnessed to the gorgeous and much-gilded State carriage in which he and Empress Josephine were drawn to Notre Dame to be crowned. This was too much for the infuriated English King, and in a paroxysm of rage he ordered the cream-hued stud at the mews in London to be discarded in favor of black ones. This state of affairs continued until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, at which period the British monarch claimed from the French Government the cream-colored stud stolen by Napoleon in 1803, but every horse of that tint had mysteriously disappeared from France, and to this day it remains impossible to discover what became of them.

The State carriages which are also kept in Buckingham Palace ought to be scarcely less attractive to American visitors than the historical "cream-colored" above mentioned. The "gilded ark" in which Queen Victoria rode to her coronation has a very noteworthy history of its own, and certainly is a most remarkable-looking object. It was built in 1761. It is seventeen feet long, weighs four tons, and the figures of the four Tritons supporting the traces are of exquisite Italian workmanship. The panels are beautifully painted, and it is surmounted by a golden Royal Crown.

The majority of the other carriages in the Royal coach-houses convey the impression of being built on altogether too heavy lines, and in fact of lacking modern grace; but, of course, they are exceedingly stately and some of them extremely gorgeous in their appointments.

The stables are under the control of the "Master of the Horse"—one of the grand officers of the household—who at the present time is the Duke of Portland. He changes with the Ministry. His deputy and the permanent superintendent is Colonel Sir Charles Maude, who bears the title of Crown Equerry.

For her own personal use at Windsor and in other places in the country the Queen invariably makes use of a four-seated barouche, with a rumble behind for servants in attendance, and drawn by four invariably gray horses, less than sixteen hands high, and ridden by two postillions in very sober liveries. Ordinarily their jackets are black. The carriage is preceded by a single outrider, and on each side canter two equerries on duty. These equerries, who are colonels or generals in the army, belong to the department of the Master of the Horse.

The latter has numerous peculiar privileges, one of which is the use of the Royal liveries during his term of office, and the second is his right on all State occasions to a seat in the Queen's own carriage.

The Prince of Wales stables are at Sandringham, where His Royal Highness goes in extensively for breeding hackneys and cart horses. During the summer his hunting stud is sent down to Windsor for grazing in the Home Park. His stables cost him \$80,000 a year. This, of course, does not include the cost of his racing stud.

The Queen's fox and buck-hounds are magnificently kept and trained animals. The historical associations of the Royal pack go back to times beyond the research of conscientious modern historians, as there were kennels at Swinley before Henry VIII ascended the throne; and it is alleged by

Robert Huish that for at least four centuries wild stags and hinds were hunted by English monarchs. Every one who is an habitu   of the meets of the buck-hounds at Uxbridge Common or Ruislip Town End, or a dozen other trysts, must have heard of the famous run of Charles II's reign from Ascot after a warrantable stag, which was not caught until night had fallen, the eager hounds, with their bristles erect, running into their prey at a remote point in Essex, more than seventy-five miles distant from the spot where they found him.

It has long been customary in autumn for the huntsmen of the Royal Buck-hounds, assisted by Her Majesty's chief game-keeper, and many other employees, to select from the herd in Windsor Great Park the red deer intended to be uncartered in the ensuing winter before four or five-and-twenty couples of the best fox-hounds that Belvoir, Badminton, and other famous private kennels can supply. The usual place of deer capture is a grassy paddock below Cranbourne town—a sheltered spot, belted with primeval oaks and colossal beeches. The driving of these selected quarries—all of which have names bestowed upon them, with a view to their becoming as popular as “Harkaway,” or “Lord Charles,” or “Savernake,” or “Coningsby,” excites the greatest interest and curiosity, and is generally witnessed by a small party of invited ladies and gentlemen, whose names are well known at the meets over which Her Majesty's huntsmen are wont to preside. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince George are passionately fond of fox-hunting, and so likewise was the late Duke of Clarence, who was also an excellent polo-player.

During his last stay with his regiment at York the Duke

was in the habit of devoting several hours a day to this, one of his favorite pastimes.

A large number of cats are kept about the mews, one of which, called "Jack," is supposed to be the State cat *par excellence*. He is a magnificent Persian, of an extremely aristocratic nature, as he refuses to acknowledge a helper or liveryman, or, in fact, any one beneath the dignity of the State coachman. It was noticed, however, on the occasion of the visit paid by the Prince of Naples to the stables, that "Jack" at once recognized the presence of Royalty, and immediately paid his grateful respects to the Prince.

Formerly there used to be a number of what might be called "performing" cats kept about the mews, and these, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visits, were always made to go through their performances, one of which consisted in their jumping from the back of a horse on to the stall-post, and so on throughout the whole ten-stall stables.

The Jubilee landau is so named as it was used by Her Majesty on the occasion of her jubilee.

It is a posting landau, driven by postillions, and is drawn by six of the cream-colored horses. Like the other carriages it is colored, lake and vermillion, picked out with gold, and is also decorated on either side with the Royal Arms. The wheels are red and gold with springs. This landau has been all over the country when the Queen has laid foundation stones or opened exhibitions. In addition to these carriages, there are no less than seventy carriages of all kinds for private use, such as when the Queen pays a visit to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. These are driven by postillions with four horses, and plain liveries are worn. The Queen's coachman is Mr. Miller, who was strongly recom-

mended by Lord Bridport. Mr. Miller's special duty, in the early days of his employment, was to look after the thirty-five saddle-horses then kept for the use of the Royal family for riding. It is the maxim of the Royal Mews that every horse should be treated with kindness as well as firmness.

The young ones are brought up to look upon the stablemen as their friends; the result is that while they retain their spirited nature, at the same time they acquire wonderful docility. No bearing reins of any degree of tightness are used in connection with the Buckingham Palace stables. It is interesting, in visiting the State horses in company with Mr. Miller, to see how every one of the horses seem to know and like him. Immediately he enters the stables they seem to perceive he is there, and they turn their heads, as if asking for some recognition. One important point in training the State horses consists in making them accustomed to the sound of the drums and bands. It is the practice at the mews for the children belonging to the various stable officials to be sent into the stables frequently with their tiny drums; and in order that the horses may get accustomed to the bands, Mr. Miller says that whenever he meets a band while he is exercising the horse, he makes it a point of always following it closely.

In the Royal kennels, the Queen's pets are Pomeranian dogs which would not only win the hearts of any dog-lover for their beauty, but who have also earned the exacting admiration of the judges. These dogs belong to the Eskimo type of the canine species. They have a long, thick coat that seems to stand out from the body, a tail which curls tightly and lies close to the back, a foxy head, small, erect ears, rather short legs, short back, and a generally square and

thick-set appearance, in spite of which, however, they are active as kittens. Her Majesty's pets are not Pomeranians in the ordinary acceptance of the term, being rather Italian Spitz dogs. They came from Florence, where they were purchased in 1888. The Queen always names the dogs herself.

Collies have always been a breed for which Her Majesty has also shown a preference, and this accounts for their number in the Royal kennels. The majority of them are black-white-and-tan.

THE DESCENDANTS

OF

THE QUEEN.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH it would be considered as rank treason in England to question in the slightest degree the reputation for good taste, chic, and elegance in dress enjoyed by the Princess of Wales, yet the fact remains that it is altogether and entirely undeserved. The merit of telling the fashion for the fair sex in Great Britain belongs not, as is generally supposed, to her, but to her husband, the Prince.

The latter's taste, formed as it has been by his intercourse with the Comtess de Pourtalès, the Marquise de Galliffet, the Marquise de Castellane, and others of the most famous grande mondaines at Paris, is above reproach. It is he who, amid his other multifarious occupations, finds time to personally supervise every detail of the Princess's toilets, and no innovation of dress or coiffure is ever inaugurated by Her Royal Highness which has not previously been submitted to the approval and received the sanction of the Prince.

The only occasion when she was permitted to follow her own ideas with regard to dress was while her husband was in India, and the result was simply appalling, for by birth and education she is thoroughly German, and her personal taste with regard to dress is likewise German.

Until she married she was entirely ignorant of all the delicate elegances of the "toilette intime" of a Parisienne. For a time she had her own way with regard to the dress of

her three daughters, and in consequence, although they are nice and pretty girls, they appeared the most dowdy and inelegant young ladies in the whole of the United Kingdom. It has only been since the Prince was induced to interfere in their behalf that they have been dressed with any degree of chic. The most recent instance, however, of the Princess's somewhat commonplace, and what would be described in London as Bloomsbury tastes, is her craze for photographing on china.

The Court Journals gravely announced a little over a year ago that she had completed the entire tea service adorned with the portraits of her family.

One can imagine, therefore, the feelings of the Prince gazing on his wife's breakfast table decked with this photograph-stained porcelain, when he saw a deep golden stream of tea running down the cheek of his revered mother's face on the teapot while helping himself to milk from a milk jug adorned with the features of his son, and subsequently rinsing his cup in a slop-basin decorated with a group of his family taken in front of the library window at Sandringham.

The Princess, who, besides being a pianist of rare talent, plays exquisitely on that most difficult of all instruments, the zither, has now turned her attention to the sweet-toned philomela, a stringed instrument very much in shape like a violin, but much more comfortably handled. Not only the Princess herself and her daughters, but also her sisters-in-law are taking lessons, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is particularly distinguishing herself on this queer-shaped instrument.

A pretty story is told about the Princess. The scene of it was the Mansion House, the occasion was a ball that was given

some years ago, and to which, among other "invités," was a provincial Mayor, who had the honor of being introduced to the pretty Princess. The tale goes, and the truth of it is vouched for, that upon his Worship asking, against all rules of "etiquette," the Princess to grant him a dance, she replied with a touch of delicate humor: "I do not know whether you will not be rather afraid; some of my children are only just recovering from the measles, and you might take them." The wearer of the civic chain, however, was equal to the occasion, for, bowing low, he replied: "I should be delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

Those employed about the Court and thus brought personally into contact with the different members of the Royal family, speak somewhat strongly about the different manners in which the offspring of the various princes and princesses are being trained up, or, to put it in the homely vernacular of the domestics themselves, "taught to behave." The children of the Princess of Wales have won golden opinions in all directions during their years of pupilage. Her sons, when quite little fellows, used to be allowed to join in the games of some of the Windsor lodge-keepers' children, and would amuse themselves for many a long morning swinging and being swung by their lowlier playmates, with hearty enjoyment that never degenerated into boisterous or unruly proceedings.

When the Princess was complimented on their pretty behavior, she remarked that it was her especial object to teach courtesy and good feeling. The Duchess of Albany has now the same charming repute for inciting her little ones to speak politely to their attendants and to treat all classes alike with gentle consideration. When taking her morning

walks with her tiny daughter, if the Duchess chance to meet a gardener or laborer in the grounds, she is at once heard saying to the little Princess: "Now don't forget to say 'Good morning,' darling." But the Duchess of Connaught, excellent woman though she is, has educated her offspring on an entirely opposite system; and rich stories are told of the magniloquence and exacting demeanor of these young people. One of them was heard to impart to his father, with dire indignation: "Papa, I passed by the sentry in the grounds this morning and he did not salute me." "I dare say, my dear," placidly replied the good-natured Duke of Connaught. "But, papa, won't you have him put into the guardroom for such a piece of neglect?" This, however, the Duke declined to do, to the exceeding disgust of his offended son.

Strange indeed is the blight that appears to rest upon the first-born sons of the Imperial and Royal families of Europe. The list of Princes holding the position either of Heir Apparent or Heir Presumptive to the Throne of the old world, who have been overtaken by premature death is one of considerable length, and includes the names of the Crown Prince of Austria, of the Duke of Brabant, and Prince Baldwin, of Flanders, of the Prince of Orange, the Czarowitz Nicolas Alexandrowitz, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince Imperial of France, besides those of many others, including the name of Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The ultimate demise of the young Prince on the eve of his marriage constituted the partial fulfillment of a popular superstition current in England, according to which Queen Victoria is destined to outlive both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, and to be succeeded on the

Throne of Great Britain by a King bearing the name of George V.

Possibly it was just the knowledge of this widespread belief, coupled with the dread of witnessing the realization of the public premonition on the subject, that caused both the Prince and Princess of Wales, to regard their eldest boy with sentiments of more than ordinary parental affection. Delicate from the very moment of his premature birth at Frogmore, he was always a source of particular care and of considerable anxiety to his parents. The Prince of Wales himself gave public expression to a feeling of this kind in 1879, in an address which he delivered on the eve of the departure of his two boys for their first cruise as naval cadets on board the "Bacchante." His Royal Highness declared on that occasion that he thought so much of the navy, and had received so much kindness from that branch of the Queen's service in different parts of the world, and that he had at first intended to make sailors of both his boys. But he feared that the delicate state of his eldest son's health precluded the hope. Still, he trusted that his second son, George, who was sturdy, would carry out the traditions of the service, and make a good sailor.

Fortunately, the seafaring life on board the "Bacchante" proved beneficial to Prince Eddie's constitution, and when, four years later, he took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, after having sailed round the world, and visited every portion of the vast British Empire, it was believed that he had in a great measure outgrown his delicacy of health.

At the University, Prince Edward displayed the same amiable characteristics which had endeared him to all those with whom he had been brought into contact during his life on

board the "Bacchante." And it must be borne in mind that qualities of no ordinary kind are requisite to win and retain the regard of one's associates in a position such as that occupied by the Duke-Prince. Young England is essentially democratic, and reverence for rank must be regarded as being one of quality that is conspicuously absent from its constitution. It is therefore necessary for the Prince, both on board ship and at college, as well as subsequently in regimental barracks, to steer midway between hauteur and that familiarity which is apt to degenerate into contempt. This he succeeded in doing remarkably well, and in such a manner as to win golden opinions from all with whom he was brought into contact, displaying in the matter much of that genial tact and considerate forethought which renders his father, the Prince of Wales, so deservedly popular.

Nothing could be more touching than to watch him with his mother, to whom he bore much moral and physical resemblance. She held, at any rate until the date of his betrothal to the pretty and winsome Princess May of Teck, always the foremost place in his thought and in his conversation. He surrounded her with the most loving attentions, and it was in her society almost alone that he appeared to lose that diffidence which was not one of the least attractive phases of his nature. He seemed to realize that she understood and appreciated him more fully than any one else, and that she at least would never be guilty of attributing to lack of intellectual brilliancy a silence that was ascribable in the main to an unusually modest and retiring disposition.

Not that this timidity of manner ever extended to the length of in any way affecting his personal courage and pluck. That was beyond reproach, and manifested especially

on one occasion in the saddle as a steeple-chase rider over an exceedingly stiff course at York. He rode his own horse, Skraptoft. There were numerous bad falls. But the Duke was more fortunate than his companions, and went over hedges, ditches, and walls in fine style, and without a single spill. He presented an amusing contrast to the other riders; for while they, every one of them, manifested intense animation and excitement, he retained an absolutely impassive demeanor from the start to the finish. His color never varied, and so imperturbable was his gravity that one might have been led from the aspect of his features to believe instead of riding a spirited and difficult horse in a steeple-chase, he was seated at dinner with the Archbishop of York.

It may interest the young clubmen in this country to know that the late Duke of Clarence received an annual allowance of \$50,000 from his father. In addition to this, the Duke had his pay as a Major of the 10th Hussars, amounting to fifteen shillings a day, with the usual allowance for forage. Not that the regiment pay can be considered as having been of any great help, for it did not even suffice to cover his mess-bill. These mess expenses consisted of 50 cents a day for his breakfast, half a crown, or 65 cents, for luncheon, \$1 for dinner, and \$2 for wine at the same, besides incidental "pegs" and bottles of bitter beer throughout the day.

From this it will be seen that an officer in the British army requires a considerable private income in addition to his scanty pay in order to make both ends meet. Nor did Prince Eddie's \$50,000 a year go very far, for, as a Prince of the blood, he was expected to subscribe to all kinds of charities; to keep a first-rate stable, as well as steeple-chasers to run in the military handicaps, and to pay the salaries of at least a

couple of gentlemen in waiting. This naturally ran away with most of the money, and it is greatly to the credit of the late Duke that he never exceeded his allowance, and died without leaving any debts behind him.

His surviving brother, the Duke of York, who up to the date of his brother's demise had to content himself with an annual allowance of \$25,000, now receives \$75,000, notwithstanding which he is frequently in debt, being far more inclined to extravagance in money matters than Prince Eddie.

Until the death of her Royal lover, H. S. H. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was like that nation which was declared to be exceptionally happy because it had no history. She was born some twenty-four years ago, at Kensington Palace, and is the eldest child and only daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Teck, and Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Queen's first cousin, and most popular member of the English Royal family. Even when quite a little girl, "Princess Polly with the golden hair" was much beloved by the British public, who had first seen her, a pretty, rosy-cheeked maiden of five, leaning over the balcony of Cambridge House, watching the glittering pageant of the Coronation pass slowly along Piccadilly on its way to Westminster Abbey.

The Duchess of Teck and her daughter have their own sitting-room in the wing once occupied by the Prince of Wales some thirty years ago, when he was first allowed by his parents the dignity of a bachelor establishment.

The business-room and boudoir combined show clearly how Princess May and her mother spend their time. The list of their good and practicable charitable works cannot be given

here suffice it to say that both the Duchess and her daughter take the keenest interest in all sorts of good works. Her grief for the Duke of Clarence was intense. Some one said of her :

“ Princess May has a plainly-furnished sitting-room of her own, close to the little study used by her three brothers. There she now sits for hours together gazing listlessly through the large window at the beautiful landscape beyond. Since the Duke's death the once so gay and joyous Princess has become an entirely different being. She looks as if she were yet stunned by the blow which she sustained, her sunny smile has disappeared, and her light-hearted merry laugh is never heard echoing as of yore through the halls and passages of the White Lodge. A poetical figure, draped in the sculptural folds of a sable crape gown, a pale, delicate face lighted by inexpressibly sad and wistful eyes, a step out of which all vigor and buoyancy have disappeared, and a voice now low and subdued is what remains of the happy young Princess whom the Duke of Clarence used to call ‘his jolly little May-blossom.’ ”

Her grief was soon assuaged by an offer of marriage from Prince George, and she now occupies the enviable position of wife of the heir presumptive.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck were considered as the ne'er-do-wells of the Royal family, and were treated very much in the manner of poor relations. To such an extent did these sentiments prevail that the Marquis of Bath, one of the haughtiest of British Peers, declined to permit his eldest son to marry pretty Princess May, to whom he had become engaged, and that the Queen herself never lost an opportunity of displaying the most marked unfriendliness and coldness toward the entire

family until she was made to consent to her grandson's engagement to the Princess.

This aversion of the Queen and Duchess dates back to the time when both were young girls together, and when the popularity and striking beauty of the daughter of the old Duke of Cambridge contrasted glaringly with the unpopularity of the Duke of Kent's daughter. For the latter, before her accession to the Throne, was by no means liked by either the classes or the masses. Indeed, the recent attacks of the English press on the Prince of Wales, in connection with the Baccarat case, appear as milk and water when compared with the bitter and even brutal insults hurled in those days by platform, pamphlet, and press at the head of the young Queen.

Although the great beauty of Princess Mary of Cambridge brought her many suitors, both from home and from abroad, and notwithstanding the fact that her hand was sought by at least three reigning sovereigns, yet the Queen as chief of the family, made a point, for reasons which can only be attributed to personal jealousy, of declining to sanction alliances proffered to her cousin.

At length, when over forty, Princess Mary revolted against the tyranny to which she had so been subjected, and announced her intention of marrying with or without the Queen's permission a handsome young officer of the Austrian army who had struck her fancy.

The officer in question, many years the Princess's junior, was the penniless Prince of Teck, who has since been advanced to the rank of German Duke. He is the morganatic issue of a left-hand marriage between a Prince of a reigning House of Wurtemberg and a Countess Rheday. His birth and status

were scarcely of a character to render him a desirable match for an English Royal Princess, but "Fat Mary" was determined—not to say desperate—and the marriage took place at Kew, near London.

Unfortunately the Duke, although a charming and amiable fellow, with the good and bad points of a typical Austrian cavalry officer, possessed a very susceptible heart and afforded many opportunities to his wife's English relatives to rail against him. On one memorable occasion he actually eloped with the pretty governess of his children to the Continent and had to be brought back from Vienna by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Cambridge, who was sent off after him in hot pursuit. Nor was this the only incident of the kind, and "keeping brother-in-law Frank straight" has taken up almost as much of the Duke of Cambridge's time as his duties of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Another reproach to which the Duke and Duchess of Teck laid themselves open was that of extravagance. Although provided with a town residence at Kensington Palace, in Hyde Park, and a suburban home at White Lodge in Richmond Park, they lived beyond their means, and about eight years ago there was a most disgraceful smash-up. Neither the Queen nor any other members of the Royal family consented to come to their assistance, and the consequence was that London was treated to the extraordinary and very *fin de siecle* spectacle of a Royal household being sold out at public auction for the benefit of the confiding tradesmen who, unmindful of the Psalmist, had put their "trust in Princes."

The auction actually took place at the historical palace of Kensington, where the Queen was born, and innumerable heirlooms and relics, which for very decency's sake should

have been retained in the Royal family, were disposed of to the public.

The Queen, by way of punishing the Tecks for this scandal, which she could easily have prevented—for the indebtedness was not so very great—deprived her cousins of their apartments at Kensington Palace, and insisted that they should reside abroad for several years. It was not, indeed, until the death of the Duchess of Teck's mother, the nonogenarian Duchess of Cambridge, that the Queen relented and allowed them once more to reside in England, though no longer at Kensington Palace.

The late Duke of Clarence's younger brother George, who stepped into the vacant place as Heir Presumptive to the British Crown, bears a striking likeness to the Princess of Wales's sister, the Princess Dagmar, present Empress of Russia, not only in the general form and cast of countenance, but also in detail of feature and expression.

For the first eighteen years of his life he was the inseparable companion of his brother; and probably there have rarely if ever been two brothers that were more attached to each other than these two. Each seemed to find in the other the complement of his own individual characteristics. The quick liveliness of Prince George acted as a constant and welcome stimulus both in work and play hours to the more lymphatic temperament of his brother, while the brother's quiet staidness often served as a counterpoise to the younger's impulsive decisiveness. Were they following the hounds together as boys, it was Prince George whose pony had to take the fence or hedge the first, and give Prince Eddy the lead; were they bathing together in the sea, it was Prince George who was the first to leap off the ship or yacht into the

water, and not till he was swimming around and encouraging his brother to follow him did the elder take the inevitable plunge. In many ways the elder constantly leant upon the younger brother ; and the younger reciprocated the confidence with warm-hearted manliness and devotion.

Prince George is full of vivacity, spirit, and go ; he has always been regarded from childhood as the *enfant terrible* of the Royal family, and innumerable are the stories related of his wicked practical jokes and everlasting scrapes. The mere mention of his name in England is sufficient to cause the features of John Bull to relax, and to develop into a broad grin. He is as noted for his facility of getting into mischief as his eldest brother is for keeping out of it ; and it is possibly this which has endowed him with a popularity among the masses that was withheld from the Duke of Clarence until the last few weeks previous to his death.

Moreover, England being essentially a maritime power, sailors hold a strong place in the regard and affections of their countrymen, who are ready to extend to seafaring men an indulgence withheld from every other profession. This, too, is no doubt accountable for much of the public favor accorded to Prince George. The latter has now, however, been forced to give up all further active service in the navy, and to settle down on dry land. His life has become doubly precious to his family, as well as to the nation. Aside from the question of love and affection there were grave considerations of a dynastic and political nature which rendered it imperative that he should be prevented from incurring any risk, at any rate until he had married and provided one or two heirs to the Crown. For had he happened to die unmarried his oldest sister, the Duchess of Fife, would have assumed his place in

the line of succession to the Crown, and the British people would have been within a measurable distance of seeing a Commoner, in the person of the Duchess of Fife's little daughter, Miss Alexandra Duff, styled Lady Alexandra merely by courtesy, seated on the Throne of England. Were this ever to occur, the very foundations of the monarchy would be shaken, for the prestige attached to Royal blood and Royal birth, which forms the chief basis of the monarchical system in England, would become a thing of the past.

If the Duke of York ever comes to the Throne of England, his subjects will, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that he has a practical knowledge, to his cost, I may add, of the meaning of the good old-fashioned word spanking.

When serving as midshipman he declined one night to turn out, as he should have done, to go on watch. His fellow middy, whom he was designated to relieve, and who wanted to turn in, endeavored to arouse the Prince.

The latter, after receiving two or three good shakings, suddenly opened his eyes, swore a big oath, and let drive his fist at his fellow middy's right eye. The young fellow made no response, but returned to his post, resumed his watch, and thus did duty for the Prince.

But on the following day he stated his case and showed his eye to his comrades. The midshipmen held a drum-head court-martial, found the Prince guilty, and sentenced him to be spanked by the lad whose eye he had blackened.

Accordingly, the Royal culprit was seized by four of the seniors and held face downward on a table, while the midshipman with the disfigured optic, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, carried out the sentence of the midshipmen's court until his hands smarted.

When the Prince was released he was furious with rage, and threatened vengeance, but in a day or two he thought better of it, and went to his messmate who had spanked him and apologized for the blow which he had given him.

The midshipman accepted his apology, and tendered his own in return for the spanking which he had administered.

During the remainder of the cruise, the Prince put on no airs, but he was as agreeable and charming a young fellow as could be. There is no doubt that he was benefited by the spanking.

The death of the Duke of Clarence drew public attention to the direct and collateral line of succession to the Royal Crown of Great Britain and the Imperial Crown of India.

The Crown of England descends like a barony in fee, to the nearest heir of the last wearer, be that heir male or female—daughters being of course, postponed to sons. Had Prince George of Wales died unmarried, the Crown would have passed to the Duchess of Fife, and afterward to her, at present infant daughter, the Lady Alexandra Duff, always supposing that a son was not born to her in the meantime. In that place the son would naturally take precedence. We might then (but the possibility is exceedingly remote) witness the curious sight of a Marquis of Macduff stepping direct from the Guards, or the benches of the House of Commons, to the Throne.

In that case, the junior partner in the great London Banking house of Scott & Co. would find himself in a position even more anomalous than that of the late Prince Albert—a position, in fact, to find a parallel for which it is necessary to go back to the days of Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Darnley.

The Duke of Fife who, besides his income derived from his partnership in the banks, and from his directorships in various railroads and industrial enterprises, enjoys the revenues of a vast estate of some three hundred thousand acres, is one of those fortunate men who, in high favor at Court, and blessed munificently with rank, wealth, and talents of every kind, has succeeded in achieving an immense popularity with all classes of the people. He has never been known to do a mean, unchivalrous or in any way questionable action, and while by no means a saint by nature, and exposed to every kind of temptation, his private life has hitherto been without reproach.

Of Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and possibly Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, there is but little to say. She has been most carefully trained, and brought up in the very simplest manner by her mother, the Princess of Wales. While neither so graceful nor so captivating as her mother, the young Princess is much liked by all those who know her, her behavior being singularly simple, natural, and unaffected. Many of the hats and dresses worn during the past years by her two sisters and herself have been made entirely with their own hands.

Little Lady Alexandra Victoria Duff, the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who was held at the font on the occasion of her christening by no less a personage than her great-grandmother, the Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, etc., possesses three aunts, sisters of her father, whose acquaintance she will never be permitted to make. Their social position is such that, although sisters of the Duke, and the only surviving members of his immediate family, it was found impossible to invite them to be present

at their brother's wedding. Unfortunately, they all three take after their mother, the late Countess of Fife, who, to put the matter as mildly as possible, was the reverse of respectable, and who rendered herself so conspicuous that her son was not allowed to see her during his youth.

The youngest of these three sisters of the Duke of Fife is Lady Agnes Cooper. She was married early in the seventies to the late Lord Dupplin. "Duppy" was, however, neither physically nor morally what might be termed a model husband, and one fine morning in the very height of the season—I think it was on the Cup-day of the Ascot races—the word passed that the Viscountess had fled with Herbert Flower, who enjoyed the well-deserved reputation of being the handsomest and finest-looking man in England. Lord Dupplin took matters philosophically, and secured a divorce from Lady Agnes, who forthwith married the companion of her flight. In 1881, Herbert Flower died, and after a few months of widowhood Lady Agnes married a third husband, the famous surgeon, Dr. Alfred Cooper, by whom she had several children. Of course she was ostracized by society and cut by her brother.

The second sister is Lady Ida Wilson, who, after marrying Mr. Adrian Hope, scandalized all Vanity Fair by repeatedly appearing on the promenade of Rotten Row in a state of noisy intoxication, and then capped matters by eloping with her courier. For some time she resided in Switzerland with her *valet de cœur*, but has now returned to London to brazen matters out as the wife of one William Wilson, whom nobody knows, but who is generally believed to be the courier referred to above.

The Duke's eldest sister, the Marchioness of Townsend,

has the advantage of possessing a half-crazy husband, who while closing his eyes to her numerous indiscretions, is by no means blind to the violations of the vagrancy and mendicancy laws. Until the moment when his own eccentricities and the conduct of his wife necessitated his leaving London he was in the habit of causing the arrest and of prosecuting in person every beggar that he could catch sight of.

To such an extent did he carry this mania that it was impossible to open a daily newspaper without seeing an account of his appearance in Court against some unfortunate mendicant or other. I may add that, his son being childless, the Marquisate will in due time devolve upon a man who is now a five-hundred-dollar clerk in a city merchant's office, and who is, moreover, the husband of an actress of the cross-river variety and music-hall stage.

Everything that the Duke of Fife touches seems to turn to gold. Some founders' shares, which had cost him \$150 apiece a few years ago, have just been disposed of by him at the rate of £45,000 or \$225,000 each. Notwithstanding the prevailing depression in the value of land in the United Kingdom, he has been obtaining exceptionally high prices for the farms, houses, and estates which he has been selling up in Scotland. His reason for thus getting rid of the larger part of his landed property, is because the latter only yields him an interest of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whereas he can obtain double that amount, and even more, by investing its value in the well-known and prosperous London bank of Samuel Scott & Co., of which he is now the principal and managing partner.

It may be of interest to give here a list of the line of succession as it now stands, comprising the names

of every possible Heir to the Throne claiming through George III.

There are other heirs descending from earlier monarchs of the House of Brunswick ; but they are so exceedingly remote that it is not worth while to trace them.

There are, of course, also in the following list certain personages who would obviously, from motives of public policy, never be allowed to succeed, *e. g.*, the German Emperor ; but foreign nationality, or the possession of a foreign Crown, does not of itself vitiate their right. Parliament could, and in the case of the Throne passing to a foreign sovereign, would bar their claim, save perhaps in the case of the Duke of Edinburgh. That Prince will, in the course of nature, become Duke of Saxe-Coburg ; and in the lamentable and highly improbable case of a failure of all the Queen's more immediate heirs, he would have to choose between Coburg and England. The Prince of Wales, it will be remembered, became upon his father's death heir presumptive to the Duchy of Coburg ; but to avoid the inconvenience of a potential British monarch being also the heir of a Continental reigning sovereign, he renounced his rights in Coburg in favor of his next brother. It is sometimes said that such-and-such a female member of the Royal family, has renounced her right of succession. Neither the Act of Settlement, however, under which the Crown devolves, nor any other Act, make provision for renunciation upon any ground whatsoever. By her marriage with Prince George the Princess May, whose melancholy position excited sympathy so wide and so keen, has been at once elevated from the last to the second place in the list ; and together with her three sons seems to have settled the immediate question of succession.

THE DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA RANGE AS FOLLOWS:

1. The Prince of Wales, son.

Children of the Prince of Wales :

2. Prince George, grandson.
3. Duchess of Fife, granddaughter.

Grandchild of the Prince of Wales :

4. The Lady Alexandra Duff, great-granddaughter.

Children of the Prince of Wales :

5. Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter.
6. Princess Maud of Wales, granddaughter.
7. The Duke of Edinburgh, son. *Second son of Queen Victoria.*

Children of Duke of Edinburgh :

8. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, grandson.
9. Princess Marie of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
10. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
11. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
12. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
13. The Duke of Connaught, son. *Third son of Queen Victoria.*

Children of Duke of Connaught :

14. Prince Arthur of Connaught, grandson.
15. Princess Margaret of Connaught, granddaughter.
16. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, granddaughter.

Children of Queen Victoria's 4th son, Duke of Albany, who died 1884 :

17. The Duke of Albany, grandson.
18. Princess Alice of Albany, granddaughter.
19. The Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter. *Princess Royal of England.*

20. The German Emperor, grandson. *Grandson of Queen Victoria.*

Children of German Emperor:

21. The Crown Prince of Prussia, great-grandson.
22. Prince William Frederick of Prussia, great-grandson.

Children of German Emperor:

23. Prince Adalbert of Prussia, great-grandson.
24. Prince August of Prussia, great-grandson.
25. Prince Oscar of Prussia, great-grandson.
26. Prince Joachim Franz Humbert of Prussia, great-grandson.
27. Prince Henry of Prussia, grandson. *Brother of German Emperor.*

28. Prince Waldemar of Prussia, great-grandson. *Son of Prince Henry.*

29. The Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen granddaughter of Queen Victoria, sister of German Emperor.

30. Princess Fedora of Saxe-Meiningen, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, daughter of Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen.

31. Princess Victoria of Prussia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

32. The Crown Princess of Greece, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

33. Prince George of Greece, great-grandson of Queen Victoria and son of Crown Princess of Greece.

34. Princess Margaretta of Prussia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

35. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of her second daughter, Princess Alice.

36. Princess Louis of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of the late Princess Alice.

37. Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Louis of Battenberg.

38. Princess Louise Alexandra of Battenberg, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Louis of Battenberg.

39. The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of the late Princess Alice of England.

40. Prince Henry of Prussia, wife of No. 27, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Alice.

41. Princess Victoria Alice Helena of Hesse, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Alice.

42. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, third daughter of Queen Victoria.

43. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Christian.

44. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Christian.

45. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Christian.

46. Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Christian.

47. The Marchioness of Lorne, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria.

48. Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, fifth daughter of Queen Victoria.

49. Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

50. Prince Leopold of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

51. Prince Donald of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

52. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Beatrice.

DESCENDANTS OF KING GEORGE III.

53. The Duke of Cumberland, great-grandson.

54. Prince George of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

55. Prince Christian of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

56. Prince Ernest of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

57. Princess Mary of Cumberland, great-granddaughter.

58. Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, great-great-granddaughter.

59. Princess Olga of Cumberland, great-great-granddaughter.

60. Princess Fredrica of Hanover, Baroness von Pawel Rammingen, great-granddaughter.

61. Princess Mary Ernestina of Hanover, great-granddaughter.

62. The Duke of Cambridge, grandson.

63. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter.

64. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.

65. Prince Frederick George of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.

66. Princess Victoria Mary of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.

67. Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.

68. The Duchess of Teck, granddaughter.

69. Prince Adolphus of Teck, great-grandson.

70. Prince Francis of Teck, great-grandson.

71. Prince Alexander of Teck, great-grandson.

72. Princess May, great-granddaughter.

There are, therefore, 55 princely personages in the direct line of succession as descendants of the Queen, twenty more being descendants of George III, who come in as collateral heirs. It does not, of course, follow that if the Crown of England were inherited by the German Emperor (and stranger things than that have happened in the chequered history of Royal successions), or, still more unlikely, by the Duke of Cumberland, either the one or the other would be allowed to wear it. The first eventually, is improbable, and the second, humanly speaking, is impossible. But it is a curious fact that there was at this moment practically only one life—that of Prince George—between a Commoner and the Throne. A repetition of the terrible calamity of January 14th would have made Lady Alexandra Duff heiress presumptive, once removed, to the Throne; although she might have been set aside at any moment by the birth of a son to the Duchess of Fife. As I said above, the possibility of a Commoner mounting the Throne was apparently regarded with alarm by a number of persons in whom the historical sense is not strong. But when we remember that the crystallization of Royalty into an exclusive caste is, in England, a good deal less than two hundred years old, there is nothing either very new or very

strange in the possibility. Lady Jane Grey was a Commoner ; so was Lady Margaret Beaufort, the mother of Henry VII., and the last Lady Knight of the Garter. Queen Anne and Queen Mary II. were daughters of a Commoner mother and the granddaughters of a self-made man. There was nothing alarming in the possibility—which a kind Providence has now averted—of the Duke of Fife becoming a Royal consort. He is himself a great-grandson of William IV., and his children will consequently possess a Royal descent from both the present and the last occupant of the Throne.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, brother-in-law to Her Majesty the Queen, may be said to be one of her pet aversions.

It is difficult to imagine any more striking contrast than that which existed between him and his younger brother, the late Prince Consort of Great Britain.

The latter's conduct was beyond reproach, and so blameless that it won for him the name of "Albert the Good."

The elder brother is noted throughout Germany for his drinking propensities, and for his fondness for the society of ladies of questionable reputation.

Indeed, there are few wives of any of the sovereigns now reigning who have been subjected to more constant abuse, neglect, and infidelity than Duchess Alexandriana, who is a sister of the reigning Duke of Baden.

It was about a couple of years ago that the Duke openly quarreled with his nephew and heir, the Duke of Edinburgh, owing to the Duchess of Edinburgh's refusal to invite to one of her entertainments a couple of ladies who were on terms of too marked intimacy with Duke Ernest.

The latter stormed and raged, urging that his two fair

friends should be invited. The Duchess of Edinburgh, however, who has all the obstinacy of her brother the Czar, refused to accede to his demands, and for more than a year the Edinburghs were not on speaking terms with their uncle of Saxe-Coburg.

Recently, however, there has been a reconciliation between them, but Queen Victoria absolutely declines to have anything to do with her brother-in-law, who has offended her, not only in this matter, but also by his mode of life, and by his unauthorized publication of a number of confidential letters which the Prince Consort addressed to him on English political affairs. His publication of these letters was a source of immense embarrassment and annoyance to the Queen.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has played a very important *rôle* in international politics. The wife of the least popular of all Queen Victoria's children, occupying an altogether subordinate position among the members of the British Royal family, since she is forced to yield the "pas" even to Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, and possessed of no personal beauty or charm, she has nevertheless succeeded in acquiring an influence over European politics, which has produced a complete and most beneficial change of their hitherto clouded aspect.

In the first place, she has utilized her relationship to the Czar, whose only sister she is, to bring about a relaxation of the tension between Germany and Russia, and it was her influence alone that led the Muscovite ruler to atone for his past discourtesy to the Emperor William by visiting the latter at Kiel.

It is the Duchess to whom belongs the credit of having negotiated the marriage between the Crown-Prince of Rou-

mania and her eldest daughter, Marie—a matrimonial alliance that will contribute more than anything else to the peaceful settlement of the ever-smoldering Eastern question.

For a long time the Czar declined to give his consent to the marriage of his favorite niece to the Roumanian heir apparent, who is a member of the Prussian House of Hohenzollern, but at last he yielded to his sister's arguments and signified his approval of the match.

The latter gives universal satisfaction, and is regarded as a powerful guarantee of peace in connection with the Balkan difficulty. It invests the Court of Bucharest with ties of close and intimate relationship with that of Russia and of Great Britain, which cannot fail to impart strength and solidity to the hitherto perilous Roumanian throne.

It also pleases the Roumanian people, who being of the orthodox Greek faith, are glad to find in their future Queen a Princess of the same Church. For, while the sons of the Duke of Edinburgh are brought up as Protestants, his daughters, according to the terms of the marriage contract, are educated as members of the Greek Church.

The principal danger to which the Roumanian throne has hitherto been exposed is that of Russian invasion, and the entire resources of the kingdom have been devoted toward putting the country in a fit state of defense. Henceforth this menace will not exist, since the Czar, more than any one else, will be interested in the welfare of his favorite niece, the future Queen of Roumania.

Princess Marie of Edinburgh is by far the prettiest of the Queen's granddaughters, though Princess Maud of Wales runs her very close in point of looks. She has been very carefully and strictly brought up under the supervision of the

Duchess, who is certainly an excellent mother. She is accomplished in many ways, is an excellent linguist, and a good musician. Her study of Russian will help her with the Roumanian tongue, which is near akin to Russian. In personal appearance she takes after her father, whereas her two sisters rather favor the Duchess.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is a woman of remarkable strength of mind and common sense. The expression of her features is not pleasant, as it gives one an impression both of sulkiness, bad temper, and arrogance. But she is really a very kind woman at heart, and when among her intimate friends, simplicity itself.

That she is very fond of England and of the English, it would be idle to assert. As the only daughter of the late Czar, and his favorite child, she had been spoiled in the most extraordinary manner, and, owing to the delicate health of her mother, she occupied, until her marriage, the Empress's place at all the Court ceremonies and functions in Russia.

When, therefore, she came to England and found herself relegated to almost the tail-end of the Royal family there, and regarded with public ill-will by reason of her husband's excessive unpopularity, she naturally felt both disappointed and dissatisfied.

The only persons of the English Royal family with whom she is able to get along well are the Princess of Wales, who is full of kindly attentions and affectionate deference toward her, and her mother-in-law, the Queen.

The Duchess, indeed, is the sole member of the British Royal family over whom Her Majesty does not attempt to domineer. With her other children the old lady is exceedingly imperious, and, in her double capacity of mother and

sovereign, orders them about in the most despotic manner, exacting implicit and unswerving obedience.

The Duchess, however, assumes a very independent attitude toward her, does not permit herself to be bullied, and answers her Royal mother-in-law in the latter's own fashion, giving her, so to speak, a taste of her own medicine.

The result is that "Marie," as she is called by her relatives, enjoys an altogether extraordinary consideration at Windsor, and her portrait is the only one which adorns the walls of the Queen's private breakfast room, which looks out on the great quadrangle.

The Duchess, who does not like the free-and-easy way of the British people toward their Royalty, spends as little time in England as possible. She makes her home in the beautiful castle of Rosenau, near Coburg, a country of which she will become the reigning Duchess on the death of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Duchess keeps all her effects at Rosenau, where she is surrounded by a little court and treated with an immense amount of honor and consideration. Her husband, however, makes his headquarters in the Royal palace, known as Clarence House, which has been assigned to him by the Queen as his London residence. It is there that he keeps his valuable collection of barbaric weapons, hunting trophies, glass, and rare porcelain.

True, the Duke has never given rise by his conduct to any matrimonial scandal. But he is blest with an abominable temper, the most glaring want of tact, and has lost much of that comeliness which caused the Grand Duchess Marie to fall in love with him, and to persist in marrying him notwithstanding the objections made by his relatives.

The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, is probably the most popular man of the Royal family. A great deal of good-natured fun is poked at him by the press, but, notwithstanding this, there is no doubt that he is more in touch with the English public than any of the others. He is a fine, tall old man, with white mustache and whiskers, white hair and very florid face. His manner is frank, bluff, and hearty, his grasp of the hand honest, and his whole being inspires good-will and sympathy. He is noted for the picturesque character of his language, which is almost as highly colored as his complexion. His oaths are strange and awe-inspiring, and his temper being exceedingly short, they are somewhat frequent. His remarks during an inspection of troops when everything is not in first-rate condition are of a nature to be remembered. With all that he is very kind of heart, and his anger, though violent, is quickly over.

Born about two months before his cousin, Queen Victoria, he spent most of his youth in Germany, first of all at Hanover, where his father acted as British viceroy until it was converted into an independent kingdom in 1837, and afterward at Berlin. The result is that his English, like that of the Queen and her children, is distinguished by a strong and guttural Teutonic accent. That is, however, about the only German thing about him, for in everything else he is English to the very core.

He will leave no heirs to his name, for I regret to say that his children are not legitimate. In his early days he was the hero of many love affairs, being gay, dashing, brilliant, and, above all, a Royal Prince. He was fortunate enough to succeed in keeping his name out of the divorce court, and

never permitted himself to become incriminated in any public scandal.

His *affaires de cœur* culminated in a marriage with a Dublin actress, which ceremony, being unsanctioned by the Queen, was, in the eyes of the law, null and void, for the English statute-book, prescribes that no marriage of a member of the British Royal family shall be regarded as valid unless specially authorized by the sovereign.

After his marriage, the Duke George settled down and remained true to his actress-wife until her death a couple of years ago. She did not live with him at his residence at Gloucester House, Picadilly, but in a smaller mansion, in an adjacent street, where he has wont to visit her every day, and to take at least one meal. At his country residence, at Coombe, near Wimbledon, where he possesses a large estate, they lived together as husband and wife, she being known by the name of Mrs. Fitz George, which is the patronymic borne by her five children. Two of these are girls, both of them now married; while the other three are sons, one in the navy and the others in the army. They are very popular, both in military and social circles, and one or the other is always in attendance on the old Duke.

Mrs. Fitz George was altogether unknown to society, and was a very simple-minded, worthy lady, perfectly contented to remain entirely in the background. The only person besides herself who shared the Duke's attentions was his mother, the venerable Duchess of Cambridge, who died within a few months after the death of her plebeian daughter-in-law. The Duke was the most dutiful of sons to her, and never allowed a single day to pass when in town without going around to St. James's Palace, where she resided, to spend an

hour in retailing to her the gossip of the town, in which she, to the very last, displayed a most extraordinary interest. She was a wonderful old lady, a German Princess by birth, and at the age of fourteen witnessed from the terrace of her father's chateau the retreat of Napoleon I after his defeat at the battle of Leipzig.

The Duke distinguished himself by his personal gallantry, though not by his generalship, in the Crimean war, where his conduct presented a marked contrast with that of Prince Napoleon, and where he won for himself a considerable amount of popularity among the British soldiers. It is this popularity which causes them to close their eyes to his idiosyncrasies and mannerisms, such as, for instance, when he undertakes to review them seated on horseback in full war paint, and holding an umbrella over his head to shield him from the rain. In fact, this led to his being named the "Umbrella Duke."

Whenever his cousin, the Queen, has hinted to him that he has reached the age appointed by the statutes for the retirement of her officers from active service, he has invariably responded by suggesting that he was still quite as capable of performing the duties in connection with the Commander-in-Chief of the army as she was to fulfill her duties as Queen of England! In claiming that his faculties are unimpaired by age, he is not far wrong, for, never having been very brilliant or remarkable for the penetration of his mind, his senility has not yet become very conspicuous, and the evidences of his age are limited to his falling asleep after dinner, and sometimes even during the meal, when his head is apt to slip on the shoulder of the lady to his right or left, and the conversation to be temporarily hushed by a snore of Royal and Georgian proportions.

PICTURESQUE COURT

OF

QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG other picturesque and ornamental features of Queen Victoria's Court are her two body-guards, the one composed of pensioned Colonels and Majors, with distinguished service records, who are entitled the "Gentlemen-at-Arms," whilst the other is recruited from non-commissioned officers, and its members are known by the name of the "Yeomen of the Guard," the public, however, for some reason or other, designating them as "Beefeaters."

A yeoman usher and a party of yeomen now compose the Guard that attends in the Great Chamber on Levee days and Drawing-Room days, their office being to keep the passage clear, that the nobility who frequent the Court may pass without inconvenience. The usher is posted at the head of the room, close by the door leading into the Presence Chamber, to whom, when persons of a certain distinction enter from the stairs, the lowermost yeoman next to the entrance of the Chamber calls aloud, "Yeoman Usher!" to apprise him of such approach. To this the Usher makes answer by audibly crying, "Stand by!" to warn all indifferent persons to leave the passage clear.

The Captain of the "Yeomen of the Guard," who is invariably a Peer of the Realm, and who changes with each administration, receives a salary of \$5,000. He is *ex-officio* a member of the Privy Council, wears, like other officers of the

corps, a military uniform, and carries an ebony baton tipped with gold as his badge of office.

The Lieutenant of the "Yeomen of the Guard" receives \$2,500 per annum, and his baton is only mounted in silver instead of being mounted in gold. Then again there is an Ensign, enjoying a salary of \$750 per annum, although there does not exist the smallest evidence that the Corps ever possessed either banner or standard. Like the Lieutenant, the Ensign bears an ebony baton mounted in silver. Then there are four Exempts, Exons, or Corporals, and these gentlemen command in the absence of the Lieutenant or Ensign, one of them sleeping at St. James' Palace, as Commandant of the Yeomen on duty, a thing which no other officer of the Corps does, and having in this way a delegated authority, which he exercises in the absence of his superior officer.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms, when instituted by Henry VIII, were intended to be recruited from a higher class of his subjects than the "Yeomen of the Guard." Avowedly, like many similar corps in other Courts, an imitation of the "Gentlemen of the French King's House," a body composed almost entirely of young grandees, the members of the new guard were to be "chosen of gentlemen, not that to be commen and extracte of Noble Blood."

All the Captains have been noblemen of high rank, and the present corps is composed entirely of ex-commissioned officers of distinction. For a long time the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard were the only standing forces tolerated in the Kingdom. In those days they figured in all ceremonials—marriages, coronations, and funerals. They received Ambassadors, and escorted foreign Princes on visits to the Sovereign, *et militare runt non sine gloria*, for they

were at the seige of Boulogne, the Battle of Spurs, and on other battle-fields of France.

When the Queen came to the Throne only three of the Guard were old soldiers, though all of them bore the courtesy title of "Captain," and in precedence ranked immediately after Privy Councillors. The Corps now contains over 40 members, every one of whom has served with more or less distinction, and perhaps at no period in its history has the ancient Guard reached a higher social standard.

One of the most peculiar offices in connection with the Royal household is that of the "Queen's Champion," which is held by the Hon. F. S. Dymoke, by right of inheritance.

The "Champion of England," for that is his official title, only appears once during the reign of a British Monarch—namely, at the coronation. While the coronation banquet is in progress, which has hitherto always taken place in Westminster Hall, the Champion enters on horseback, arrayed from head to foot in steel armor, and with closed visor.

Raising the visor, he challenges all comers to deny the title of the sovereign, and offers, if necessary, to fight them on the spot. It is needless to add that no one is ever found to take up the gauntlet which he casts down on the floor. A golden goblet full of wine is then handed to him, which he drains to the health of the monarch, after which he backs his charger from the Royal presence, carrying with him the magnificently chased golden goblet as his perquisite.

The office is a very ancient one, and is popularly supposed to have been instituted by William the Conqueror, who conferred it upon Robert de Marmion, with the Castle of Tamworth and the Manor of Scrivelsby. At the coronation of Richard II the office was claimed by Sir John Dymoke, of

Scrivelsby Manor, and Baldwin de Trevill, of Tamworth Castle. It was finally decided that the title of Champion of England went with the Manor of Scrivelsby, and belonged to Sir John Dymoke, in whose family it has remained until the present day. Should Mr. Dymoke die, it will be his nearest male relative who will inherit the manor and office.

Her Majesty's footmen are exceedingly imposing and superb. They used, however, to be somewhat more exalted personages than they are now. Early in the Queen's reign the salary of the Royal footman was \$550 a year, with a possible rise to the rank of a Senior footman with \$600 a year. This was not, it may be thought, very splendid, but the dignity of the service, and the fact that it was always followed by a pension, and sometimes led to higher rank, rendered it attractive to stalwart members of the respectable middle class on the lookout for a career. Moreover, there were perquisites—bread and beer money, for instance—amounting to \$70 a year. Besides this, a footman sent on a journey, however short, would have six shillings a day for refreshment. All that, however, was in the good days before the besom Reform swept out the Queen's establishment, when Prince Albert was in the prime of his vigor. Nowadays even so gorgeous a gentleman as the Queen's footman has to begin with a modest \$250 a year, which in course of time may expand to \$400, but no further. Perquisites, too, have been abolished or curtailed. There is an allowance of six guineas and a half for hair-powder, bag, and stockings; but, sad to say, each man has to find his own blacking and boot-brushes, and to pay for his own washing. A suit of State livery is said to cost \$650. They are rarely used, and of course rarely renewed. When they are renewed, however, the old garments become the

perquisites of the wearers, and the gold lace upon them is, of course, of considerable value. The Queen has fifteen footmen, and one sergeant-footman with a salary of \$650 a year. Formerly the sergeant-footmen or one of the six senior footmen was often promoted to the position of Page of the Presence or of a Queen's Messenger, either of which was worth \$1,500, or \$2,000 a year. But this practice has gone the way of most of the perquisites, and the position of a Royal footman is no longer sought for as it used to be, though, of course, there are plenty who would be glad to get it. But there are corresponding positions in less exalted households in which a well-built young man, with the necessary development of calf, who aspires to become a footman, may do better for his fortunes than in the service of the Crown.

Next to Her Majesty's footmen, the State trumpeters are among the most popular of functionaries on all great occasions. There are eight of them, with a sergeant at their head. They form part of the State band, which, distinct from Her Majesty's private band, is only called upon on important occasions. As in the case of the footmen, their gorgeous raiment, their silver trumpets, and their stately demeanor might suggest to the uninitiated dignitaries of large emoluments, if not of exalted rank. Their sergeant gets \$500 a year, and each of the eight minor musicians \$200 though there are, in addition, fees paid to each of them on each occasion of their performing in public.

From footmen and trumpeters to pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms is a great stride up the social and ceremonial ladder. These functionaries have both a popular and historical interest. Their quaintly gorgeous costumes always attract attention on State occasions, and their undoubted an-

tiquity and mysterious functions—their declarations of war and of peace, their announcements at coronations, and their solemn annunciations of titles and dignities over illustrious graves—all tend to invest them with a curious interest in the eyes of all beholders.

The heralds must be gentlemen “skilled in the ancient and modern languages, good historians, and conversant in the genealogies of the nobility and gentry.” The direct emoluments of the office are trivial. But it is their function “to grant coats armorial and supporters to the same to such as are properly authorized to bear them; where no armorial arms are known to belong to the party applying for the grant they invent devices and emblazon them in the most applicable manner, so as to reflect credit upon their own fertility of knowledge, and to afford satisfaction to the wearer.” They are, of course, entitled to more liberal fees than fall to the lot of most inventors, and, moreover, they are the great sources of the genealogical lore. Pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms are under the Earl-Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, and, indeed, are now created by him. Formerly when kings-at-arms were more important functionaries than they are now, they were crowned veritable kings by the sovereign himself. They go through the same ceremony of installation now, but it is performed by the Earl-Marshal, by Royal warrant. Upon this occasion the chosen functionary takes his oath, wine is poured out of a gilt cup with a cover, his title is pronounced, and he is invested with a tabret of the Royal arms richly embroidered upon velvet, a collar of SS, with two portcullises of silver gilt, a gold chain, with a badge of his office. Then the Earl-Marshal places on his head a crown of a king-of-arms, which formerly resembled a ducal

coronet; but since the Restoration it has been adorned with leaves resembling those of the oak, and circumscribed according to ancient customs with the words, "*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.*"

Garter has also a mantle of crimson satin as an officer of the order, and a white rod or sceptre with the sovereign's arms upon the top, which he bears in the presence of the sovereign. There are three kings-at-arms. Garter is King-at-arms of England, Clarencieux is king of the province south of the Trent, and Norroy is king of the northern provinces. The heralds go through an initiatory ceremony as the kings, except the crowning. They are all military and civil officers, and in token of this they are all sworn on sword and Bible.

The office of Earl-Marshal is among the highest and oldest. He is the eighth great officer of State, and is the only Earl who is an Earl by virtue of his office.

The Lord Steward is another holder of a slip from the sceptre. He has a white wand as an emblem of his authority under the Crown. He is supposed to have the sole direction of the Queen's household, and receives \$10,000 a year, though except on State occasions he is not required at Court, the practical functions of his office being discharged by the resident master of the household. The Queen's establishments, however, excepting only the chamber, stables, and chapel, are supposed to be under his entire control. All his commands are to be obeyed, and he has power to hold courts for the administration of justice, and for settling disputes between the Queen's servants. The Lord Steward always bears his white wand when in the presence of the sovereign, and on all ceremonial occasions when the sovereign is not present the wand is borne before him by a footman walking bare-

headed. He takes this symbol of delegated power directly from the sovereign's hand, and has no other formal grant of office. On the death of the monarch the Lord Steward breaks his wand of office over the corpse, and his functions are at an end, and all the officers of the Royal household are virtually discharged.

The principal throne of Queen Victoria is in the House of Lords. It is elevated on a dais, the central portion having three, and the sides two steps, covered with a carpet of the richest velvet pile. The ground color of the carpet is a bright scarlet, and the pattern on it consists of roses and lions, alternately. A gold-colored fringe borders the carpet.

The canopy to the Throne is divided into three apartments, the central one, much loftier than the others, for Her Majesty, that on the right hand for the Prince of Wales, and on the left that which used to be Prince Albert's. The back of the central compartment is paneled in the most exquisite manner. The three lowest tiers have the lions passant of England, carved and gilded on a red ground, and above them in a wide panel, arched, and enriched with dainty carvings, are the Royal arms of England, surrounded by the Garter, with its supporters, helmet and crest, and an elaborate mantling forming a rich and varied background. The motto, "*Dieu et Mon Droit*," is on a horizontal band of deep blue tint. In small panels, traceried, parallel with the large arched one, are roses, shamrocks, and thistles, clustered together, and crowned; and above them, in double arched panels, the Royal monogram, crowned and interwoven by a cord, are introduced.

The Crown Jewels of Great Britain are kept at the Tower of London, and are entrusted to the care of the "Keeper of the Regalia." The office dates back to the reign of King

Charles II, when Colonel Blood attempted to steal the Royal crown, and the holder thereof ranks *ex-officio* with the first Knight Bachelor of the Kingdom.

It may be of interest to the many American visitors to the Tower to learn that there is no foundation for the popular belief that the crown, the orb, and the other symbols of Royalty borne before the Queen on State occasions are merely imitations of the originals. This belief, however, is not one of long standing, and it may possibly have originated in the fact that some years ago a noble duke, to whom had been entrusted the proud and much envied privilege of carrying the crown on a cushion before the sovereign, accidentally dropped it. This was considered at the time an occurrence of ill-omen, especially as one of the famous stones was forced out of its setting by the fall and rolled upon the floor. It is the genuine Crown which is always taken to the House of Parliament and brought back to the Tower in one of the Royal carriages, escorted by Tower warders and by a strong force of mounted police.

The civil list which the Queen receives from Parliament amounts to \$3,000,000, out of which she pays the salaries of the Royal Household, amounting to over \$1,000,000. The Prince of Wales receives from the State an annual income of \$500,000 and his wife \$50,000 per annum. In addition to this, the Prince of Wales receives another \$200,000 from the State for the use of his children. Each of the younger sons of the Queen receives from the State an allowance of \$125,000 per annum, while Her Majesty's daughters have to remain content with allowances of \$30,000 per annum. In addition to this, Queen Victoria's daughters have each received from the State a dowry of \$150,000 at the time of

their marriage. All the vast Crown domains which formerly belonged to the reigning family were surrendered to the National Government during the reign of Queen Victoria's uncle, King George IV. The Queen's private property is far smaller than generally supposed and her landed property limited in extent.

The Jewel-house contains all the crown jewels of England, inclosed in an immense case. Prominent among them is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, at the expense of about \$600,000. Among the profusion of diamonds is the large ruby worn by the Black Prince, mentioned above; the crown made for the coronation of Charles II; the crown of the Prince of Wales, and that of the late Prince Consort; the crown made for the coronation of James II's Queen; also her ivory sceptre. The coronation spoon, and bracelets and royal spurs, swords of Mercy and Justice, are among the other jewels. Here, too, is the silver-gilt baptismal font, in which is deposited the christening water for the Royal children, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, the present property of Queen Victoria, and the object of such interest at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. It formerly belonged to Runjeet Singh, chief of Lahore, and was called the "Mountain of Light," and its value is untold.

The Queen's two railway saloons for Continental journeys, which are the private property of Her Majesty, and which are kept at Brussels, at the Gare du Nord, are connected by a passage, and are fitted with electric bells, and lighted with oil lamps, as the Queen does not like the electric light for reading or writing. The day saloon is furnished with sofas, arm-chairs of various kinds, and foot-stools, all covered with blue silk, with fringes and tassels of yellow. The walls are

hung with blue and pearl-gray silk, brocaded with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in yellow. There is a writing-table of walnut-wood, two small tables, and one large one, on which meals are served during a journey. The floor is covered with an Indian carpet of dark blue, and the curtains are blue and white. There is a separate compartment in front for the Queen's Highland attendant, Francis Clark, the successor of John Brown.

The night saloon is a larger carriage, and it is divided into several compartments. The dressing-room is decorated in Japanese style, and the floor is covered with bamboo. There is a white metal bath, and the toilet service and large basins on the washstand (which is covered with dark morocco leather) are of the same material. The bed-room is decorated in gray and light brown, and contains two beds, the largest of which is occupied by the Queen. There is another compartment, in which is stored away the luggage needed by the Queen during the journey, and two maids occupy it, and sleep on sofas.

CHARACTERISTICS OF

THE

HEIR APPARENT.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF the chivalrous and knightly character of the Austrian Emperor reminds one of ancient rather than modern times, that of the Prince of Wales, on the other hand, must be regarded as thoroughly in keeping with the present age. England's future King is exceedingly what the French describe as "*fin de siecle*" (end of the century), whereas Francis Joseph would be set down by many as an old-fashioned man. The one is the knight of the Round-Table epoch, the other the gentleman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and possessing all the merits and a few of the vices of the English club-man of to-day.

That the Prince is quite as fully imbued as others with the sacred character of Royalty is clearly to be seen from the harsh and cutting manner in which he has resented his sister Louise's marriage to Lord Lorne and that of Princess Beatrice to the Hebrew-descended Henry of Battenberg. While, however, he loses no opportunity of making these two brothers-in-law of his feel the impassable gulf which separates his rank and station from theirs, he is most careful to conceal from the general public his opinions as to the divinity that hedges Kings and their offspring from the common herd. He possesses in the most marked degree that principal ingredient of power, influence and success, namely tact, and it is to this particular that he owes his widespread popularity.

I remember witnessing an amusing manifestation of this tact on the part of the Prince. The Right Honorable A.

Mundella, who was born in England as the son of an exiled Carbonari, held for many years the leadership of the extreme Radical—nay, I might almost say, the Republican Party in the Kingdom. He was a bitter foe of Royalty, and as member of Parliament for Sheffield was always the first to protest against money being granted to the members of the Sovereign's family. One autumn day the Prince and Princess of Wales happened to pass through Sheffield on their way to their Scotch castle at Abergeldie. Their train only halted for about ten minutes in the station—just long enough to change engines and to examine the wheels. But the Prince made good use of the time. Hearing that Mr. Mundella was on the platform of the station awaiting some friends, and that he was billed to deliver one of his usual inflammatory and almost revolutionary addresses in the afternoon, the Prince caused him to be summoned to the door of his saloon carriage. After shaking hands most heartily, he presented him to the Princess, who, following her husband's cue, was equally gracious to the Radical leader. The Prince thereupon exclaimed:

“I hear, my dear Mr. Mundella, that you are about to deliver one of your eloquent addresses to your constituents this afternoon. I do wish you would oblige both the Princess and myself by availing yourself of that opportunity to inform the good people of Sheffield how sorry we are not to be able to stay here for a few days on our way north, and that you would tell them with what pleasure we look back to the royal and enthusiastic demonstrations with which they welcomed us on the occasion of our last visit.”

At that moment the engine whistled, the bell clanged and the royal train moved out of the station, leaving Mr. Mun-

della bowing low in response to the friendly smiles and waves of the hand of the Prince and Princess. That same afternoon he completely staggered his constituents by appearing in the guise of an emissary from Royalty, instead of that of its most bitter assailant. On rising to address the meeting, he began: "Gentlemen, I have been commissioned by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to communicate to you the following gracious message," which he then proceeded to deliver in his most unctuous and sententious manner. After such an opening it was obviously out of the question to expect him to deliver his customary diatribes against Royalty, and, like Balaam of old, he blessed those whom he had been summoned to curse. From that date forth Mr. Mundella's political sentiments underwent a considerable change. The ex-factory boy became a frequent guest at Marlborough-House, and in a short time became so much reconciled to the doctrines of Royalty that he abandoned his hopes of a future Presidency of an eventual British Republic to become a Privy Councillor to the Queen. He has since held office as Cabinet Minister, and according to present appearances will die a rabid and bigoted Tory of the old school.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited to illustrate the Prince's extraordinary tact. The latter is indeed one of the principal sources of his power in England. For although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the Government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of his own creation,—an extremely beneficial one in many respects—which is far more powerful and autocratic than hers. Its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of

any one that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual is sufficient to cause the social ostracism of the latter, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a fair leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London, and that, too, within the last fifteen years. Before that they were kept outside the pale of the social world, whereas now they are becoming its leaders. Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew millionaire, is another case in point. His financial dealings with the Sublime Porte and with other Governments were of so exceedingly unsavory a nature that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Orleans Princes to secure his election, he was blackballed by the Paris Jockey Club. The Prince, however, took him up a short time ago and pitchforked him into the whirlpool of London society, of which he has now become a shining light. The financier whose reputation was considered as being too shady to admit of his election to the Paris Jockey Club has been honored in London with the exceedingly rare privilege of the private *entree* at Buckingham Palace, and has blossomed forth into an honored guest, not only at Marlborough-House, but also at the mansions of men so exclusive as the Dukes of Richmond and Westminster, which the Prince frequents. I mention these cases to show the Prince's extraordinary social power, an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature. Good-natured almost to a fault, his otherwise sound judgment and common-sense become sometimes warped by the insidious influences of unworthy friends.

When his record comes to be written in the Great Book, I think that it will be found that the chief and almost only

wrong-doings of this most happy and pleasure-loving Prince will be on the score of bad companionship. It is, however, impossible to retain any notions as to the divine or sacred character of his Royalty when hearing of him as bandying witticisms of a rather *risqué* nature with sprightly French actresses, and absorbing a hearty midnight supper in some boulevard restaurant with a few boon companions. Moreover, it seems to me rather incongruous that right reverend fathers in God, such as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, should ever be called upon to kiss the hand which has a moment before clasped that of some frail queen of the opera bouffe; and rather than attempt to force myself to regard his jovial Royal Highness with the awe and veneration due to an anointed of the Lord, if not *in esse*, at any rate *in futuro*, I prefer to continue to consider him in the light of a warm-hearted friend, as an honorable and kindly gentleman in every sense of the word, and as a man whom, either as Prince or peasant, any one would be proud and happy to possess as a friend.

With traits of character such as these, it is only natural that he should be exceedingly popular with all classes. Indeed it is open to question whether the English people do not prefer the presence to the absence of his faults. For the latter are those of a generous, pleasure-loving nature, and without these "*petits vices*," as the French call them, he would run the risk of being regarded with the same disfavor as his father, the Prince Consort, whose blameless life and faultless character led to his being considered by the English people at large as something of a prig.

On the whole, they are right to view the faults of the Royal Welshman with indulgence. For, aside from the natural dis-

inclination to provoke outbursts of ill-temper on the part of so good-humored and jovial-hearted a Prince, there is a universal disposition to abstain from all individual criticism or censure of his conduct. He lives in an atmosphere of such loyalty that it may almost be described as sycophancy, and although he may be made the object of collective and indirect criticism from those who do not come into actual contact with him, yet there is no one who ventures personally to point out to him the right and wrong of his ways. If he has remained an honorable and true-hearted gentleman, and if his record is free from all but mere venial sins, it is due to his own sound common-sense, his innate honesty of purpose, and his ingrained horror of everything that is mean and vulgar. And with regard to this distinction between collective and individual criticism, it is well to bear in mind that all the sentiments which foreigners are disposed to regard as indicating disloyalty and latent Republicanism in England are merely collective, and not individual. The average every-day Englishman is at heart as much a snob now as he was in the days when Thackeray held him up to the ridicule of the world. There is no son of John Bull who is not susceptible to the influence of rank, and perhaps the best illustration that can be given thereof is the mention of the fact that the Reverend Lord Normanby has been obliged to resign the rectorship of his parish at Worsley owing to the influx of corpses. Since the excellent parson's succession to his father's title five years ago, everybody that could possibly afford it in the neighboring towns and districts seemed to have given directions before dying that their funeral should take place at Worsley, so that they might enjoy the post-mortem satisfaction of having a real marquis read the burial service over their bodies. As long

as sentiments such as these prevail in England the days of republicanism are far off.

At any rate the Prince has a most excellent influence on the English people, and has done more good than can be recorded here, both to the classes, and to the masses.

I am perfectly aware that my assertions with regard to the beneficial character of the influence of the Prince of Wales upon English life will sound strange to the ears of those who have been accustomed to regard the eldest son of Queen Victoria as responsible for most of the loose screws that appear in the social system of Great Britain, and that they will be disinclined to believe that he has ever contributed in any way to the amelioration of the character, the behavior, and the morals of John Bull.

If, however, the Englishman of to-day is more respectable, less coarse and boorish, and more correct both in feeling and manner—an improvement which no one will venture to deny—it is mainly attributable to the Prince of Wales. Up to the time when the latter commenced his social reign in 1863, heavy drinking at dinner after the ladies had left the table was the invariable rule, and the phrase “as drunk as a lord,” a term not of reproach but of praise. Inebriety was not considered as a vice—nay, not even as bad form; and but small respect or consideration was accorded by society to the man who could not dispose of the traditional “three bottles at a sitting.” Of course the example thus set by the classes was followed and adopted in a still more intensified degree by the masses, the only difference consisting in the character and the quality of the liquor.

Indeed, during the early portion of the reign of Queen Victoria, the drunkenness in Great Britain was something

perfectly appalling. The very marked decline of that vice—which was formerly regarded as a peculiarly English failing—is due to the Prince of Wales. It is entirely owing to the influence of that social despot that hard drinking is no longer countenanced by society; and as in everything else so also in this the masses follow in the steps of the classes. Drunkenness is now regarded as being bad form in the banqueting halls of the Peer, as well as in the back parlor of the small shopkeeper, in the smoking-room of the crack London Clubs as in the café or barroom of the suburban “pub” or gin-mill.

Swearing and coarse language too have gone out of fashion. Neither Lord nor commoner deems it necessary any longer to preface every remark with an oath or to interlard each sentence with blood-curdling blasphemy. This change for the better is, like the decrease of hard drinking, attributable to the Prince of Wales. One of the very best features of the English people is the respect which they, one and all, manifest towards the ordinances of the Church. It may be that there is more conventionality than real heart-felt religion in the attitude of many of them, but be the motives and causes what they may, the result achieved is an excellent one. For regular attendance at church is certain to exercise an influence far more beneficial than injurious, and the moral tone of a nation which has been brought by its social autocrat to look upon this regular attendance at church as a *sine qua non* of respectability, cannot be considered otherwise than as healthy in the extreme. Now this church-going is but another instance of the potency of the Prince’s influence. He makes a point of never missing to put in an appearance at church at least once every

Sunday. The classes have scrupulously followed his example in the matter, and so too again have the masses.

Anent this phase of the Prince's character nothing can be more amusing than to watch him when at Sandringham marshalling his guests off to church on Sunday morning. Shortly before eleven he will make his appearance in the hall, and chaffingly order everybody *nolens volens* to get ready for church. Those who happen to belong to the Catholic creed are sent off in carriages to King's-Lynn, while the Church of England people walk through the Park to the small but exceedingly pretty little church which the Prince had built on his Norfolk estate. He will invariably remain in the hall until he has seen the whole party off, and will then bring up the rear guard himself, keeping a sharp lookout for stragglers.

I do not desire to be regarded in any way as an apologist of the Prince—the kindest, most considerate and thoughtful of friends. For an apology always implies evil perpetrated. But I should like to show the Prince as he really is: I may claim to know something about him, much more probably than those who, without any personal or direct knowledge of the man, have so systematically blackened his reputation, both in speech and print. Among all those persons who are so especially ready to write and repeat stories of the Prince's profligacy and depravity there is very likely not a single one who has been personally acquainted with him, or who knew of his mode of life otherwise than by hearsay.

The best criterion of a man's character is furnished by his home life, and writing from personal experience I do not believe that in all the broad lands of old England, there exists a more unaffected, happy, and altogether charming home than that of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. There are

doubtless many country houses as luxurious and some more magnificent, but there is hardly another where so much comfort is united with such exquisite taste and refinement. It is the Prince himself who welcomes the arriving guests in the hall, and who, after taking you off to the Princess's room on the ground floor for refreshment in the shape of five o'clock tea, brings you upstairs himself to your room, in order to see that you have everything you want. Nor will he leave you until he has rung the bell and instructed one of the servants to specially attend to your wants and comforts. Dinner, which usually takes place at a number of small round tables, each laid for a party of six or eight at the very most, does not usually last more than an hour, for the Prince, although a great gourmet, hates long and overloaded menus. After the ladies have retired to the drawing rooms, the men remain to discuss a glass of claret and smoke a cigarette; then they join the ladies. At about midnight the latter withdraw, while the men accompany the Prince to the smoking and billiard rooms.

One of the favorite guests at Sandringham is the American Duchess of Manchester, whose infamous treatment by her late husband had aroused the sympathy of both the Prince and Princess in her behalf. Everything that both of them could possibly invent to brighten her unhappy lot was done, and I should imagine that some of the very best moments of her otherwise sorrowful life have been spent under the roof of her kind-hearted and considerate friends, the Prince and Princess of Wales. She is usually accompanied by one or more of her children. Children indeed, and young people in general, constitute one of the most attractive features of the house-parties at Sandringham, and the Prince is seen at his best when among them. I remember often silently wishing

that some of his calumniators could have the opportunity of watching him surrounded by a group of merry and affectionate children, in all of whose sports he is wont to join in the most boyish and unconstrained manner. For it is sufficient to banish from one's thoughts all unkindly feeling, as well as all belief in the stories which set him down as a selfish and heartless libertine. Children are proverbially the best judges of character, and in order to form an estimation of the manner in which the Prince is regarded by them, it is only necessary to hear with what degree of tenderness all his numerous nephews and nieces talk of "Uncle Bertie."

Another phase of the Prince's life which affords an indication of his character is his behavior to the Princess. I am fully aware that there are many, on both sides of the Atlantic, who regard Her Royal Highness with feelings of commiseration, and who look upon her as a woman deeply injured by the innumerable infidelities ascribed to the Prince. The pity of these sympathizers has been, however, altogether wasted, for I do not know of any couple who throughout thirty years of married life have maintained such intimate and loving relations to one another—relations which constitute the best refutation of all the calumnies circulated about the Prince. When at Sandringham, and at Marlborough-House, the Royal Couple invariably occupy the same room—a trivial bit of information, yet indicative of the feelings that exist between husband and wife. For it is manifest that had one-thousandth part of the stories about the Prince's depravity been true, the Princess, who is a woman of far more spirit than she is credited with, would never tolerate such intimacy.

Quite a number of these stories owe their origin to ladies

who desire to have their names coupled with his. It is perfectly impossible for any one who has not witnessed it to conceive the absolutely flagrant manner in which ladies, even of the highest rank, set their caps at him and hunt him down like a quarry. At balls, garden parties, race meetings, etc., the whole aim of the fair sex present is to have their presence noticed by the Heir Apparent, who, apart from his power as autocrat of English society, possesses the most gracious and winsome manner imaginable. He has the reputation, and justly so, of being an admirer of the fair sex, and hence the members of the latter are wont to put forth all their charms and wiles in attempts to obtain the privilege of basking in the Royal Sunshine. Nothing can be more entertaining than to watch one of these fair ones with cheeks flushed and eyes charged with magnetism, bending forward to the Prince. "No harm meant"—but they are prepared to go many lengths to obtain, and after that to retain the special favor and good will of the genial despot. The Prince, who is the essence of good nature, seldom repels these gushing demonstrations of the dame, and the result is that fresh stories are hinted forth to the effect that the Lady A, or Mrs. B, has become another victim of His Royal Highness's depravity.

Many persons on reading this will feel disposed to interrupt me with the remark, "But what about Lady Mordaunt?" In reply thereto I would merely draw their attention to the fact that the Prince declining to avail himself of his legal immunities and privileged station voluntarily entered the witness box, submitted both to examination and cross-examination by counsel, and was finally acquitted by a jury composed of his countrymen. Like many members of London society, he is on terms of friendship with Lady Mordaunt as well as

with her sisters, the Countess of Dudley, the Duchess of Athole, and Lady Forbes. In consequence of the etiquette which prohibits the presence of any other visitors during a Royal afternoon call, the Prince generally saw Lady Mordaunt alone, and hence had peculiar difficulty in justifying himself. He was placed in an exceptionally painful position from which he issued with flying colors and increased popularity.

While on the subject of the Prince's appearance before Courts of Justice, it may be as well to say a few words concerning the circumstances which led to his only other *acte de presence* in the witness box. Of course, I refer to the much-discussed baccarat scandal. While it is quite possible and even probable that the unfortunate and impardonable behavior of the Wilson family in the matter was prompted by a malice and a hatred towards Sir William Gordon Cumming, which prevented them from acting with either discretion, tact or hospitality in the affair, it is altogether a mistake to waste any sympathy upon the Baronet. But few people are aware of the fact that when the charge of cheating at cards brought against him first became known, his brother officers of the Scots Guards Regiment met together and offered him to form themselves into a private and non-official Court of Inquiry. They added that the honor of the Regiment was at stake and that on this ground as well as on that of old comradeship they were anxious that he should furnish them with means of convincing all others of their firm belief in his innocence, thus enabling each officer of the corps to become a champion of his (Gordon Cumming's) cause, and of his honor. Notwithstanding their assurance that the inquiry should be conducted with entire secrecy and not as an official investigation, but as

a private endeavor on the part of a number of good and true fellows to get a friend out of a scrape into which he had become involved by signing the promise never to play cards again. Sir William declined the offer. It was then, and then only, that his fellow-officers and former friends cut loose from him, for his refusal was equivalent to a confession of guilt. Moreover, I doubt whether many women will continue to feel sympathy for him when they learn that his habit of bragging about his gallantries and his liaisons had led to his being dubbed in London with the significant nickname of "William Tell."

Far from ever being guilty of disloyalty to a friend—a charge which was brought against him in connection with Sir William Gordon Cumming, the Prince's one great fault throughout his life has been that his loyalty has led him to cling to friends that have proved themselves unworthy of the honor, and to persist in closing his eyes to the shortcomings on their part that were patent to everybody else. No man that I have ever known has stuck more closely and loyally to his friends, a fact in itself sufficient to win for him the good will of every one possessed of proper feeling. Every member of his large household, from Lords-in-waiting and equerries, down to the very lowest stable-help and under-gardener, has been in his employ for ten, twenty, and in more than one case even thirty years. Few people who enter the service of the Prince either care or are forced to leave it, save only when they cover themselves with terrible disgrace, such as in the altogether exceptional case of Lord Arthur Somerset.

The Prince of Wales when he comes to the throne will be an ideal constitutional Sovereign, far more so even than Queen Victoria, for whereas the latter has repeatedly manifested her

very strong preferences for the Tories, the Prince has never throughout his long career furnished the slightest indication as to his political inclinations. Neither his friends and acquaintances, nor yet the public, have the remotest idea whether his tendencies are in the direction of the Conservatives or in that of the Liberals. Indeed no one can even boast of knowing how the Prince feels on the subject of Irish Home Rule. He displays just as much good-will, courtesy and attention towards Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, as towards Lord and Lady Salisbury, and not a birthday of the Grand Old Man has ever been permitted to pass by without his receiving a kindly telegram of good-will and congratulation from the Prince, whom the venerable Statesman, so often subjected to unmerited neglect by the Queen, must long to hail as King before called upon to intone his *Nunc Dimittis*. This extraordinary impartiality displayed by the Prince in all political matters—a characteristic in which he offers a most striking contrast to every other Prince of Wales who has ever stood on the steps of the Throne—must not be in any way ascribed to indifference, for the Heir Apparent is far too good and true a Briton, to remain unmoved or uninterested by the political questions of his day. There is no more familiar figure than his, seated in the Peer's Gallery whenever an important debate takes place in the House of Commons, and it is with every appearance of the most keen attention that he leans forward, his irreproachably gloved hands folded in one another, and resting on the balcony rail as he gazes down on the oftentimes tumultuous scene below. Moreover the Foreign Office in accordance with his request is wont to forward to Marlborough-House a copy of every despatch received or sent that is submitted to the Queen. There is every reason

to believe therefore that the Prince is quite as keen a politician as the majority of Englishmen, and under the circumstances the fact that he should have even in the moments of greatest popular excitement been able to maintain a demeanor so impassive that no one could discover the direction of his sentiments affords an extraordinary and striking illustration of his wonderful power of self-control, of his marvelous tact, and his altogether unparalleled obedience to that unwritten clause of the British Constitution which demands strict political impartiality on the part of the Sovereign either in *esse* or in *futuro*.

Throughout the last five and twenty years there has not been a single philanthropic or charitable enterprise of any importance which has not been indebted to the Prince of Wales for vital assistance, and in numerous cases for initiation. He renders charity and philanthropy fashionable, and many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been devoted by wealthy persons to good works in the knowledge that there was no surer road to the Prince's favor than unstinted and free-handed charity. It was with the object of pleasing the Prince that Sir Francis Cook, the London merchant, gave \$200,000 towards the endowment of a home for girls attending the Royal College of Music, and it was with the same purpose in view that the great building contractor, Sir Thomas Lucas, constructed and presented a building worth another \$200,000 for use as the home in question. Both men earned the Prince's good will, which took the form of a couple of Baronetcies. The number of hospitals which have been founded by the Heir Apparent, or which have been assisted by him either with direct donation or with appeals to the public, reaches over a hundred, and up to this time the Prince has

brought into life no less than forty Orphanages. Moreover, he is responsible, in a great measure, for the enormous development of the art of industry and trade which has followed the various national and international exhibitions held in Great Britain under the patronage, and in many cases, under the personal and active direction of the Heir Apparent. With such a record as the one which I have attempted to describe, it is impossible to do otherwise than to admit the claims of the Prince to have a place not alone in the hearts of his countrymen, but also in the history of the nation. His life, which may at first sight appear to superficial observers frivolous, useless, and altogether wasted in selfish pleasures, will now bear a different aspect in their eyes. Few men, and certainly no Princes, are able to have the consciousness of having done so much, both directly and indirectly, to improve the condition of their fellow-creatures—aye, and of the dumb animals as well. While no one will ever dream of attempting to canonize Albert Edward, and to include him in the list of more or less reputable Saints when he dies, I venture to assert that he will figure on the pages of the Great Book with far more good to his record than many a man with a greater reputation for Saintliness. The life of the Prince is an extremely useful one to his fellow-countrymen to whom he devotes it, and the benefits of his long work in their behalf are likely to endure, not alone in their hearts, but also in letters of gold on some of the brightest pages of the History of England.

More than any other Englishman, either in official or private life, is the Prince an advocate of the maintenance of the closest possible relations between Great Britain and the United States. His sentiments toward the latter seem to

have dated from the period of his visit to America. One of the most memorable incidents of this visit by-the-by was when he, the grandson of King George III, bowed his head in prayer before the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and subsequently planted a tree in the adjoining ground for the purpose of commemorating his pilgrimage to that historic spot. No non-English people ever receive a more hearty welcome at Marlborough House than Americans, whom he prefers to regard not as foreigners but as kinsmen. Indeed, so marked is the predilection which he manifests for the society of Americans that his own subjects frequently allude to Marlborough House as the "Yankee Mecca."

A peculiarity of the Prince of Wales is the amazing fashion in which he keeps a clear head under the most trying circumstances. The following amusing account, of which the truth is vouched for, is given of the scene which took place with the Prince on the occasion of the earthquake along the Riviera.

It appears that His Royal Highness had come back in the early morning from a dance, and after a quiet half cigar on the balcony—the night was exquisite—had gone to bed and very soon fell asleep. The hotel was silent, as usual, the only sound upon the air being the distant rumble of the baggage-car on its way to the station, and the occasional wail of a *cor de chasse*, which some night-walking wretch down on the Promenade de la Croisette was fitfully and tipsily blowing. And then all of a sudden came the earthquake. Every room in the hotel groaned with its walls, creaked with its floor and rattled with its furniture. All the dogs in it howled together, and the noisy macaw in the manager's office screeched at the top of his voice. Then came a lull, as sudden as the disturb-

ance, and the smothered sound of many slippered feet and soft rustling dressing-gowns were hurrying along the corridors and down the marble stairs. And the Prince? At the first suggestion of danger his faithful equerry, Col. Clarke, bounded out of bed, and making his way across the smoking saloon knocked at the door of the Prince's bedroom:

"What's the matter?" asked a drowsy voice.

"There's an earthquake come, Sir," was the shouted reply.

"Then why didn't you send it away?" was the Royal answer.

"Won't you come outside, Sir?"

"Outside? No, certainly not. I'm in bed. Go away."

The equerry, his duty performed, followed the hurrying crowd out into the open air, under the deep blue sky and tranquil stars. After an hour of this peaceful scene, alarm died away and every one had returned to the hotel to dress when the second shock came, driving them all out again into the garden.

The equerry's thoughts again at once flew to the sleeping Prince. The Heir Apparent to the Throne of Great Britain was, in a measure, in his special charge. How had he acquitted himself of his sacred stewardship? A twinge of conscience made him feel uncomfortable as he sat out there in the still garden on an inverted watering-pot, expecting the tall chimneys of the diplomat's house across the square to come toppling down over him. He had not aroused the Prince at the second shock. So he got up, returned to the hotel, and, passing through the public rooms—His Royal Highness was on the ground floor, in a sort of annex, that projected into a private flower-planted court—reached the Prince's door and knocked. There was no response. He

knocked again. Still no answer. A third, louder than before, loud enough in fact to rouse all the seven sleepers. But still no answering voice. And then the horrid truth, sudden as was the earthquake shock, flashed into the wretched equerry's mind. Something was wrong. Had the Prince perished?

In an instant he had flung the door open and dashed across the ante-room. The curtains at the door of the bed chamber were drawn close together. With a frenzied hand he seized them and drew them apart. As he did so, something, but whether an aerolite, a thunder-bolt, or a falling beam, he knew not, struck him full in the face.

Strange lights danced before his eyes. His head swam, and in a momentary faintness he leant against the door. But the next moment a voice fell on his ear, grave and reproachful: "Look here, Clarke, I won't have any more of this, and if you don't shut up making that beastly row and let me go to sleep, I'll shy the other boot at you."

The Prince does not as a rule, I must confess, find the atmosphere of the continental courts congenial, and he fails to hit it off with any of the Monarchs now reigning. He does not get on well for any length of time with his nephew, the Emperor of Germany.

The Emperor of Austria, who was once fond of him, has become exceedingly cold and distant toward him since the scandal in connection with his attempt to force the company of Baron Hirsch upon the various members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy, who made preparation to entertain him.

Neither King Humbert nor the Czar, nor yet the young King of Portugal, has ever liked him, while it is antipathy

rather than sympathy that exists between King Leopold and his English cousin, the Prince of Wales.

With all this, few people enjoy more universal popularity among the people at large in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Rome, than the British Heir Apparent.

The reason of the ill-will, manifested in a more or less silent fashion by the various Monarchs of Europe toward the Royal Welshman, is attributable mainly to the fact that they, one and all, regard him as too careless of his princely dignity, and altogether too free and easy and *sans facon*.

The fact is that the Prince of Wales is altogether too unaffected and too little *poseur* to suit their tastes. Continental rulers are almost invariably in uniform, belted, spurred, sabred and decorated, and that the Prince should prefer a pot hat, a shooting jacket and a cane to regimentals is to them altogether inexplicable.

They seem to like what may be termed the theatrical and decorative part of their work. They want to show the people that they govern, and from morning to evening they are at "attention," in full regimentals.

The majority of them would no more think of going about their capitals without some distinctive mark of their rank than Leo XIII. would of taking off his white cassock and of donning a derby hat and tweed suit for a stroll on the Corso, with a cigarette between his lips.

Pomp, parade and show are the very breath of their life, whereas there is nothing that the Prince of Wales detests so much. He is far more of the world than one who aims to be above the world. Ceremony and all the theatrical portion of Royalty are to him an insufferable bore, and he infinitely prefers a good cigar and a chat with a pretty woman or a

clever man to galloping about, reviewing troops or presiding over state functions.

In a word, the Prince of Wales, in the eyes of the Continental Sovereigns, permits his role as the private gentleman and the leader of society to encroach too largely on his Royal dignity.

In this, however, it is he who is right, and they who are wrong, for, as the arbiter of English society, of the entire social system of the British Empire, the Prince exercises a far greater and more real power than any foreign despot.

The very strongest proof of the truth of my assertion is furnished by the acknowledged fact that he is able to maintain his rank and to possess intimate friends among his future subjects without being forced to adopt any of the safeguards that are needed by the European Monarchs to protect their dignity from the presumption and impertinence of inferiors.

There are few European Sovereigns who venture to address a subordinate in rank without imparting to their voice and to their manner a kind of condescending tone, with a view of thoroughly keeping the person with whom they are speaking at a distance and in his proper place.

There are some potentates indeed who even go so far as to assume almost a baby voice, as if speaking to a child, when addressing an inferior and wishing to be particularly amiable and pleasant.

With the Prince of Wales, however, there is no necessity for any such manoeuvres as these.

He has no need of affecting condescension, and when he does condescend, he conceals the fact with the greatest delicacy and tact. With all this, he is the last to tolerate pre-

sumption, but so careful and so diplomatic is his manner that he has scarcely ever been exposed thereto.

Cards are not the only amusement patronized by the Prince of Wales. He is exceedingly fond of shooting, and a first-rate shot. He contrives, however, to get the largest amount of sport possible with the least amount of exertion. His personal attendants are given the benefit of most of the exercise, and His Royal Highness gets the fun.

Unconsciously, the Heir Apparent is most exacting when out for a day's shooting, and wants more waiting upon than a woman in delicate health. "Just do this," and "Just do that," are his constant commands, and the end of the day finds his victims weary beyond expression and fit for nothing but bed.

The joke is that the Prince always looks perfectly innocent of the undue demands he is making upon the endurance of those about him, and having escaped all exertion himself, cannot understand how it is that his companions are so fatigued.

The Prince never liked cricket, at least never since the date of a memorable game organized specially for his entertainment shortly after he took up his residence at Sandringham, about five and twenty years ago.

It was in this match that the Prince was to make his debut as a cricketer, and all the local magnates were present. It was Mr. Charles Wright who was the captain of the eleven opposing that of the Prince.

Before the game commenced Mr. Wright carefully coached each one of his men on the necessity of letting the Prince have a chance and of helping him to run up a nice little score, which might conduce to that self-satisfaction so essential to enthusiasm in any pursuit.

All went well until the Prince came to take his innings, when, Mr. Wright being the bowler, either forgetting his elaborate cautions to others, or else unable to resist the temptation to add to his fame, incontinently bowled his future King out with the first ball, and so ended forever the hopes of the Prince of Wales's patronage for the cricket fraternity. The Prince could never be prevailed upon to play again.

Among the idiosyncrasies of the Prince of Wales, which those about to make his acquaintance would do well to know, is his invincible horror of black ties with evening dress. The sight of a man thus arrayed at any entertainment which he may happen to attend is sufficient to upset and to sour him for the entire evening, and in his eyes it is an unpardonable infraction of the laws of good taste and good form.

The rural home at Sandringham of the Heir to the Throne of Britain lies in the warm sheltered hollow behind the range of low-wooded bluffs that line the southern margin of the Wash. From the low-lying station of Wolferton the road traversed by the visitors to Sandringham Hall gradually ascends through a region, the natural bleakness and barrenness of which is slowly and reluctantly yielding before the persistent energy of taste and skill. Carefully tended young plantations of fir and birch stud the undulating expanse of scrub and heather, and the quaint rustic gables of the "Folly" peep out from the heart of a clump of sturdy evergreens, backed up by well-grown and vigorous young pines, by the edge of which the Princess's favorite drive wends away to the left through the bushy copses of the Josceline wood that mantles the indented crest and undulating summit of the upland ridge, looming down over the intermediate low-lying fields, farmsteadings and plantations upon the broad bosom

of the great estuary. Presently the heather gives place to greensward, and the pine thickets are succeeded by the mossy boles and spreading branches of fine ancestral oaks and beeches, which but partially screen the view of the wide-stretching expanse of the home park, where the deer are pasturing in the glades, and the water, set in a cincture of luxuriant evergreens, gleams mirror-like in still glassy pools, or sparkles and tumbles over the picturesque rockwork of reddish brown. Close on the left rises the hoary square tower of the quaint little Sandringham Church, within whose walls Prince and peasant worship together in the modest God's acre, surrounding which rest side by side the mortal remains of the babe of the blood royal and the child of the peasant.

There is a glimpse, over the sward and the water and the rockwork, of the long, picturesquely broken garden front of the Hall—a mere passing gleam of warm red, here and there, hidden in the loving embrace of the dark-green ivy; and then with a wide sweep the road turns the corner of the park, the beautiful “Norwich Gates,” with their delicate ironwork tracery, are passed, and there remains but a short drive along a broad, straight avenue, lined on either side by massive old trees, to the principal entrance of the Hall. At a glance it is apparent that Sandringham is no stately palace where comfort is a secondary consideration to splendor, where sumptuous suits of apartments bear the chilling impress of being uninhabited and uninhabitable; but a veritable English home, designed not for show, but to be lived in, every detail eloquent of unostentatious taste and refined domesticity. The keynote to the theme of *dulce domum* (home, sweet home) is struck on the very threshold. In the inner wall of the vestibule above the Hall door is set a tablet bearing the inscription,

in old English characters: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870." The home-savor of Sandringham begins from the very door-step, for there is no formal entrance-hall. The vestibule is simply a part and portion of the great salon which may be called the family parlor of the house. This noble apartment has a lofty roof of open oakwork; its walls are covered with pictures, and its area is almost encumbered with cosy chairs, occasional tables, pictures on easels, musical instruments, flowers in stands, flowers in pots, flowers in vases, and a thousand and one pretty trifles, each one of which has an association and a history linked to it. Peering out from under the palm-fronds are two miniature cannon, which were a present from the late Emperor to the Royal children. Above Count Zichy's charming sketch in water colors, illustrative of the various phases of home-life at Sandringham, is a large picture of the birthplace of the Princess. Over the fire-place is Borlase's oil painting of the Prince and Princess, with two of their children. The King and Queen of Denmark look down from the walls on the scene of the afternoon romp of their English grandchildren. On one of the round tables stands the casket in which the Sandringham tenantry inclosed their address of congratulation on the Prince's safe return from India. Above the arch of the vestibule facing the main entrance is fixed the beautiful, fierce head of the Chillingham bull, shot by the Prince in 1872, with Scott's fervid lines underneath:

"Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow."

From the salon opens the business room, occupied by General Sir Dighton Probyn, V. C., the Controller of the Prince's household, and by Sir Francis Knollys, His Royal Highness's Private Secretary; and in this room it is where the Prince transacts his correspondence, gives interview to other than social visitors, sees his tenants on questions of improvements—for His Royal Highness shirks none of the obligations of a landed proprietor—and gives his personal instructions to his land steward, gardener and head-keeper.

A plain room, furnished in a plain and business-like style, this apartment has for its sole embellishment a few portraits, among which may be mentioned those of the late Admiral Rous and of Field Marshal Lord Napier, of Magdala. On the right of the vestibule, as one enters the house, lies the library; a pleasant room in blue and light oak, the shelves of which are filled with books belonging almost exclusively to the departments of history and travels. A whole compartment is devoted to works on the Crimean War, another to books—many of which are hard reading enough—on India, both British and native. The "Greville Memoirs" are sandwiched between the "Nelson Dispatches" and the "Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition," and the "Seven Weeks' War" is in close proximity to the "Rise of the Mahometan Power in India." Through the equerry's room, the next of the suit, is reached the second library, which might appropriately bear the name of the "Serapis Room," for it is full of the belongings of His Royal Highness during his voyages in the big troop-ship, and the familiar feathers in gold between the initials "A. E." meet the eye everywhere.

This room opens into the vestibule of the garden-entrance, which, by reason of its proximity to the drawing-rooms, is

always used on ball nights. From the main corridor stretching to the great staircase there open, on the right, the principal reception rooms; but before these are reached there is passed the Prince's private morning room, a family room, pure and simple. The admixture of feminine and masculine tastes, of which this pretty room is, more than others in the house, an exemplar, speaks eloquently of lives blended in an accord of close-knit domesticity. The walls of cool neutral tint are partly decorated with rare china and pottery, partly paneled with crayon pictures of deer-stalking episodes in the Highlands by the most celebrated English painters of our day.

A large windowed projection, which is in part a lounge, in part a boudoir, and in part a writing-room, is half partitioned off from the rest of the room by a screen devoted to the display of family photographs. A truss of mignonette trees, with lilies of the valley blossoming around the bushy stem, half hides the panel on which Leighton's brush has depicted "The Bringing the Deer Home;" the spreading skin of a huge tiger, shot by the Prince in India, lies on a quilt-carpet of patchwork, which was a tribute of loving respect to the Princess from the children of one of the schools she finds time to foster with so much personal attention.

From this room a door opens into the ante-room of the great drawing-room, a pretty little apartment in French grey, having for its chief ornament a large picture of the Emperor of Russia and the Prince driving together in a sledge, whose three horses, in a furious gallop, are fore-shortened with great skill and fine effect.

The principal drawing-room, like all the rooms on this side of the house, looks out into the park, across the flower beds, water and rockery, to where the antlered deer are browsing

in the beech-glades. It is a room of fine proportions, the walls of which are in a pale salmon color, and its fixed decorations are studiously simple, consisting merely of a few mirrors placed panelwise, some floral mouldings, a painted ceiling and a single group of statuary. Mme. Jerichau's "Bathing Girls" embrace each other on a pedestal, from around the base of which flowers and blossoming exotic shrubs rear the glories of their bloom and the quieter hue of their foliage against the pale marble. The sweet scent of spring violets nestling among moss perfumes the air, and there are flowers everywhere; indeed the whole house is a floral bower, for the Princess is passionately fond of flowers, and literally lives among them. A door-window of the drawing-room "gives" on a small domed conservatory projecting from the garden front of the house. Here the arched fronds of the palms form a sombre glory over the pedestal, upon which Jerichau's two white marble children press lip to lip within an encircling thicket of flowers, in which the orange of the euphorbia, the pale rose of the calanthe, the wax-like trusses of the white hyacinth, the gleaming scarlet of the poinsetia, the blushing purple of the primula, and the fair pale sweetness of the lily of the valley at once vie and blend with each other. En suite with the drawing-room is the dining-room, a warm-tinted, genial-looking room, suggestive of comfort in its every item. A great bow window expands from the centre of its front, whence the light streams in upon Landseer's "Mare and Foal" above the oaken side-board. Over the fire-place, where the logs are blazing on the wide open hearth, is a full-length portrait of the Prince in the blue-and-gold of the Tenth Hussars. "Unzer Fritz" and his Princess flank Landseer's *chef-d'œuvre* on either side, and life-size portraits of the Princesses Alice

and Louisa hang on either side of the door opening from the drawing-room.

From the dining-room the way leads through a "Corridor of Weapons," where the "white arms" of all ages are arranged in glass-fronted cabinets on the walls, to the billiard-room. Here the walls are brightened by Leech's inimitable hunting sketches, and there are three-side windows, set in ivy, looking out on the Italian gardens on the site of the old fish-ponds, and so athwart the park of the church. The annexed smoking-room is the ante-chamber to the long vista of the bowling alley, lighted both from sides and roof, with raised seats at the upper end, whence ladies may look down on the tournament of their squires. Beyond the bowling alley is a little room over which Macdonald reigns supreme—the gun-room, in whose glass-fixed cupboards are arranged shooting-irons in bewildering number and variety.

The chief adornment of the main staircase is a fine portrait in oils of the Princess in riding-dress. Immediately at the top of the stairs a door opens to the right of the school-room, a light, pleasant room, in which flowers and photographs compete for elbow room with school books and story books. The impulse is to pause here in this sketchy description of the interior of Sandringham Hall, lest the going further savor of intrusiveness. Yet it is hard to shun a reference to that beautiful room on the same floor, with its pale salmon-colored and French-gray walls; its pink and lace hangings round the deep bay of the bow window; its medley of old China, photographs, water colors, dwarf palms, flowers; its thousand and one pretty knick-knacks; its singing birds; and with the indescribable, yet felt, although unseen, presence of delicate and refined womanhood which pervades the whole

of the exquisite chamber. This is the boudoir of the Princess—the room that so grew into the heart of Her Royal Highness, because of early grateful memories associated with it, that when Sandringham Hall was rebuilt she made it her special stipulation that it should be reconstructed on “the ancient lines” in the minutest particular. No excuse is needed for an allusion to a room in the same corridor, because of the deep historical interest which attaches to it. It is difficult, indeed, standing to-day in the big comfortable home-like chamber, whither, through the open door, comes the song of the linnets in the Princess’ dressing-room; whither, through the open bay window in the great recess beyond the crimson Priedieu on the further side of the bed, with its hangings of blue and white to correspond with the tapestry paper on the walls, is wafted on the breeze the fresh, briny scent of the sea—it is difficult to realize the scene to which these silent walls could bear witness; the time when the Prince, on this same bed, battled for breath in the very straits of the dark valley, while his dearest kinsfolks were gathered around for the sad, solemn duty of bidding him a final farewell, while in the corridor hushed retainers wept for the imminent untimely fate of one not less loved than honored, and while outside in the snow-slush grief-stricken laboring folk longed yet feared for tidings of their “master.” Yet there in the ceiling above the bed is the mark of the orifice whence projected the hook supporting the trapeze cunningly devised by Bentley, and by the aid of which the Prince, when on the slow and weary road towards convalescence, was wont to change his recumbent position, or pull himself up into a sitting posture.

During the shooting season the routine of Sandringham

life has for variety little other than the change of scene and of sport. One day the battue may be Flitcham for partridge-driving; the next may be dedicated to the pheasants of the Commodore and Dersingham Woods; or the "hot corner" may be at the angle of Woodcock Wood, with the "Folly" as the luncheon rendezvous. The start is at 10.30, and, if there is any distance to be traversed, the gunners travel to the scene of their sport in the char-a-banc and wagonette. The Sandringham corps of beaters is forty strong, each member wearing a Norfolk smock-frock of brown fustian, with a number on a red badge. Luncheon is at two, served in a *marquee* in some convenient spot, and at this meal the Princess, who drives to the trysting place her own four-in-hand team of pretty ponies, joins the gentlemen with the ladies who are her guests. During the afternoon shooting, which takes the homeward direction, the ladies walk, or ride on pony-back, with the guns. Afternoon tea, to which all the guests join in the saloon, is one of the great institutions of Sandringham home-life. M. Zichy has sketched the scene of charming informal domesticity with appreciative felicity. The Prince, tea cup in hand, stands with his back to the vestibule fire, one of his sons and a group of his male friends standing about him. The Princess is at the tea-table, with one of her daughters by her side and a number of guests of both sexes around the board. An adult gentleman with a mustache is obviously flirting with a young lady, over whose flaxen curls quite seven summers must have passed. From 6 to 7.30 the Prince addresses himself to correspondence and business in Sir Francis Knollys's room; but indeed there is hardly an hour in the day which His Royal Highness devotes wholly to pleasure, for his land steward generally accompanies him in

shooting excursions, at hand to note suggestions as to improvements which may occur to the Prince as he tramps over the estate. It is reputed of the Prince in Norfolk that no landlord in the country is better acquainted with the details of his property, and with a greater zeal for its improvement. The dinner hour is 8 London time, 8.30 Sandringham time, for the Prince will have Sandringham time half an hour fast, the better to insure “taking time by the forelock.” On the dinner table the chief decorations are flowers brought fresh every night from the region of glass and heated air. On the birthday of His Royal Highness, afternoon tea gives place to a visit to the stable-yard, in one of the coach-houses of which all the laborers on the estate, some two hundred in number, are entertained at a “square meal” of the most substantial character. On the night of the same day occurs the annual country ball; while on the night of the Princess’ birthday is given the annual tenants’ ball, to which are bidden not alone the tenantry of the Sandringham estate but representative tenants from the various properties which the Prince has visited in his shooting expeditions.

The Sunday is the most characteristic day of the week at Sandringham. After luncheon the whole house-party walk out past the “Bachelor’s Cottage,” which is now being organized as a separate residence for the Duke of York, to the kennels. A flock of foreign goats immediately beset the Princess, wise in their generation and in the full expectancy of tid-bits. There is a leisurely stroll through the pheasantry and along the snugly sheltered cages in which are housed the Nepaulese birds which were one of Sir Jung Bahadoor’s gifts. The bear-pit looked down into, and the bears coaxed to climb the pole, the dogs claim attention. The noble Hima-

layan deerhounds are clamorous for liberation, and effusively grateful when that has been accorded—a boon which Her Royal Highness may extend to the shaggy Scotch terriers which have greeted her so noisily. The monkey-house cannot be passed over; and then the party, with multitudinous dogs as *eclaireurs*, stroll away to the gardens. New Indian plants developing unexpected characteristics; cacti from Rangoon flourishing like green bay trees, and rare flora from South America putting forth quaintly beautiful blossoms. From the hot-houses and gardens the pleasant peregrination is pursued to the farm-yard, where there is quite as great an *embarras de richesse* in the way of things that ought to be seen and are seen, as in the kennels or the gardens, and where everything is as clean as a new pin. The big cross and the two dainty Devons that are in feeding for next year's Smithfield Club show are paraded and criticised; the pretty Alderney calves find admirers and connoisseurs among the ladies; and cart-horse stalls are found in the occupation of shaggy Heratee ponies, and of the team of pretty Corsicans which, with their miniature drag, were the Prince's parting present to the Princess on the day he left Sandringham for his Indian tour.

From the Indian bullocks in the paddock it is but a step to the sheep-house, where the Southdowns are feeding for winning some more prizes, the certificates of which adorn the rafters of their snug abode. While the gentlemen are tramping it over the grass-land to the site of the new works which are presently to supply virgin spring water to the hall and its dependencies, the Princess is showing to her lady guests her dainty dairy, with the exquisite little tea-room attached, whose panels are gradually filled up with votive decorative tiles.

There is no lack of occupation for days not devoted to sport. The laboring folk in Sandringham Parish have been all comfortably housed in model cottages, the reformation of the cottage architecture and accommodation of the Parish of Wolferton—an out-lying portion of the estate—has been steadily improved under the personal supervision of the Princess herself, who sets her face determinedly against defective and unpicturesque homes for her laboring people. At a farm in his own hands in Wolferton Parish, the Prince has some fine pedigree short-horn stock, and is gradually rearing a herd whose influence must benefit his neighbors without the expenditure of sensational prices for the fancy of a particular strain. Sandringham is the chosen rural home of their Royal Highnesses; they have watched it grow into beauty as their children grow up around their own hearth. It is endeared to them as the scene of much sweet serene happiness and also of some great sorrows, and in Sandringham it is given to them—nor do they forego the opportunity—to do much good in this place they love so well.

FESTIVITIES

OF THE

DIAMOND JUBILEE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH all the pomp and splendor possible to concentrate in one grand pageant, the diamond jubilee week of Queen Victoria's reign was inaugurated in London on Sunday, June 20th. The whole world looked on with interest, and Britishers, with an enthusiasm unknown in the past, prepared for an event that had had no parallel in the history of their empire, if, indeed, it had in the whole story of nations.

The event surpassed in gigantic magnificence the coronation of the Czar, and the general interest in the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne attracted a far wider interest than did the splendid feast within the precincts of ancient Moscow.

Queen Victoria began the celebration of her jubilee as was befitting her entire career—before the altar of her faith, while throughout London, the United Kingdom, and the Empire, in every cathedral, church, or chapel of the Established Church of England, were held services similar to those at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where her Majesty paid her devotions and offered solemn thanksgiving.

The announcement that the services at St. George's Chapel would be private and for the members of the royal family prevented the gathering of a large crowd. The scene was most impressive and the service very simple. Her Majesty sat in the chair of state, immediately in front of the com-

munion rail, and just beside the brass plate whose inscription designates the spot which was the temporary place of interment of the Prince Consort.

The ladies and gentlemen who are the grand officers of the Queen's household entered first, followed by the Military Knights of Windsor, in the full costume of cocked hats and scarlet coats. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery occupied their stalls as Knights of the Garter. The rest of the choir was empty, the seats of the royal family being near the Queen's. The Dean of Westminster, wearing the insignia of Chaplain of the Order of the Garter, officiated, assisted by the Lord Bishop of Barry and several canons.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, amid the soft strains of an organ voluntary, the Queen arrived from the cloisters at the entrance. Assisted by her Indian attendant, she walked slowly to the chair of state, the congregation standing. She was dressed all in black, except for a white tuft in her bonnet. The Empress Frederick of Germany, attired in deep black, took the seat at the right of the Queen, while the Duke of Connaught, wearing his Windsor uniform, seated himself at her left. The others grouped themselves closely behind, and looked very like a simple family of worshipers. Among them were the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Princess Henry, Prince Christian and Princess Christian, with their children, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke Sergius, and the Grand Duchess.

After the first Collect a special Collect was read, and instead of the usual prayer for the Queen and royal family this special prayer was substituted:

"Almighty God, who rulest over all the kingdoms of the world and disposeth of them according to Thy good pleasure,

we yield Thee unfeigned thanks for that Thou wast pleased to place Thy servant, our sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, upon the throne of this realm. Let Thy wisdom be her guide and let Thine arm strengthen her; let justice, truth, and holiness, let peace and love flourish in her days. Direct all her counsels and endeavors to Thy glory and the welfare of her people, and give us grace to obey her cheerfully for conscience. Let her always possess the hearts of her people; let her reign be long and prosperous and crown her with immortality in the life to come."

A special prayer for unity was said, and there were special psalms and gospels used instead of those for the day, the gospel being the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew: "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

There was no sermon, but a hymn, written by the Right Rev. William Walsham, Lord Bishop of Wakefield, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was sung at her Majesty's request. The third verse was as follows:

O, royal heart, with wide embrace,
For all her children yearning;
O, happy realm, such mother grace
With loyal love returning.
Where England's flag flies wide unfurled,
All tyrant wrongs repelling;
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling.

Before the benediction the following special thanksgiving was offered:

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, we give Thee hearty

thanks for the many blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon us during the sixty years of happy reign of our gracious Queen Victoria. We thank Thee for progress made in knowledge of Thy marvelous works, for increase of comfort given to human life, for kindlier feeling between rich and poor, for wonderful preaching of the Gospel to many nations, and we pray Thee that these and all Thy other gifts may be long continued to us and to our Queen, to the glory of Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

The choir of St. George's Chapel rendered the musical portion of the service, Sir Walter Parratt presiding at the organ. The service lasted forty minutes, the Queen remaining seated throughout, and following closely the special prayers and hymn.

At the end there was a pause. The Queen, with bowed head, continued in silent prayer. Then followed a touching scene, which will ever linger in the memory of those who witnessed it. Summoning the Empress Frederick, who bowed low at her side, the Queen kissed her on both cheeks. The Duke of Connaught and the others of the family followed, receiving a similar token of affection on bended knees. In many cases the recipient was kissed several times.

The Queen was profoundly moved, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. At last, and evidently with great reluctance, she beckoned her Indian attendant, and, leaning on his arm, passed slowly out of the chapel.

The entire congregation stood, the soft light falling through the multi-colored windows, and the exquisite strains of the organ rising and swelling beneath the Gothic banded roof. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and thrilled all present with strong emotions.

In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the afternoon a special musical service was held, at which most of the members of the royal family who had attended the morning service, except the Queen and the Empress Frederick, were present. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was superbly sung by Mme. Albani, Edward Lloyd, and choir of the chapel, assisted by the Windsor and Eton Choral and Madrigal Societies. Sir Walter Parratt played the organ and conducted her Majesty's private band.

Several of the leading pulpits of the city were occupied by American preachers, all of whom alluded in the most feeling terms to the Queen's life and character.

There were two services at St. Paul's Cathedral, at eleven A. M. and at three P. M. Immense crowds filled all the approaches to the Cathedral at the morning service, anxious to catch a glimpse of the royalties and distinguished personages who were announced to be present, including all the Protestant envoys. The first to arrive and to be recognized with the greatest interest were the Archbishop of Finland, in purple and black vestments, accompanied by two deacons, and General Kierreef, in full uniform. Then followed Chang Ying Huan, the Chinese envoy, in gorgeous Celestial garments. He was escorted to the choir, where were seated also the envoys of the United States, Russia, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Brazil, and Hawaii.

Under the dome and behind the richly crimsoned royal pews were the peers and peeresses in full robes, the foreign envoys and five colonial Premiers with their families.

Just before eleven o'clock the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of the Cathedral, with the Cathedral clergy and choir, proceeded to the west door

to receive the members of the royal family. The aisle was lined with a guard of honor, consisting of the medical staff corps, in view of the fact that it was Hospital Sunday.

The members of the royal family arrived punctually and were received, as they drove through the streets to the Cathedral, with the profoundest respect. Among them were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Charles of Denmark and the Princess Charles, Prince Albert of Prussia, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Prince Eugene of Sweden, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

Preceded by the clergy and amid the strains of the processional hymn :

O King of Kings !
Whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,

they proceeded to their seats. The service was conducted by the Lord Bishop of London, and the celebrated Cathedral choir of 150 male voices, assisted by an orchestra of 150 from Covent Garden Opera House and several of the principal theatres, rendered the musical portions. The form of service was the same as at St. George's Chapel, and was participated in by the vast congregation with evident feeling. To the invocation of the priest, "Send her help from Thy Holy Place," came the deep response of the kneeling multitude, "And evermore mightily defend her," while in impressive

unison came the "Amen," following the priest's words, "Let her reign be long and prosperous, and crown her with immortality in the life to come."

Holy Communion was celebrated and the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of London, who touched upon many of the events in the reign of Victoria and eloquently extolled her piety, charity, and motherly love for her people.

The national pæan of praise and thanksgiving found official expression at Westminster Abbey and at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

At the Abbey Dean Bradley officiated before an immense congregation.

In the congregation were upward of fifty peers, without the robes of the peerage, among them the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer, Earl Cadogan, Lord Frederick Roberts, and Lord Lyon Playfair. The royal family was represented by the Duchess of Albany and her children and the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. There was a large contingent of foreign titled people, with a sprinkling of Indian magnates in striking costumes. The venerable Dean was assisted by the Lord Bishop of Durham and the Abbey clergy and choir. During the impressive procession from the west door the organ was reinforced by trumpets and drums, and at the end of the anthem for the day the national anthem was sung with immense feeling.

This was the strangest Sunday ever known in London. The route that was to be traversed by the royal procession resembled a huge fair. Carriages from the West End, bearing titled persons and leaders of fashion, found themselves sandwiched between milk-carts, fish-carts, donkey barrows,

and brewers' vans, all packed with the families of their owners or drivers, who were singing and joking. On the sidewalks there was a similar condition of affairs. Clubmen elbowed navvies and factory girls, and everywhere the utmost good nature was displayed. Here and there could be seen an Oriental turban or the uniform of a colonial trooper. Hyde Park was studded with the tents of military detachments which were to take part in the procession.

The streets had not been empty since dawn. Groups of people sauntered through the thoroughfares all night long, singing and otherwise enjoying themselves. The costers were reaping what to them was a bountiful harvest. They were selling barrowfuls of oranges, ginger beer, and cakes to holiday-makers from the East End who were camping out in the West End streets. These people did not intend to go to work or return to their homes until after the jubilee. A police regulation permitted saloons to remain open until three o'clock in the morning, a boon that was appreciated by the thousands who were out after midnight, the usual closing hour.

All Europe joined in the universal homage. In nearly every large city thanksgiving services were held in the local English churches.

The newspapers in many cities, especially Vienna and St. Petersburg, published long eulogistic articles upon the Victorian reign.

At Constantinople the Sultan sent a number of high Ottoman officials to represent him at the service, and the entire diplomatic corps was present. A guard of English blue jackets was drawn up along the main approach to the chapel.

In Canada the diamond jubilee celebration was begun by

special services in all the churches. The Montreal Brigade and the Fifty-third Battalion of Sherbrooke; the Governor General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, and the Fifty-seventh Battalion of Peterboro, held a church parade to Christ Church Cathedral, to St. James' (Roman Catholic) Cathedral and to St. Paul's Church. Over 3,000 troops took part, the streets being crowded to see the pageant.

The "Te Deum" at Notre Dame Church was very impressive, and a grand musical ceremony. Over 15,000 persons were present. Monsignor del Val, the Papal delegate, occupied the throne and delivered an address on the Queen's reign. He also offered a special prayer for the Queen.

Lord Aberdeen, Governor General and Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, Sir Adolphe Chapleau, occupied seats in the church.

In the United States there were numerous demonstrations of a quiet character; notable among these was the service held on Sunday afternoon, June 20th, in Old Trinity Church, New York City. It was the day appointed by the Church of England for the religious commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, and the St. George Society and the St. Andrew's Society had been allowed to use the church for their services.

Old Trinity's pulpit was draped with the British Royal Standard and the chancel rails hidden by the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes; the mighty organ rolled out "God Save the Queen," while hundreds of tongues framed the words.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, who is chaplain of the Societies of St. George and St. David.

In concluding Dr. Morgan said :

“We would sum up our grounds of gratitude on this sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty’s accession to the throne of Great Britain in the words of a citizen of this Republic : ‘Victoria, the Queen of England, the Empress of India and the Woman of the World.’ ”

Amid an unprecedented display of enthusiasm Queen Victoria arrived in the capital of the empire on Monday, and the royal standard floated from Buckingham Palace, while the streets were filled with cheering people, looking forward with redoubled anticipations to the great parade of the morrow.

Queen Victoria left Windsor Castle at noon by the Sovereign’s entrance, facing the long walk, and traversed part of the Thames streets of Windsor on her way to the railroad station. Her Majesty’s carriage was drawn by a pair of grays, with postillions and outriders.

The Queen was accompanied by her eldest daughter, ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, and by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenburg, who occupied another carriage, preceding that of her Majesty.

The short route leading from the castle to the railway station was lined by a mass of people. Flags and flowers were everywhere, and the order of the day, “God Save the Queen,” appeared on houses and banners without end.

The railway station was beautifully decorated in scarlet and gold, flowers in bloom and artistic palms. The Queen was received by the directors of the railway and walked through the private waiting room leaning on the arm of an Indian attendant, entering her saloon carriage by a sloping gangway.

“The Queen’s Train”—used for the first time to-day—

consisted of six cars built on the American vestibule plan. The engine, "Queen Empress," beautifully painted and picked out with gold leaf, carried the royal arms emblazoned in gold and colors in front and royal heraldic devices over the splashboards of the driving wheels.

The Queen's carriage, which is fifty-four feet long, was in the centre of the train. It is painted chocolate, with cream panels. The headings are in gold and the door handles, with their molded lions' heads, are gold plated. The doors are emblazoned with the Royal Arms. The running gear is encased in mahogany with a carved lion's head at each corner, above which is a gilded Imperial crown.

The interior is divided into three compartments—the centre, the Queen's room, and at one end an open saloon for her Majesty's maids, at the other an open saloon for the gentlemen in attendance. The Queen's room has plate-glass bow-windows and a domed roof, the ceiling of which is white enamel with hand-painted borders. The curtains and upholstery are in white silk rep. The door handles, curtain poles, and incandescent lamps are silver plated.

The woodwork is mahogany and the outer doors are carved with the royal arms. Near the windows is the Queen's favorite swinging armchair and sofa. A small folding writing table, on which is an ivory electric bell, completes the furniture of the apartment.

The start from London was made at 12.10 A. M., and for almost the entire distance the train passed between scattered groups of loyal people. Every station of the railroad between Windsor and Paddington was decorated. The railway employees everywhere stood at the salute, while the platforms were crowded with cheering people.

Paddington was reached at 12.30. The immense terminus had been transformed into a hall of resplendent crimson, garlanded with fringe gold and fragrant with the odors of countless blossoms.

A loyal address was presented by Rev. Walter Abbott, Vicar of Paddington, and the Queen handed back a written reply, expressing gratification at the generous instincts of her people toward the poor, aged, sick, and young. The late Prince Consort, like herself, manifested great interest in charitable institutions, and her children shared that feeling, which formed not the weakest tie between herself and her people.

The passageway to the street was lined by the Eighteenth Middlesex Regiment, which also provided the guard of honor which surrounded the State carriage. The route to Buckingham Palace was via Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, Grand Junction Roads and Edgware Road to the Marble Arch, thence by Hyde Park and Constitution Hill.

Every house was superbly decorated with flags, flowers, banners, and festoons, and endless mottoes. A handsome triumphal arch had been erected by the Paddington vestry. It was a castellated structure in imitation of graystone, covered with ivy. It bore the motto: "Thy hearts are our throne." A second arch was at the bottom of the Edgware Road. It was covered with crimson cloth, flowers, and flags, and bore the motto: "God Bless Our Queen."

The route throughout was tenanted by an immense assemblage. Every window had its occupants, and every roof its sightseers. Every available space in the streets and squares were black with loyal humanity.

The Queen drove slowly to gratify her people. Volleys

of cheers rose clearly above the constant roar of acclamation. Hats were thrown in the air and handkerchiefs were waved wildly in welcome.

Nearing Piccadilly, the Queen saw for the first time the conspicuous evidence of what had been prepared for the morrow. The grim, gray walls of Apsley House were covered with a profusion of decoration. The grand stand at the side and front, adorned with flowers, flags, and mottoes, was crowded with the Queen's nobility, no less exuberant in their welcome than the Queen's commoners, in front of St. George's Hospital.

Next to Paddington, the crowds selected Buckingham Palace as the most interesting point to view proceedings. The gathering of envoys and their suites and the Indian officers began at noon, and many were the speculations relative to the identity of the bejeweled officers as they drove up in royal carriages or smart hansoms.

The police were kept busy attending to fainting women, but the crowds were in the best of humor, and chaffed every one.

A number of Americans, armed with cameras, had stationed themselves opposite the palace gate. Somebody in the crowd shouted: "Now, Yanks, three cheers for your mother," raising a roar of good-humored laughter.

On the right of the palace gateway the Duchess of Connaught and her children and some of the Battenbergs awaited the arrival of her Majesty.

A few minutes before one o'clock a hoarse roar of cheering in the distance announced the approach of the Queen. The cheering grew in strength until it culminated in a deafening storm of applause as the sovereign drew near the palace.

The Queen bowed slowly, right and left, to the loyal greetings of her subjects. She looked pleased, did not wear spectacles, and appeared no more tired than any woman of her age might be expected to be.

As soon as the carriage entered the palace yard it passed direct to the quadrangle. Princess Henry of Battenberg waved her hand as she passed to her children, who, with the Duchess of Connaught, saluted her Majesty, and caused an enthusiastic renewal of the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs.

The Queen proceeded at once to her private apartments for luncheon, and the royal and other guests had luncheon in the State supper room. Levee dress was worn.

Queen Victoria received the formal congratulations of the special envoys of other nations and the imperial envoys in the Bow Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace at 4 o'clock.

Conspicuous among the special embassies was that of the United States, comprising Whitelaw Reid, of New York, the special envoy; General Nelson A. Miles, and Rear Admiral J. N. Miller. Envoy Reid was third on the list to be received, only the representatives of France and Spain preceding him.

The envoys were conducted to her Majesty's presence by the Queen's master of ceremonies and were introduced by the Marquis of Salisbury.

The Queen was dressed in black, wore a widow's cap and the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. She sat in a gilded chair near the centre of the room. The Prince of Wales stood immediately behind her. At her right hand was the Princess of Wales, while others of the royal family were near her Majesty or about the room.

The Queen in each case took the letter and smilingly addressed two or three sentences of thanks and compliments to each envoy.

The following is the personal letter from President McKinley to Queen Victoria:

"To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India:

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the sixtieth anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the throne of Great Britain.

"I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign, illustrious and marked by advance in science, arts, and popular well-being.

"On behalf of my countrymen, I wish particularly to recognize your friendship for the United States and your love of peace exemplified upon important occasions.

"It is pleasing to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues. May your life be prolonged and peace, honor, and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule.

"May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws and your Government continue strong in the affections of all who live under it.

"And I pray God to have your Majesty in His holy keeping,

"Done at Washington, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1897.

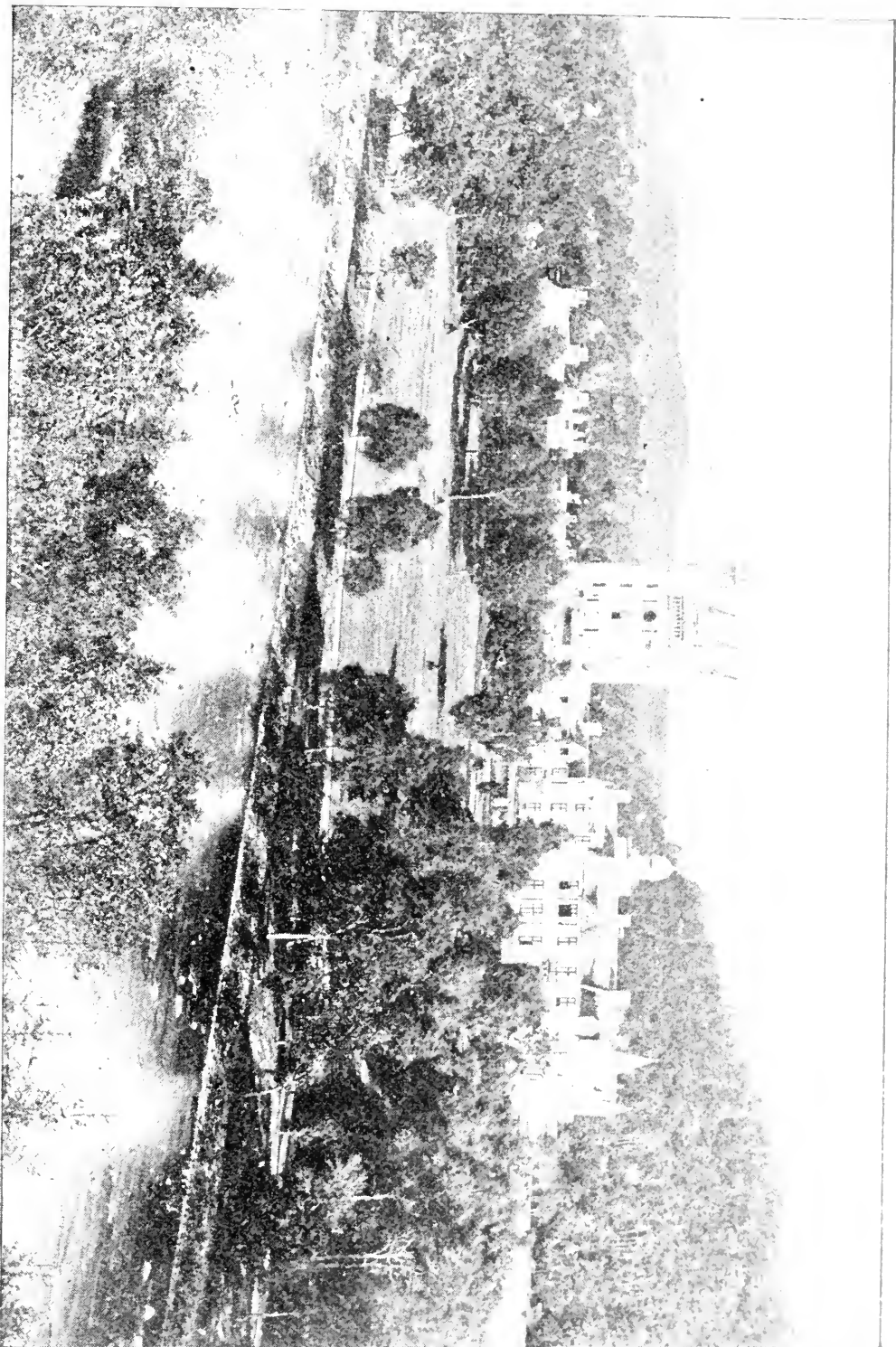
"Your good friend,

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

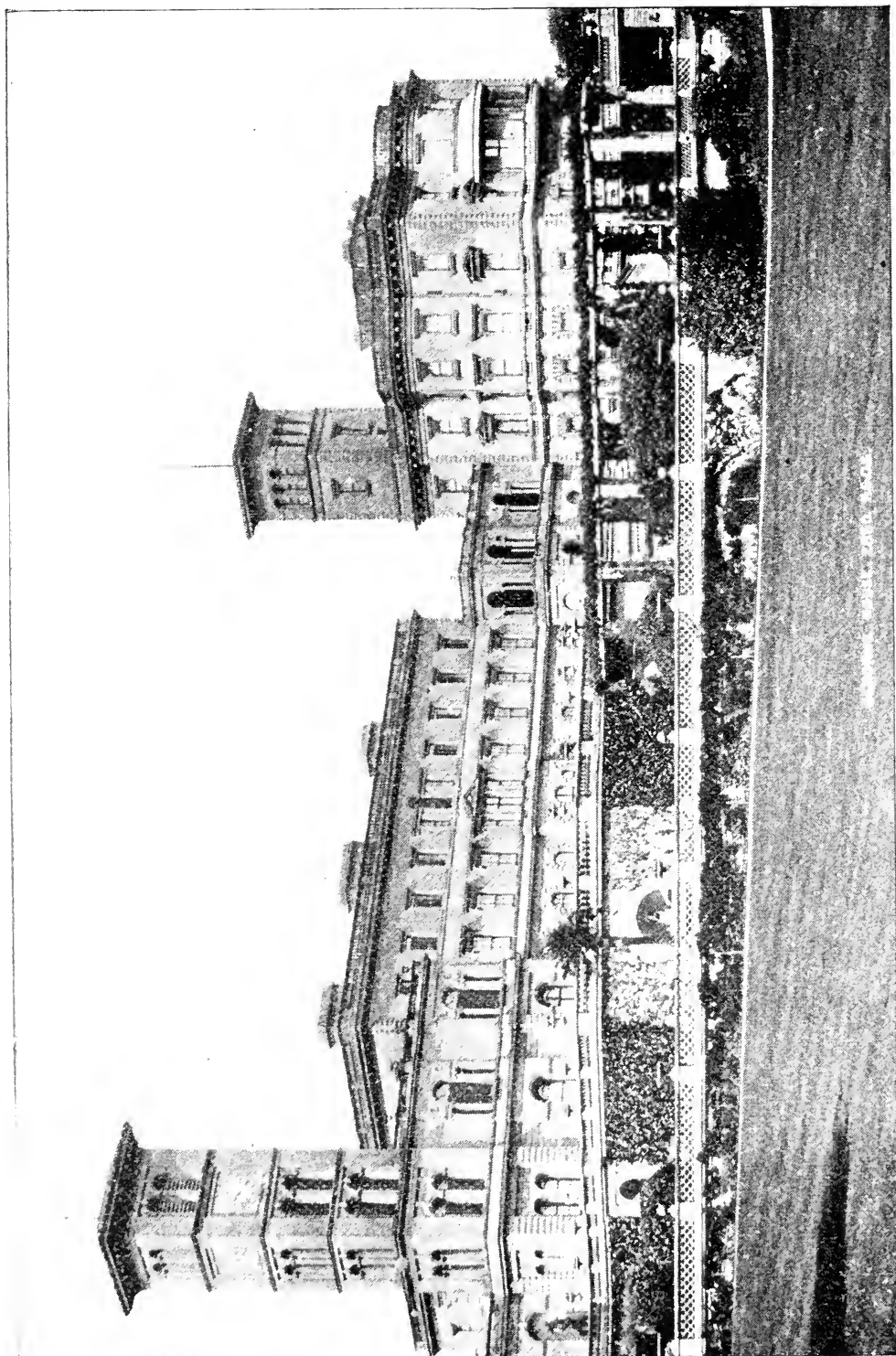
"By the President,

"JOHN SHERMAN,

"Secretary of State."



BALMORAL CASTLE.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Mr. Reid was received in the most cordial manner possible. Her Majesty expressed her sincere thanks to President McKinley and to "the great nation of our kinsmen."

After her Majesty had received the special envoys, she received a host of Indian princes, who were introduced by Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India.

Queen Victoria looked very well indeed and seemed to be thoroughly pleased and interested in everything. She impressed all the envoys with the sincerity of her thanks for the national compliments paid to her.

After the reception most of the envoys were escorted to a marquee in the garden where lunch was served.

In the evening the Queen entertained at dinner ninety of her most distinguished guests in the state supper room at Buckingham Palace.

Among those present were the Prince and Princess of Wales, with all the members of the royal family, the royal guests, the envoys of States with the rank of Ambassadors, and the great officers of the household, who wore full court dress.

During the banquet music was discoursed by the band of the Royal Engineers. The suites of the envoys and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance dined in the garden vestibule; the Yeomen of the Guard on duty, in the grand hall and vestibule.

The spacious supper room was a fairy sight—exquisite costumes, diamonds, and countless gems, the most brilliant of uniforms, stars, orders, and crosses without end; the royal liveries, the table, and buffet, loaded with Dresden china, and the famous gold plate, the value of which runs into millions.

After dinner the Queen proceeded from the grand salon to

the ball-room to receive her guests—the envoys, and their suites, the Indian princes, the officers of the imperial forces, and of the native Indian escorts, and the officers of the Queen's German regiment.

The colonial premiers, with their wives, were presented to her Majesty by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the suites of royal and other guests were presented severally by their chiefs. The great officers of state attended in full court dress.

Mesdames Whitelaw Reid, Nelson A. Miles, and Ogden Mills were presented by the Queen's special command.

But amid all this display and homage in the immediate presence of the Queen, there was another feature worthy of note. After all the greatest thing was the multitude of people, one solid eight-mile-long multitude, marching slowly forty and fifty abreast and back to breast.

The big town was so crowded that the very atmosphere was charged with perspiration and fumes of Scotch whisky, and the crowds were full of happy drunkards. Such unheard-of multitudes, the largest ever gathered in the world's history, literally magnetized the air, and each individual felt as one does in the midst of a grand electrical disturbance.

There was an addition of 4,000,000 visitors to London's 5,000,000 population. That sounded the distinctive note of the spectacle. It was not the silly tawdry of jumbled flags and paper flowers, not the presence of the great variety of gayly costumed soldiers, not the constant movement of royal princes and princesses through the streets. The main thing, the sole thing of prime consideration, was the fearful seething, roaring, singing, surging mass of millions of men and women outdoors. It was said there was not a single house-

hold in London but what was swelled by the arrival of all the relatives and connections from the farthest corners of the kingdom and from foreign climes.

The street decorations were elaborate, if not artistic, the whole route was draped with colored cloths or swathed in flags, flowers, evergreens, and bunting. Not a single instance of any bare boards was to be seen.

The general plan was to sheathe the front and seats with red, purple or white cloth, and the effect was to throw a great shapely mass of color against the dull background of houses. In this way half the front of St. Paul's was a gay splotch of red. So was half the front of the Duke of Wellington's house and the whole front of the Duke of Devonshire's walled mansion on Piccadilly.

The next prettiest things were the new fashion of building scaffolds to cover whole façades of buildings and balconies. Each store and whole structures were covered with gaudy cloth or plain white cloth relieved by bunches of flags or festoons of flowers.

The most costly and elaborate decoration of private houses in the West End was by the old Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who put up a false front of massive gold columns connected by heavy drapery of royal purple fringed with solid gold. Pall Mall and St. James Street, where there are so many great club-houses, was each a vast mass of gay color, very elaborate and costly.

The *Daily Telegraph*, all immaculate in white like a bride, was the best building on Fleet Street, and in the heart of the city the Bank of England and the Mansion House were treated with elaborate schemes of gay cloth, gold devices, and myriads of electric lights. Five hundred pounds were spent

on the Mansion House by the corporation of the city, but that was a mere bagatelle compared with what the Lord Mayor Faudel-Phillips spent in dinners, luncheons, and receptions during the jubilee fortnight. The bridge, trimmed quietly with posts connected by loops of evergreen and bunches of paper flowers and thousands of lamps was very pretty.

Fleet Street and the Strand looked quite well, and Piccadilly was strung with poles capped by a mass of jigsaw work from which many gilded lamps or candle-holders dangled in the wind.

In an article upon the Jubilee decorations the *Chronicle* observed "that English festivals were not treated artistically. They grow up and develop gradually by the spontaneous work of the people. This is literally true of the present occasion. Street decorations develop little by little; each vestry, each citizen, exercising their own taste and each contribution jarring on its neighbor.

"To see the hideous red posts, each with a bit of bamboo lattice and an elephant and palm-leaf fan set along the streets of the little old city makes one marvel just how shabby must have been the famed English outdoor spectacles of old London."

But, inartistic as they were, they expressed a feeling of loyalty and kindness, and so fulfilled their mission.

GREAT DAY OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE last stroke of twelve had not died away on the midnight air when from a hundred metropolitan steeples a tumultuous peal of bells announced the dawn of diamond jubilee day. The vast crowd that filled the miles of streets and squares answered with ringing cheers, and here and there the singing of "God Save the Queen."

The crowds that peopled the streets and squares all night in the hope of a good view of the procession were amazing in their patience. Waiting for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours, as many of these people did, was a feat of endurance that could only be sustained by some overmastering desire. At 3 o'clock in the morning the whole route of the procession was as crowded with noisy people as ever was the Strand or Piccadilly at noon of a busy day.

Fully half of these jubilee waiters were women, many with the pale, careworn look of the London worker, yet all enduring the tedious waiting with utmost good nature. Some had campstools, some sat on projections of buildings or curbstones or leaned in doorways, and the angles made by stands. Men, women, children and mothers, fathers and babies in arms sank upon the pavements and stoops in the side streets to sleep away the fatigue and excitement.

During the long hours snatches of song and occasional bursts of cheering showed that the people were determined to enjoy the festival of patriotism and loyalty to the utmost.

A clear starlit sky and cool air kept up the spirits of the crowd throughout the vigil. With dawn the hope of Queen's weather merged into certainty, and the world here prepared in confidence for a day of pleasure.

When the sun was high in the heavens and 7 o'clock about to strike, policemen shook even the heaviest sleepers into perpendicular positions, putting women and children close to the curbs, men behind them, and managing the cross and tired mob as kindly fathers ought to govern so many children.

The earliest active indication of the great event—apart from the people awaiting it—was the arrival of vestry carts to freshly gravel the roadways, after the fashion which prevailed in the good old days of Sam Pepys. A little later the police began to arrive in great numbers, 8,000 being distributed along the line of route.

The streets on the north side of the Thames were closed to ordinary vehicles at 7.30, and on the south side at 8; London Bridge had been closed to all traffic at midnight and Westminster Bridge and other bridges between at 5 A. M., when all persons were removed from them.

Only a few streets a mile apart were left open for pedestrians. Along the line of march at such points the police received early comers and again gave the best places to the women and kept the men back against the houses.

By 8 o'clock came stylish ladies, superbly dressed men, bearing huge souvenir tickets, seeking places in the stands and house windows. Presently the multitude was seen to be distinctly divided, the rich and well-dressed parading the roadway to get to their seats; the poor and shabby folk pressed in line on the pavements, looking at what was going on with an awakening interest.

For once in the world's history favorites of fortune seemed to outnumber the poor, but however fast came the swarms in silk and feathers, and broadcloths, enormous stands and gaping windows swallowed them and they disappeared.

By nine o'clock, when the last of the privileged rich came in, a thin and broken stream of soldiers began to arrive from every direction and stretch their red bodies in line on either side of the street, their backs to the tired, patient concourse of the poor, prepared to keep the street clear and separate the coming procession from its spectators.

Then came trained nurses in swarms, by hundreds, all in purple, edged with white and with them men of the Red Cross, laying stretchers in a most alarmingly suggestive fashion in gutters behind the red coats. Presently down at St. Paul's came ever so many clergymen, black as crows, except one, the testy Archbishop of Canterbury in flaming, flowing red, leaning out of the carriage door, directing the driver in a petulant voice.

When the clergy were tucked away on the red terrace seats in front of the cathedral, a collection of fragments of the glorious procession began to straggle to and fro in an endeavor to find their places and connect themselves with the main body.

Now it would be a pair of Indian princes, encrusted with gold and jewels. Next, three or four army officers, red as the Union Jack, riding pell-mell, and after these strange men in Australian butternut suits and broad-brimmed hats, or pig-tailed Chinamen trotting on foot after a mounted officer, or a gloriously bedizened General and staff cantering lazily by.

These gay tatters of cloth of gold that were to be woven

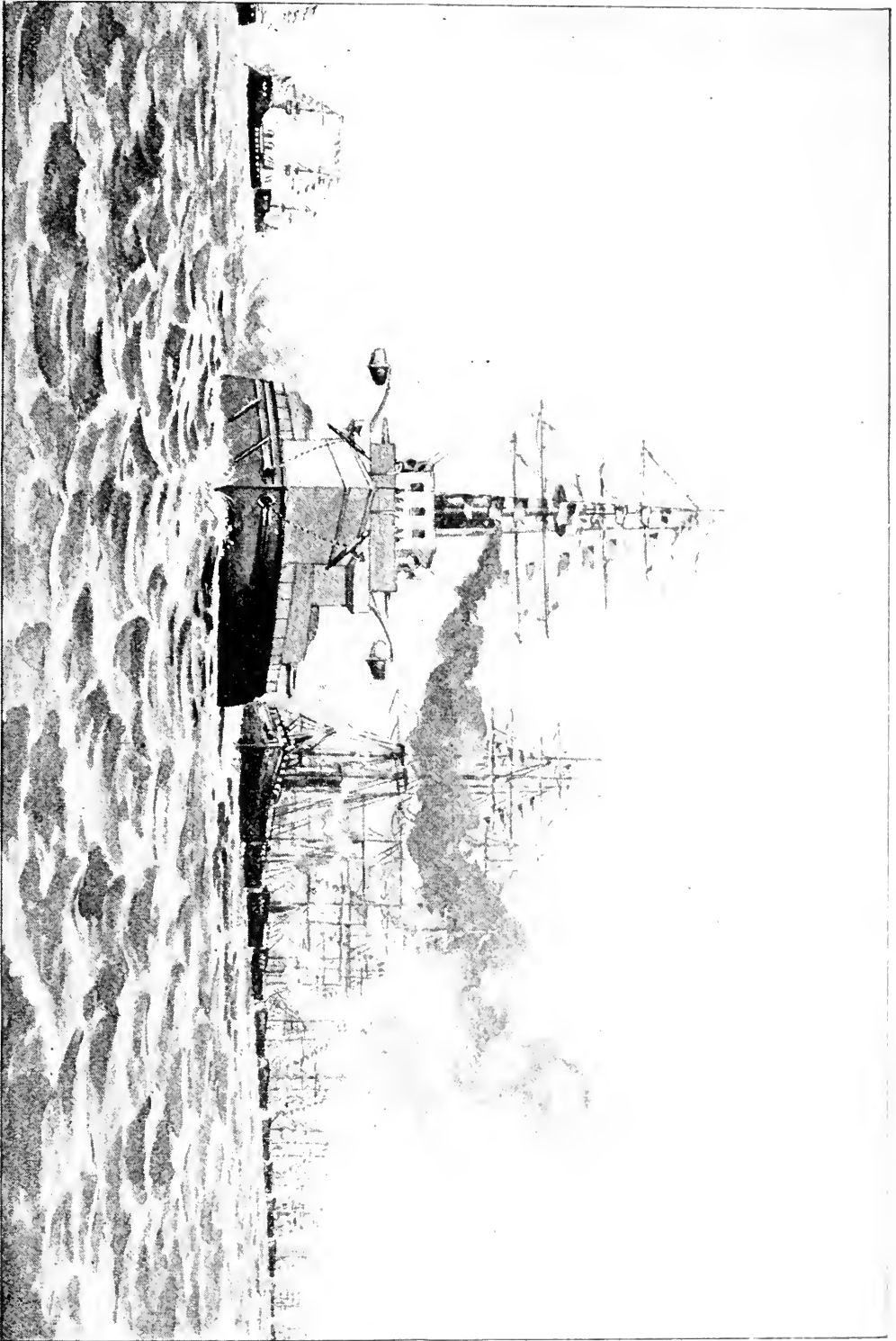
in one long ribbon, looked like bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope when they are being shaken into place to form a beautiful pattern.

From the gutters of the houses the flowers, banners, shields, and flags carried splendor of colors down to the waving multitude, and there the red coats of the soldiers continued the same ruddy flame down to the ground. Wherever there was a great red or purple reviewing stand, or a house swathed in white and gold, the splendor of ladies' dresses distinguished the space even beyond the distinction of the most lavishly bedecked façades, since no woman was disloyal enough to imagine it could possibly rain. All came in their best gowns, new bonnets, and filmiest, daintiest parasols, that made them look like lilies personified.

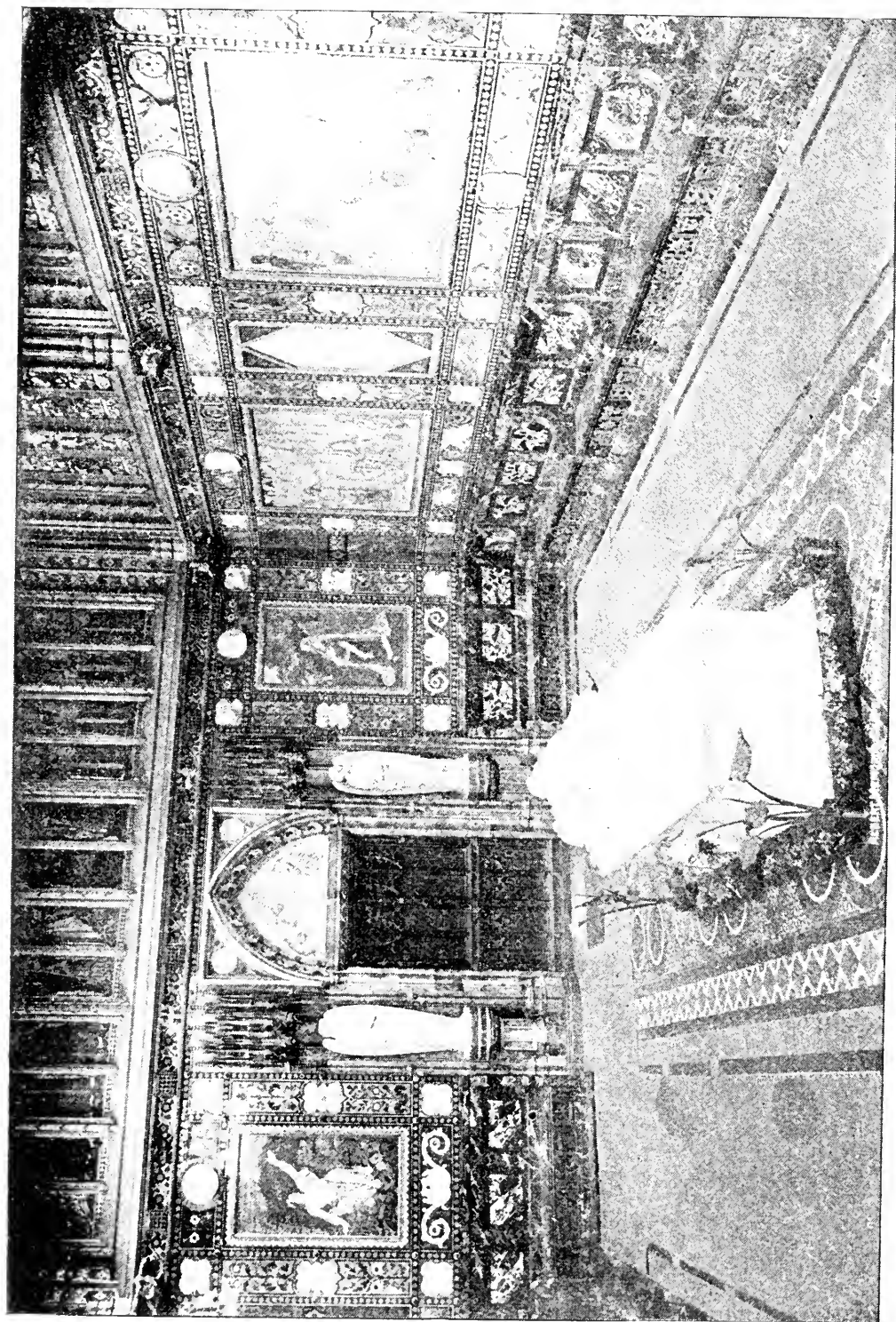
One of the great charms of the day was in the sudden appearance of many flaring poke-bonnets, such as the Queen wore when a young princess.

As red, white, and blue were the colors of the day the ladies all wore rosettes of fine ribbons of those colors, spread out from a golden crown in the centre, and every man of fashion carried a boutonniere of blue cornflowers, white, pink, and red geraniums. The choice of the three colors was not at all a compliment to America. Red is the color of the cross of St. Patrick, blue represents Scotland, and white stands for England, as the hues appear in the union jack, but America was handsomely complimented in a myriad examples of star spangled banners over the whole length of the line of march. The Yankee flag fluttered over the bank of England, the Mansion House, and on one side of St. Paul's, opposite, were three flags and one shield of stars and stripes.

While the crowds of loyal subjects waited so patiently the



GREAT NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AT SPITHEAD.



ALBERT MEMORIAL. (Tomb).

procession was forming at Buckingham Palace. The Queen breakfasted at 9 o'clock and informed her physician that she was not fatigued by yesterday's ceremonies.

Already at that hour, in the great quadrangle of the palace, there were many signs of the coming ceremonial. Gorgeously attired servants gathered near the scarlet-carpeted staircase, which was lined by rare flowers, while the strains of the national anthem, as a band passed the palace, announced that the colonials had started.

At the same time the special envoys, who were to take part in the procession, began arriving in the quadrangle. Whitelaw Reid, the United States special envoy, was the first to appear. He drove in accompanied by one of the royal equerries, all in gold, scarlet, and feathers. He drove up to the great door of the palace, where he was escorted to the waiting-room by the master of ceremonies.

A minute or so later General Nelson A. Miles, representing the United States army, rode up on a splendid horse and in full uniform. He lingered for a moment there without any one attending to him and then rode out.

The minor royalties next dropped in, followed by richly-caparisoned steeds, intended for the use of the princes.

The arrival of the princes, who were to take part in the escort, formed a splendid picture, full of color. The quaint-looking Crown Prince Danilo, of Montenegro, with black, glossy hair, under a dull crimson cap and wearing a crimson jacket heavily embroidered with gold, and with full, short, pale blue skirts, was greeted by the German princes, who were in fine military uniforms.

The Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, a man of the heavy Romanoff type, was eclipsed in appearance by the gorgeous

Austrians and Hungarians in scarlet and gold, with white Hussar jackets, lined with pale blue and fastened to their left shoulders, their striking attire being completed by high fur caps and stiff plumes.

The brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Mohammed Ali Khan, was mounted on a pure white Arabian charger, which was greatly admired.

The Duke of Cambridge, carrying his field marshal's baton and wearing the ribbon of the garter across his portly person, next arrived, and after him came the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Lothian, and a score of white wand chamberlains, attired in the darkest of blue, smothered with gold. They mingled with the crowd and later passed up the stairs.

Eleven royal landaus then arrived and were mustered in the centre of the quadrangle. Each carriage was a show in itself, forming with its brilliant assembly of escorting horsemen and footmen a most gorgeous display.

A preliminary gleam of the sun pierced through the clouds at this hour, touching everything with bright light and making the scene a grand feast of color.

By 10.20 the envoys' carriages were filled and took up their position in the centre of the quadrangle. Soon afterward the Queen's superb coach arrived. It had hardly come to a standstill when the landaus, with the ladies and lords in waiting, and the princesses, were in their allotted positions.

In the meanwhile a platoon of the royal servants lined up on each side of the great door, and an inclining platform from the foot of the stairs to the place to be occupied by the Queen's coach, was placed in position and carefully tested by a Scotch gillie.

A hoarse roar of cheers, quickly followed by the royal anthem, played by the band outside of Buckingham Palace, announced the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince wore the uniform of a field marshal. The Princess was dressed in pale lilac and wore a lilac bonnet, with white feathers.

The Prince of Wales mounted by the scarlet covered steps to the entrance of the palace, and then the Queen's carriage was drawn into position. It was what is known as "plain posting landau," a carriage with a light running body, built about a quarter of a century ago, and of which her Majesty was known to be very fond. The body was dark claret, lined with vermilion, the moldings outlined with beads of brass. Brass beads decorated the rumble, and the body loops and lamp irons were gilt. The wheels and underworks were vermilion, with heavy lines of gold.

The carriage was drawn by the famous eight Hanoverian creams, cream in color, with long tails, white, almost fish-like eyes and pink noses, their manes richly woven with ribbons of royal blue. They wore their new State harness saddle-cloths of royal blue velvet, with rich fringes of bullion, the leather work red morocco above and blue morocco beneath, glittering everywhere with the royal arms—the lion, the unicorn and the crown in gold.

The liveries of the postillions were in keeping with the harness and had cost \$600 apiece. They consisted of scarlet and gold coats, white trousers and riding boots. For once since the Prince Consort's death the Queen permitted the mourning band to be removed from the men's arms, so there was no note of sorrow. Each horse was led by a "walking man" in the royal livery and a huntsman's velvet cap.

At 11.10 A. M. a bustle on the main staircase announced the coming of her Majesty.

Queen Victoria slowly descended the stairs, assisted by a scarlet-clad and white-turbaned Indian attendant. She was dressed in black, wore a black bonnet, trimmed with white, and carried a white sunshade.

At the foot of the stairway her Majesty paused for a minute and touched an electric button connected with all the telegraph systems throughout the British Empire, and it flashed around the world this message:

"From my heart, I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

Her Majesty then slowly seated herself in her carriage, and the royal trumpeters sounded a fanfare. The Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein joined the Queen, seating themselves opposite her Majesty, and the Queen's coach started.

Two gillies in Highland costume, wearing the tartan of MacDonald of the Isles, the so-called Crown Prince of Scotland, occupied the rumble.

As her Majesty emerged from the portico, the sun broke brightly through the clouds and the Queen raised her sunshade. At the same time the royal salute was fired, announcing to the waiting millions that her Majesty was on her way through London.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught rode to their places about her Majesty's carriage, and the latter took its place in the procession.

The jubilee procession was practically in three sections as far as St. Paul's, though the two last en route to the Cathedral were consolidated as they moved into Piccadilly.

The first to take up position was the colonial procession, which formed on the embankment and moved via the Mall past the palace, where her Majesty viewed it from a window, over the route to St. Paul's.

When the march began the great cortege proved a welcome relief to the waiting multitude. For the colonies were living pictures, presenting in tangible shape the extent of the Queen's sway. The procession, after some police, was headed by an advance party of the Royal Horse Guards. Then followed the band of the same corps, playing the "Washington Post March."

Next came Lord Frederick Roberts, commanding the colonial troops, with Colonel Iver Herbert, of the Grenadier Guards, second in command. The trim, upright figure of the popular general, his breast covered with orders, sitting his charger in the most soldier-like manner, elicited shouts of "Hurrah for Bobs."

Close after him came the Canadian Hussars and the picturesque Northwest mounted police as escort to the first Colonial Premier to win a round of cheers—Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada.

The New South Wales Lancers and the Mounted Rifles, with their gray semi-sombreros and black cock's plumes, succeeded them, escorting the Premier of New South Wales.

The Victorian mounted troops followed, smart, weather-beaten fellows, in unattractive brownish uniforms, succeeded by the New Zealand mounted contingent, a fine-looking, sun-burned lot, drawn from almost every town of any importance in the colony. A number of Maoris rode with these, their black faces exciting the greatest interest. They escorted the New Zealand Premier, Richard J. Seddon.

The Queensland mounted infantry came next in their kharkee tunics and scarlet facings, and then the Premier of Queensland, Sir H. M. Nelson.

For the moment Australia gave way to Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope Mounted Rifles—well-set-up men, wearing the scarlet, with white helmets—rode by, accompanying the Cape Premier, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg.

Then came the South Australian mounted troops, lean, long specimens of wiry manhood, dressed in kharkee tunics of yellowish brown, lit with bright scarlet, a blazing puggaree on the spiked helmets, and double stripes down the seams of tightly-fitting corduroy trousers, with large chamois leather patches where the knee gripped the saddle.

The Premier of Newfoundland, Sir W. V. Whiteway, followed, and after him came the Premier of Tasmania, Sir Eric Braddon. The Natal mounted troops, similar in equipment to the Cape brothers-in-arms, escorted H. M. Hescombe, the Premier of Natal, who was followed by Sir J. Forrest, Premier of Western Australia.

Then succeeded an attractive display, mounted troops of the Crown colonies, the Rhodesian horse, and the colonial infantry, broken by three bands, typical of the United Kingdom, those of St. George's, the London Scottish, and the London Irish Rifle Volunteer Corps.

The Rhodesian horse was headed by Captain Maurice Giffard, whose armless sleeve gave evidence of active service. Every one of the troopers who followed him had been wounded. They were splendid looking men, and were cheered to the echo, amid cries of "Hurrah for Dr. Jim." "Where is he?"

The colonial contingent included local militia of Hong

Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Bermuda, and the Royal Malta Artillery Corps; Hong Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, and Royal Malta Submarine Mining Companies of the Royal Engineers; the West India Fortress Company of Royal Engineers, the West India Infantry Regiment, the Hong Kong Regiment, and the Royal Malta Regiment of Militia.

Then there passed the splendid contingent from Canada infantry, 175 strong, uniformed somewhat like the regular service infantry, with Colonel Alymer heading. Much applause was bestowed on these men, who in every way kept the Dominion to the front.

Following these came the real oddities in the eyes of Londoners, of which the Zaptiehs from Cyprus divided honors with the Dyaks of Borneo. Both are military police; the Zaptiehs were mounted on island ponies, and wore the Turkish fez, with a jacket suggestive of Constantinople. The Borneo Dyaks, yellow colored and small, were eagerly awaited by the crowd, owing to their head-hunting proclivities. Notable also were the Hong Kong police, Chinamen, with strange, saucepan-like hats inverted over their immutable yellow faces.

The Trinidad Field Artillery, the Sierra Leone Militia, with their strange, small blue turbans, and depending tassels and knickerbockers; the British Guiana police, with their white-curtained caps; the Haussas in the familiar Zouave costumes of long-ago, and the Royal Niger Haussas—men who fought at Ilorin and Bida—in uniforms of Kharkill cloth, trousers exposing the leg and shaved heads, were all blacks. The Haussas, the blackest of the blacks, wearing “the burnished livery of the sun,” were enthusiastically greeted.

The procession ended as it began appropriately by defenders from Canada, the rest of the Northwest Mounted Police.

The second procession passed the palace fifty minutes after the Colonials had climbed Constitution Hill. It was the military parade, and eloquently filled up the picture of Britain's war strength.

It was a carnival of gorgeous costume and color, scarlet and blue and gold; white and yellow; shining cuirasses and polished helmets; plumes and tassels; furs, and gold and silver spangled cloths; bullion embroideries and accoutrements; splendid trappings for horses, and more splendid trappings for men, sashes and stars, crosses and medals—medals for the Crimea, Indian, Seringapatam, the Nile, Ashanti, Afghanistan, Chitral, South Africa, China, and dozens of others, and here and there the finest of them all, the most highly prized the world can show, the Victoria Cross; death-dealing weapons, swords and revolvers, carbines and cutlasses; batteries of artillery; men of splendid physique and horses with rare action, who fully entered into the spirit of it all, and fondly carried colors for which these men would die, and over all the rich strains of that music they loved to hear. The sight was one to stir the blood.

The procession was led by Captain Ames, of the Second Life Guards, one of the tallest men in the British army, who, by the special wish of the Prince of Wales, rode in front of the procession. He was followed by four of the tallest troopers in that regiment of very tall men.

The naval brigade followed, wearing straw hats and carrying drawn cutlasses. They met with a rousing reception.

As the soldiers wound out of sight to wait for the Queen's

procession on Constitution Hill it seemed like nothing so much as some stream of burnished gold, flowing between dark banks of human beings.

The Empire had passed in review, the army and navy had been shown in its panoplied strength, the head of it all was now to come—her Majesty.

The military portion of the royal procession proper formed at Hyde Park and marched round by Belgrave Square to the palace, where it was interwoven with the crowd of waiting dignitaries of all sorts. When ready it moved to join the rear of the military procession.

First came nine naval aids-de-camp, including Lord Charles Beresford, followed by the military aids-de-camp to the Queen.

Then followed alone the Lord Lieutenant of London, the Duke of Westminster, followed by a glittering cavalcade of officers.

Next came three officers of the auxiliary forces in attendance on the Prince of Wales, equerries, gentlemen-in-waiting and military attachés, foreign naval and military attachés, in alphabetical order, beginning with Austria and ending with the United States, followed by General Nelson A. Miles, representing the United States Army, and General Lagron, representing President Faure.

Most of the foreigners were men with a glittering array of titles, uniformed in the dresses of all the courts of Europe and half its crack regiments, and wearing all its stars.

Then, as a compliment from the Kaiser, followed a deputation from the First Prussian Dragoon Guards, splendid looking men, quite able to live up to the Kaiser's reputation for turning out fine soldiers.

Following these came the most brilliant group of all the

soldiery, the officers of the Imperial Service Troops from India in their uniforms—a mixture of the English regular army and native dress—brilliant to a degree not to be witnessed outside of countries where barbaric splendor and ingenuity in embroidery is the rule. Most of the men were swarthy-featured fellows, bearded, and wearing wondrously twisted turbans in colors and cloths of gold. Their tunics were of scarlet or blue or white or green, laced and interlaced with gold or silver. Many wore broad sashes or “kammerbands,” in radiant colors, and most of them white breeches with Napoleon boots; many also wore massive gold earrings with enormous stones, while some wore in addition gold anklets ablaze with sapphires and emeralds.

The special envoys not numbered among the princes followed the Indians, riding in two-horse landaus, painted lake and vermilion, with heavy lines of gold in the vermilion running gear, with scarlet and purple hammer cloths, and lined with blue-figured rep. The royal arms were on the panels and royal crowns on the tops. The horses were high-stepping bays.

A gorgeous coachman sat in each box. They were clad in royal scarlet, white knee-breeches and silk stockings, with heads bewigged with white horsehair and crowned with magnificent three-cornered hats, decorated with ostrich plumes, dyed in royal red. Each hat cost \$100 and must have required a courier's art to keep balanced.

Two gorgeous footmen stood at the back of each landau, dressed like the coachman, only their hats were more of the old field marshal's pattern, heavily bullioned, and cockaded and trimmed with red ostrich tips.

In the first carriage were the representatives of Costa Rica,

Chile, and Greece; in the second, those of Paraguay, Peru, Servia, and Central America; in the third, those of Mexico, Uruguay, Guatemala, and Brazil; in the fourth, those of China, Belgium, Holland, and the Papal envoy; in the fifth, the envoys of the United States, France, and Spain.

Following the envoys came landaus, bearing the princes and princesses and other notable persons.

Then the first part of the sovereign's escort now rode into view—the Second Life Guards. As their brilliant uniforms appeared the whisper ran electrically "She's coming." The Guards were succeeded by the escort of British and foreign princes. The gorgeous uniforms and splendid horses of the princes, who rode by threes, made this part of the show the feature of the entire procession.

At the head were the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, and the Duke of Fife, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales. The former wore a dark blue uniform, and the latter a red uniform. They were both covered with orders. Behind them was every conceivable variety of brilliancy, from Mohammed Ali Khan, the Egyptian representative, in dark frock coat and fez, to the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, in a gorgeous Hussar's uniform.

The Duke of York rode toward the rear of the princes' escort, wearing a naval uniform and the order of the Garter, while his children, on the main balcony of the palace, waved their hands to him. By his side were the Crown Prince of Siam and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Then came Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert of Prussia, and Grand Duke Sergius of Russia. The Crown Prince of Naples, the Austrian Archduke and the Grand Duke of Hesse were the last members of the princes' escort.

The others of this brilliant company were Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Frederic Charles of Hesse, Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince Aribert of Anhalt, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Teck, Prince Louis of Battenburg, the Prince of Lunenburg, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Adolphus of Teck, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, Prince Charles de Ligne of Belgium, the Prince of Bulgaria, Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince Aresugawa of Japan, Grand Duke of Luxemburg, Prince Danilo of Montenegro, the Duke of Oporto, Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Frederick of Saxony, Prince Mahit of Siam, Prince Eugene of Sweden-Norway, and Duke Albert of Wurtemberg.

Following the princes came the Guard of Honor, twenty-two officers of native Indian cavalry corps, men of fine physique, picturesque uniform and strange faiths—Jat Sikhs, Brahmin Sikhs, Mussulman Pathans, Hindustani Mussulmans, Hindu Jats, Mussulman Rajaputs, Punjabi Mussulmans, and plain Mussulmans. But for these the crowd had no eyes. They could see the Queen's horses.

The procession closed thus: Captain of Escort, Standard, Field Officer of Escort, Chief of the Staff, Master of the Buckhounds, Gold Stick of Scotland, Gold Stick in Waiting, Master of the Horse, Crown Equerry and two Equerries, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting Equerry to H. R. H.; the Duke of Cambridge, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, Silver Stick in Waiting, six royal grooms, rear part of the Sovereign's

Escort, Second Life Guards, Royal Irish Constabulary, Squadron of Royal Horse Guards.

An unlooked-for feature of the occasion was the silence of the vast multitude. There was no noise whatever, except an occasional rattle of the hoofs of the officers' horses or troops of cavalry on the roadways. People all talked in low voices so hushed that no buzz or murmur as of most multitudes reached the ear. An occasional bugle call or command of a leader to a body of marching troops rang out with startling clearness on the still air.

At last when the roads were cleared and lay bare between a blood-red double line of soldiers, there was a murmur that swelled into a roar and burst into long, loud cheering as four gold-clad postilions, each riding the off horse of a pair of the Queen's famous cream-colored stallions, came well into view. All the spectators on the stands had been requested to keep their seats, but all sprang to their feet and yelled and waved hats and handkerchiefs as the royal object of all this pomp and expenditure was seen on the back seat of the open landau, riding in company with her daughters. Simultaneously the assembled multitude arose and uncovered. The Queen-Empress was come.

She was received with great enthusiasm. It was realized that she was the procession herself; that all the rest of it was mere embroidery, that in her the public saw the British Empire itself. She was a symbol, an allegory of England's grandeur and the might of the British name.

She is said never to have looked better in her life. Certainly she made all portraits hideous libels, for she appeared a kindly, motherly, gentle old lady, rather stout of figure, to be sure, but with a delicately gray face and hair and ex-

pression which gave a sublimation at once of majesty, pride, and tenderness.

After sixty years, in which no candid lips had formed the word beauty, it was all at once the only word by which to describe her.

She became visibly transfigured before the eyes of her subjects. Those who could not see caught the big throb from those in the front. It ran from heart to heart through the kingdom with more than electric swiftness.

She wore a dress of gray and black, such a light gray it was taken for white ; a bonnet of black and white, and carried a white parasol, which worked havoc all along the line, because it hid her from all who looked down on her from any considerable elevation. She was obliged to carry it open, for the sun was blazing down upon her. She bowed slightly very frequently, and now and then put up her glasses and looked at what interested her. She wore a rather sad face, but as the people had not seen her in such a bold departure from her deep mourning in a long time, all thought her in quite high spirits. The Princess of Wales sat beside her, wearing a beautiful gown of heliotrope and hiding her half century under the appearance of thirty-three or thirty-four years. The Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who was also in the same carriage, was dressed in black.

The formal crossing of the boundary of the ancient city of London at Temple Bar was the occasion of the first ceremony of the day—the receiving of stately homage from the Chief Magistrate.

The frame in which this picture was set was picturesque. On one side the broken gray pile of the Law Courts rose from portières of legal luminaries, most of her Majesty's

Judges in their splendid robes and full-bottomed wigs, Queen's Counsels galore, in more sombre silk and less voluminous horse hair; ladies in charming toilettes, and every window filled with eager faces.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Faudel Phillips, and the city officials on horseback, arrived ten minutes before the Queen was due. The Lord Mayor wore the Earl's robe to which Lord Mayors are entitled when crowned heads visit the city—a cloak of ruby silk velvet, lined with white silk and edged with ermine. Sheriffs Ritchie and Rogers wore the Sheriff's velvet court dress, scarlet gowns and chains.

The "very goodlye sword," known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pearl Sword," presented to the Corporation by the maiden Queen at the opening of a royal exchange A. D. 1570, was carried by the Lord Mayor. The sword is three feet eleven inches long with a fine Damascus blade. The pommel is silver gilt, with a carefully wrought figure in a medallion of Justice on either side.

On the arrival of the Queen the Lord Mayor uncovered, and approaching her carriage with all due obeisance, presented the hilt of the city's sword, which was undrawn. This was the ancient ceremony of dutiful submission.

The Queen lightly touched it, thus returning it to the Lord Mayor in token that his submission was graciously accepted by his sovereign. Her Majesty then commanded the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to proceed. The Sheriffs took their places with the Aldermen and Commoners immediately after the field marshals; the Lord Mayor rode bare-headed immediately before the sovereign's escort of Life Guards and the procession moved toward St. Paul's.

The great bells of St. Paul's broke out in happy chorus

as the Queen's carriage started from Temple Bar, and only ceased as her Majesty's carriage stopped in front of the steps of the city Cathedral.

As the Queen's procession arrived, the carriages, containing the envoys and the Princesses, drew up *en echelon* on the roadway on the right. The escort of Princes turned to the left on reaching the churchyard, and then to the right across the front of the edifice drawn up in open order between the statue to Queen Ann and the Cathedral steps.

Her Majesty's carriage then came between, halting opposite the platform in front of the portico. The broad steps presented to the Queen a picture similar to that on a crowded stage, wonderful in brilliant costuming. Immediately in front of the royal carriage were the Church dignitaries, the Archbishops robed in purple and gold, and holding their gilded croziers, and the lesser ecclesiastics in white with violet berrettas. Then there were the Cathedral dignitaries, in white and gold capes and scarlet skull caps, doctors of divinity in crimson cassocks, and back of them two massed military bands.

Beyond the bands were the bareheaded, surpliced choir, stretching to the Cathedral door, a field of dazzling white. On the right of the Archbishops were two rows of seated Judges, robed in black, scarlet, and purple, and wearing their wigs, and on the left were other prominent ecclesiastics.

In the section to the right of the choir were the diplomatic corps, with their ladies. The Ambassadors occupied the two front rows, and back of them were the Ministers and others in the order of their rank. Many of the ladies wore summer toilettes of white, but were outshone by the glitter of the silver helmets, the gold-laced coats of red, blue, green, and

all shades of color, the jeweled orders glittering on so many breasts, and the gaudy silk of the Chinese contingent.

The Americans present were distinguished by their plain attire.

In the section on the left of the choir was an equally distinguished group of people. In the front row and nearest to the Queen were the Marquis of Salisbury and his colleagues of the Cabinet. Behind them was a group of foreign potentates and a delegation of Indian Princes in shining cloth-of-gold, encrusted with jewels.

In front of the platform was a cordon of Gentlemen of the Guard, twenty of the tallest noblemen of the royal household, uniformed in scarlet and blue, and flanked by the picturesque beef-eaters, or old-fashioned guardians of the tower, dressed in the costumes of the time of Henry VIII.

The Archbishops advanced down the steps upon the appearance of the royal procession, and remained standing throughout the ceremony.

A Te Deum by Dr. Martin, organist of St. Paul's, composed for the occasion, was first sung. The bass solo was sung chorally by a large number of basses, and the accompaniment was furnished by the military bands.

As the sonorous "Amen" died away the sweet voices of the Cathedral clergy were heard chanting, "O Lord, Save the Queen," to which the great choir, in a wondrous volume of harmonious sound, responded, "And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

When the choir burst forth in song the word "Hush!" passed along the crowds at least half a mile in either direction, so all could hear the new music by the wondrous boys' voices. The hymn finished, silence continued.

The Bishop of London then read a short collect, and the Queen remained for a short time in prayer. Then came the Doxology, so old and familiar that all the listeners caught it up and it was sung by hundreds of thousands of throats, and amid the further ringing of bells the national anthem was sung.

The "Amens" in the service were accompanied by the blast of horns and the roll of drums. When all was ended the Archbishop of Canterbury called for "Three times three cheers for Queen Victoria." All present rose and gave nine cheers for her Majesty, wildly waving their hats and handkerchiefs, the Queen bowing repeatedly.

Then the Queen, who had been leaning forward in her open landau, leaned back an instant, but was obliged to resume her old attitude because the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries had to be presented.

The Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, sat behind the carriage and in another minute the procession took up its course and rounded the south side of the Cathedral on its way to Cheapside.

First came a cavalcade of foreign and native and dependent princes and such handsome notables as General Miles and the colonel representing President Faure. These rode by at the quick gait of the procession and left an impression of a great blur of red, white, gold, silver, plumes, velvet, medals, orders, swords, and splendid men.

Then came carriages filled with representatives of South American States, others with guests from most of the countries of the Old World, and after them came a half-dozen carriages containing the most famous of the princesses and duchesses of England, Germany, and Russia.

From St. Paul's the procession moved on to the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor here made obeisance and presented the Lady Mayoress, who, attended by maids of honor on foot, approached the carriage and offered to the Queen a beautiful silver basket, filled with gorgeous orchids.

The Queen twice replied: "I am deeply grateful." Her Majesty smiled, was evidently greatly pleased and looked fresh and bright. She wore no spectacles, took the flowers, passed them to the Princess of Wales, and put out her hand to the Lady Mayoress to kiss. The latter, agitated by the splendor of the occasion, shook her Majesty's hand instead of kissing it.

In the meantime a distant band struck up the national anthem and the crowd joined in singing "God Save the Queen," which was sung by thousands of voices until her Majesty was out of sight.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs resumed their places in the procession, but at London Bridge the Lord Mayor took leave of the Sovereign and she passed out of the city limits.

The Queen reached the Palace on her return at 1.45, and a gun in Hyde Park announced that the great procession was over, and the event so long prepared for had passed into history. The sound of the royal salute was answered by cheering, and then the crowd faded away as it came.

When the afternoon came the Queen went to bed, and hundreds of men and women curled up on the grass in front of her Palace and slept as well with crowds looking on as she did in her bed.

When evening came the scene shifted. The crowds which had filtered out of the processional streets after the great show wedged back again to view London a-light. Now the

millions were on tip-toes to see the illumination. The Thames from Richmond to Windsor was embowered beneath fireworks in one twenty-mile blaze, but not a flicker of that could London see. What London and her four million visitors did was to crowd the procession route all over again in numbers that were simply awesome and terrifying. The people reached from house to house with tired policemen in the middle of each street keeping the contrary tides of humanity apart, urging each current steadily forward and stifling the only disorder there was, which was simply rough horse-play.

The sight was worth the trouble and risk, both considerable. The illuminations were achieved more artistically than the decorations by day. Those of the metropolis were, like everything that had previously transpired during the morning hours, greater and more resplendent than anything in her history. The symbols of loyalty and affection, of imperial grandeur and the growth of the Empire that had met the eye in painted and gilded mottoes, devices of paper and bunting and spangled cloth, were now reflected for miles in lines of flaring gas, glow-worm oil lamps, opal globes, paper lanterns and transparencies, incandescent lamps, celluloid flowers and hundreds of devices in thousands of colored crystals. Everywhere was brilliancy, sparkle, color, at many points a dazzling radiancy under the mild summer sky.

As was the case with the draperies, the decorations by day were confined principally to the route taken by her Majesty in the morning, and may be said to have begun at Hyde Park corner. Every house showed light in some way, and where it was sufficiently brilliant the effect was decidedly enhanced by the day draperies, though the empty stands added a rather weird effect. Leaving the Park the first notable illumination

was that of the Bachelors' Club, where a large medallion surrounded by a crown, the centre bearing the "V. R. I." all in cut and colored crystals within the emblazoned words, "God Save the Queen," marked the front of the club, every window of which poured out a stream of light. The Junior Constitutional, the Badminton, Naval and Military and Isthmian Clubs followed suit with many colored devices, while the private residences facing Green Park were not for a moment outclassed.

Turning from Pall Mall into St. James Street, that short, wide thoroughfare was found to be roofed with evergreen, floral ropes stretched from white poles set close together so as to produce the effect of a vast bower. Under, over, and through this curving framework of a roof were the most splendid devices that the jubilee decorators had worked and written in fire upon the city's walls.

This domain of the aristocracy was as they wished it, resplendently flamboyant. The Guards, the Army and Navy, the Junior Carleton, Athenæum, Travelers' and Reform, were illuminated with crystal devices, with those lines of gas jets following the lines of the building that are always so finely effective. In the case of the Reform Club the organization lived up to its name by using electricity only. One of the private buildings had its façade picked out in lights of purple and fine gold, radiating from a medallion portrait of her Majesty, shown in cut crystals.

Marlborough House instantly caught the eye as the turning into Pall Mall was slowly accomplished. Across the four pillars at the entrance to the grounds was noticeable a large branch in the form of laurels in various shades of green with natural berries, around a crown-surmounted medallion in-

scribed "V. R. I." The Prince of Wales' feathers and badge figured in the design, the whole being of the most beautiful crystal. Round the corner, at York House, was a large heart of illuminated crystal, formed of rose petals and May blossoms. Passing out of Pall Mall the celluloid balloons, the pretty day effect of which has already been referred to, quite justified French taste, the incandescent glow lamps hidden in flower petals suggesting nothing so much as a child's dream of Titania's court. Fleet Street from the Law Courts to Ludgate Circus was a dazzling vista of prismatic and radiant devices, ending up on Ludgate Hill in the massive dome of St. Paul's, brilliantly lit by searchlights, standing with its huge golden cross a clear Christian beacon to Greater London and beyond.

On St. Paul's alone the lights cost £1 a minute when lighted, and the cost to the Bank of England and for lighting the Mansion House must have been nearly as great, but the ornamental lighting of the old city and of all the business districts was very inartistic, broken, splotchy, and discreditable to the people. It was, therefore, with surprise and wonder that one came to view the West End illuminations.

Paris never did anything in the same line to equal it. Paris has often been more picturesque and artistic, but it never touched the splendor, dignity or cost of the amazing display which London made.

Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to the Duke of Wellington's, was not so continuously jeweled with jets as the other and smaller street, yet this grand street seen from a short distance seemed encrusted with ornate decorations worked in supernatural diamonds. It is the hackneyed and

regulation thing to say that Pall Mall, St. James Street, and the upper end of Piccadilly "looked like fairyland." The term is not a fair illustration, for the club quarter of the town especially was brilliant, too strongly lighted, too nearly all aflame with gas jets to suggest the soft dreamy twinkling realm of Titania.

Nothing in all London or elsewhere exceeded in artistic beauty and brilliancy of display the scene from the Wellington statue, with the Bank of England on one side and the Mansion House on the other. The official home of the Lord Mayor was bathed in so much light that all the beauties of the day seemed to fit in and charmingly mingle with that of the night. On the top of the pediment a splendid Star of India burned its brilliant points into the sky. Prismatic gas globes outlined the façade and a portion of the side, while the royal crown encircled by a wreath of laurels in incandescent lamps stood out prominently in front of the building. The crown was flanked on either side in crystal gas lamps with "V. R."—the universal letters, recalling the incident of her Majesty's first visit to the city, when, opposite the Mansion House, she asked Lord Melbourne, "I hope all these good people are really happy?" and the Prime Minister replied, "Your Majesty has but to look around. Everywhere is the answer, 'V. R., V. R.'"

The floral festoons of the tall columns were also illuminated with prismatic gas globes, while on the balcony steps were nine candelabra of prismatic gas lamps, each containing thirty lights. At the top of the side elevation of the Mansion House was a radiant sun in open gas with the royal monogram—the monogram of the happy people, "V. R., V. R." Twelve flaring tripods adorned the roof, and two mottoes

stood out boldly in letters of light, "Long Live Our Queen," "God Guard Your Throne."

With illuminations which were universal in every city, town, and hamlet of England, Wales, and Scotland, and in some parts of Ireland; with fireworks in countless places, with illuminations following the fall of night in every part of that empire where the Queen has sway, there yet remains to be mentioned the final touch—the lighting of the Empire's torch—the ancient form of giving warning or sending joy, the beacon fires.

As ten o'clock struck at the Greenwich Observatory a tongue of flame shot upward from Great Malvern, "the backbone of the Midlands." It was the Jubilee beacon fire. Hardly had the spectator time to look on it before another flared in the distance on the right, then again on the left, on the north, south, east, and west. Peak answered to peak until from Berwick-on-Tweed to Rough Tar and Brown Willie in Cornwall, from the Cathedral towers of Lichfield, Worcester, Ripon, Lincoln, and Durham; from Skiddaw to St. Helier's, from Hastings to Cader Iris and across the water to Donegal and Dublin, a thousand beacon fires blazed up their message of loyalty to the Sovereign. Half an hour later the Lowlands, the Highlands, the wild Hebrides, even to *Ultima Thule*, sent answering signals to the sky. And then slowly, as the light failed from day to evening, round the world the Empire's torch was lit. From St. Helier's the signal leaped to Gibraltar, to Malta, to Cyprus, to Ceylon, to India—where it blazed triumphant on the Himalayas—to China, to Australia, to Canada, to the West Indies—the Empire's torch shed its radiance over the universe. And thus ended the great day of the celebration.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT 78.



CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE 28, 1838.

It was over now. The British Empire had marched past under review and inspection.

The events of the day stood for sixty years of progress and accumulation—moral, material, and political. It was made up rather of the beneficiaries of these prosperities than of the creators of them, as far as mere glory goes.

Instead of London smoke, a gray pillar of dust ; instead of grimy buildings, eight miles of houses scrubbed, scraped, painted, washed, set off with bunting ; instead of the roar of the vehicles, the tramp, tramp of a gorgeous, glittering array ; instead of the excited crush of brutal multitudes, a quiet, orderly throng, with the surplus tens of thousands tucked away on vast stands, in all the houses, and on roofs ; instead of murder, accident, sudden death, a day without a serious casualty—such was the record of England's greatest festival.

Such was the history of what may be called the apotheosis of the lone widow who will be classed with the saints in the minds of her loving subjects. Never before in modern times has any woman received such a glorification, never before has there been such a splendid and imposing spectacle.

OTHER INTERESTING AND ENJOYABLE EVENTS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE chief Jubilee event of Wednesday was the presentation to the Queen at Buckingham Palace of congratulatory addresses from both Houses of Parliament and the reception of other bodies of official personages.

Nearly half a century had passed since the House of Commons had visited the Sovereign in a body, the last occasion being the presentation of an address acknowledging the reception of the Queen's message announcing the declaration of war against Russia. Not since the early forties, when addresses were made congratulating the Queen on the failure of attempts at assassination, had she received the two houses together.

There were brief formalities at Westminster, the two houses meeting and the formal announcement being made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords and Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons that the Queen would be pleased to receive the two houses, they proceeded in stately procession to the Palace, where they assembled in the ball-room.

The Queen was wheeled into the room by an Indian attendant. She wore a black-brocaded dress, black and white striped skirt, and a widow's cap, and carried a white fan and a lorgnette. Her Majesty also wore the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Princes Christian of Schleswig-Hol-

stein and Henry of Battenburg were among the members of the royal family who stood behind the Queen.

The scene was magnificent. The uniforms, dresses, orders, and blazing jewels showed up finely in the sunlight which found its way through the windows.

The Earl of Latham, Lord Chamberlain, first escorted in the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, who was gorgeously robed. The other members of the House of Lords followed him. The Chancellor knelt before the Queen and read the address from the House of Lords. At the end the Queen bowed, thanked their lordships, and the peers retired in a body.

The Lord Chamberlain afterward ushered into her Majesty's presence the members of the House of Commons. The latter advanced between two lines of gentlemen-at-arms, beautifully uniformed.

The Commoners were headed by Speaker Gully, who stood while he read to her Majesty the address from the House of Commons. At the conclusion of the reading the Queen bowed and the Commoners retired in a body.

Both addresses are officially described as an humble expression of duty and wishes for a long life for her Majesty.

While waiting for the arrival of the Mayors the Queen chatted with the Prince of Wales and the Princesses, fanning herself and using her smelling salts.

Over four hundred Mayors and Provosts, chairmen of County Councils, and Sheriffs filed past the Queen, who bowed and smiled as each of the loyal officials passed. The Sheriffs were all in gorgeous scarlet and the Mayors all wore the full insignia of their office. The Mayors were headed by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Faudel-Phillips.

The other officials were attired in levee dress, consisting of black knickerbockers and stockings, black velvet coats with steel buttons, black-plumed hats and swords. In commemoration of the event the Queen ordered a special diamond-shaped medal struck in gold and silver for presentation to all the Lord Mayors in the United Kingdom, the Lord Provosts, and the Provosts.

A picturesque scene in connection with the exercises at Buckingham Palace was that described by an eye-witness, thus :

“I had moved out into the fore-court when a cheer from the people just beyond the railings warned me to look back. There, above the gold and crimson of the centre balcony, the nurses of the Duchess of York were seen opening a window. Two of her royal Highness’ children came out into the sunlight, in plain white frocks with blue sashes. Behind them was a slight form, tinier still.

“As the eldest heard the cheering he raised his little arm above his eyes and saluted. The people’s enthusiasm burst all bounds. They broke past the policemen, rushed beneath the horse’s heads, and clambered to the very railings of the Palace gate. The child seemed to recognize that something more was required of him, and while his little brother stamped with glee and waved his arms, the latest heir of Queen Victoria saluted with both hands at once.”

The Queen returned to Windsor in the afternoon and her progress was a triumphal procession. On the route the royal party made stops at Slough, Eton College, and Windsor Bridge, where they were received by the local authorities with impressive formalities and enthusiastically welcomed by the populace,

The progress was a repetition of the one from Buckingham Palace to Windsor in 1887, but vastly more imposing.

The Queen left the Palace soon after 4.30, returning to Paddington Railroad Station by the same route as was followed on her arrival.

There was a pretty sight on Constitution Hill, near the Palace. On the grand stands used to view the procession the day before were ten thousand children from the Board schools, Church of England schools, Wesleyan schools, Catholic schools, and Hebrew schools, who were inspected by her Majesty. Each child wore a medal and a red badge, and the teachers wore blue badges and white dresses.

All the children were dressed in their "Sunday best," and presented a pretty picture. On the arrival of the Queen the children, led by a band, joined in singing the national anthem.

The Marquis of Londonderry, as chairman, presented to her Majesty an address in behalf of the School Board, and the Bishop of London and others did the same in behalf of the other school bodies. Among the members of the committee present were Cardinal Vaughan and Baron Rothschild. There was a tremendous outburst of cheering as the Queen left.

At Slough, at 6.30 P. M., the Queen was received by Baron Nathaniel Meyer de Rothschild, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, and the other county officials.

Addresses were presented to her Majesty by the county Magistrates, the County Council, and the urban District Council. Her Majesty replied briefly to each address, and left Slough through a castellated arch of the mediæval period.

The whole place was decorated handsomely. The Royal Horse Guards furnished the escort of the Queen.

At Eton College a gateway of the period when the college was founded, that of Henry VI, had been erected, and there were also statues, representing Henry and Margaret of Anjou, as well as of the patron saints of the college, St. Mary and St. Nicholas.

At the summit of the arch stood four Eton boys dressed as heralds. They pretended to sound their trumpets, which was done by the state trumpeter of the Guards.

At the entrance of the upper school, where the Queen stopped, there was an arcade of the Jacobin period, on which were emblazoned the names of boys educated at Eton who subsequently became famous. Some of the names were also illuminated on a parchment entitled "The Roll of the Famous," and included those of Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, A. J. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Durham, and the Marquis of Dufferin.

Her Majesty was presented with addresses by the college authorities and by the oppidans of Eton, to which she replied. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Queen asked for her grandson, Prince Arthur of Connaught, who, clad in his Eton suit, walked to her carriage and shook hands with her. The journey was then continued.

The Queen's next court was at Windsor Bridge, where a fine arch of the period of Edward III had been erected. There her Majesty received an address from the Thames conservancy, the body which controls the river.

As the Queen's carriage appeared at the entrance to her home the national anthem was chanted in welcome by three hundred and eighty voices.

Wednesday night was a gala night at Covent Garden Opera House, where the whole programme and performance reflected the greatest credit on Maurice Grau. From this performance the world of London was excluded, but all the members of the royal family who were in the city attended the performance. The route along which the royal family drove to and from Covent Garden Opera House was kept clear, but the sidewalks were crowded by the populace, who cheered the royal carriages vociferously.

The crush of vehicles was so dense that many men, wearing gorgeous uniforms and covered with jewels, had to walk long distances amid the varying comments of the crowd. Many others, like the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Devonshire, drove to the opera house in state carriages, with coachmen and footmen resplendent in state liveries.

In front of the opera house was a mounted guard of honor. Inside the Earl of Lathom, with several gold sticks, awaited the arrival of the royal party, while Beef-eaters lined the stairway and mounted guard outside the royal box. Outside the Garden stretched a long row of cavalry.

Behind the cavalry, hemming in the Garden upon every side, was the populace; the dense sweating populace in uncountable thousands waiting for hours and hours; shifting, sweltering, and struggling excitedly to catch a glimpse of each lord and lady who passed through the glowing doorway. This lasted six hours.

During that time this line of cavalry divided Covent Garden from the rest of London, forming an oasis of royalty and aristocracy in the vast desert of ordinary human beings, who could only feast their eyes, and if they liked, shout for joy.

To reach the doors of the Garden by passing through this

mass of humanity was a herculean task. Beyond the cavalry line none but the great folks who held tickets were admitted, and unless the applicant came sashed and medallioned or bore some unmistakable impress of nobility upon his brow this ticket had to be produced for careful scrutiny.

The interior of the Garden blazed and glowed like a huge bower in fairyland. The scene was one of incomparable loveliness. It was a veritable fairyland. The whole interior of the structure was hidden by freshly cut flowers, principally roses. The upper tier of boxes was a mass of Marechal Niel roses, the next tier a mass of pink roses, and the bottom tier of rich, dark red roses. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and a score of visiting heirs to thrones and princes and grand dukes, sashed, bejeweled and amazingly medallioned, sat in a crimsoned hollow, where a few days before ten boxes had been.

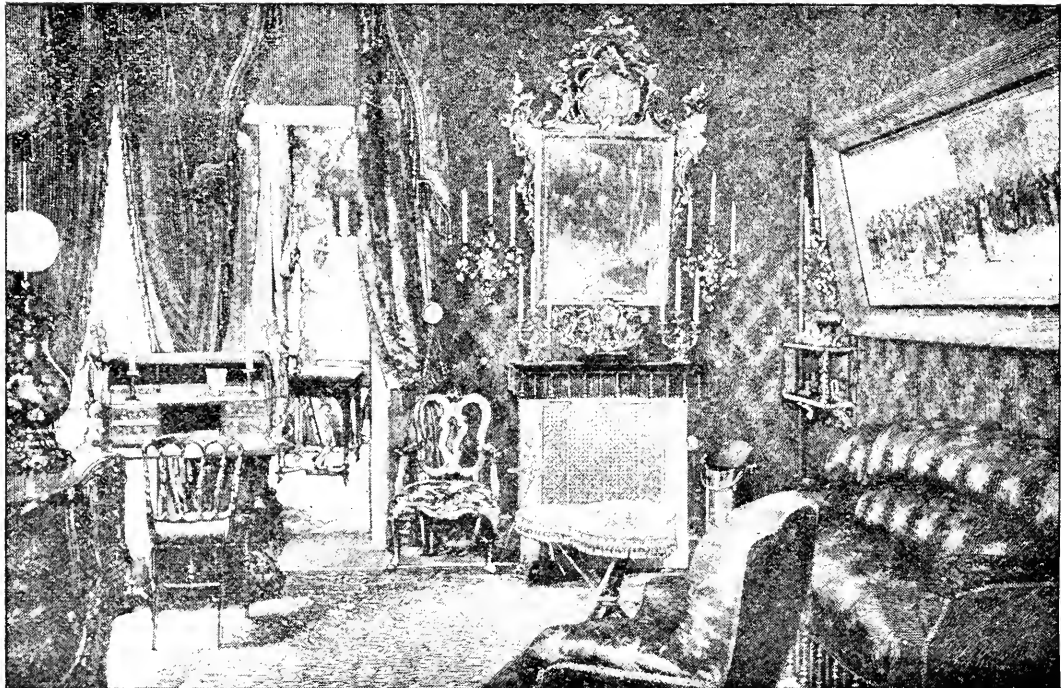
The ten boxes had been made into one to contain him and his guests, of whom there were some thirty odd. A canopy of heavy crimson satin overhung the space.

White flowers adorned the royal box, which was surmounted by an enormous floral crown of crimson roses and golden orchids. The box was decorated in the Louis XVI style, the chairs and settees being covered with white and yellow silk. The same materials, fluted and patterned into diamonds, formed the ceiling.

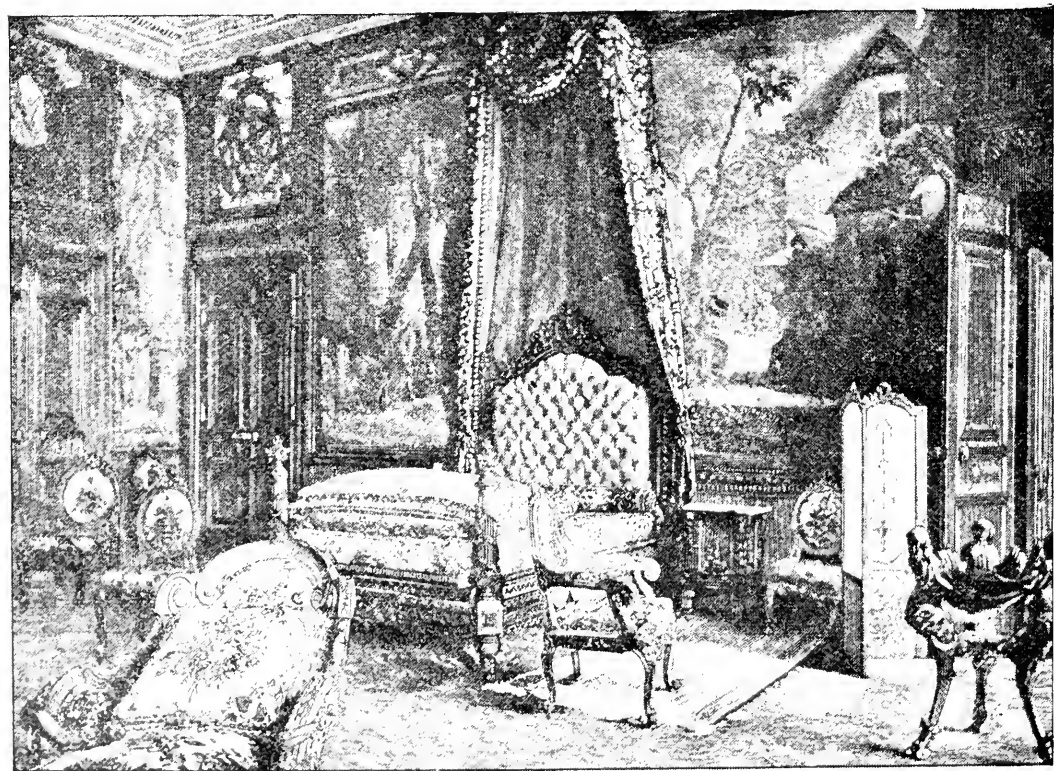
The box was a beautiful picture. The Prince of Wales wore the red uniform of a Field Marshal. The Princess, who sat beside him, wore a crown of diamonds and pearls. Her costume was white, embroidered with silver; upon her head she wore a beautiful diamond tiara, pearls around her neck, and a long row of orders across her bodice. As she



MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT ST. JAMES PALACE, FEB. 10, 1840.



ROYAL BOUDOIR.



ROYAL BED-ROOM.

entered the royal box the audience rose and the band played the national anthem.

Every man and woman in that royal box wore either sash or jewel as emblem of their nobility. The Prince of Naples, who sat in the most conspicuous place in the box, was one shining mass of decorations. The Princess of Naples wore a crown of black pearls so big that they could be counted at a great distance.

Around them, above them, and below them sat the representatives of the wealth and aristocracy of England, a clean, glittering, and sweet-smelling throng, and all the rest was a sea of pink roses that hid walls and roof.

The audience included all the leaders of official and social England, and all of the Ambassadors.

As soon as they were seated the curtain rose, disclosing the entire cast of the opera, among them Madame Melba and MM. de Reszke, grouped upon the stage. Then followed such a rendering of the national anthem as it never had before, after which was carried out Mr. Grau's carefully arranged programme, including the second act of "Tannhaeuser," the third act of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and the fourth act of the "Huguenots."

The efforts of the singers and the orchestra were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the performance surpassed in every way the famous gala performance given at Covent Garden for the Emperor of Germany.

While royalty was thus enjoying itself great crowds viewed the illumination of the city; crowds much greater than those of Tuesday night. The processional route and the side streets were packed with every conceivable sort of vehicle, from coster's cart and tumbril to handsomely appointed coaches,

private open carriages and omnibuses, specially chartered for the occasion, carrying ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress.

In many parts where the police diverted the traffic into the side streets, men, and sometimes women, could be seen leaving their carriages and mingling with the crowd, in order to get a better view.

At the West End the route from the Strand to St. James Street was packed to suffocation. The heat was intense, many women fainted, and the ambulances were kept busy.

Trafalgar Square was the centre of an immense throng, and the police had hard work to keep the people moving. The route along which members of the royal family drove to and from Covent Garden Opera House was kept clear, but the sidewalks were crammed by the populace.

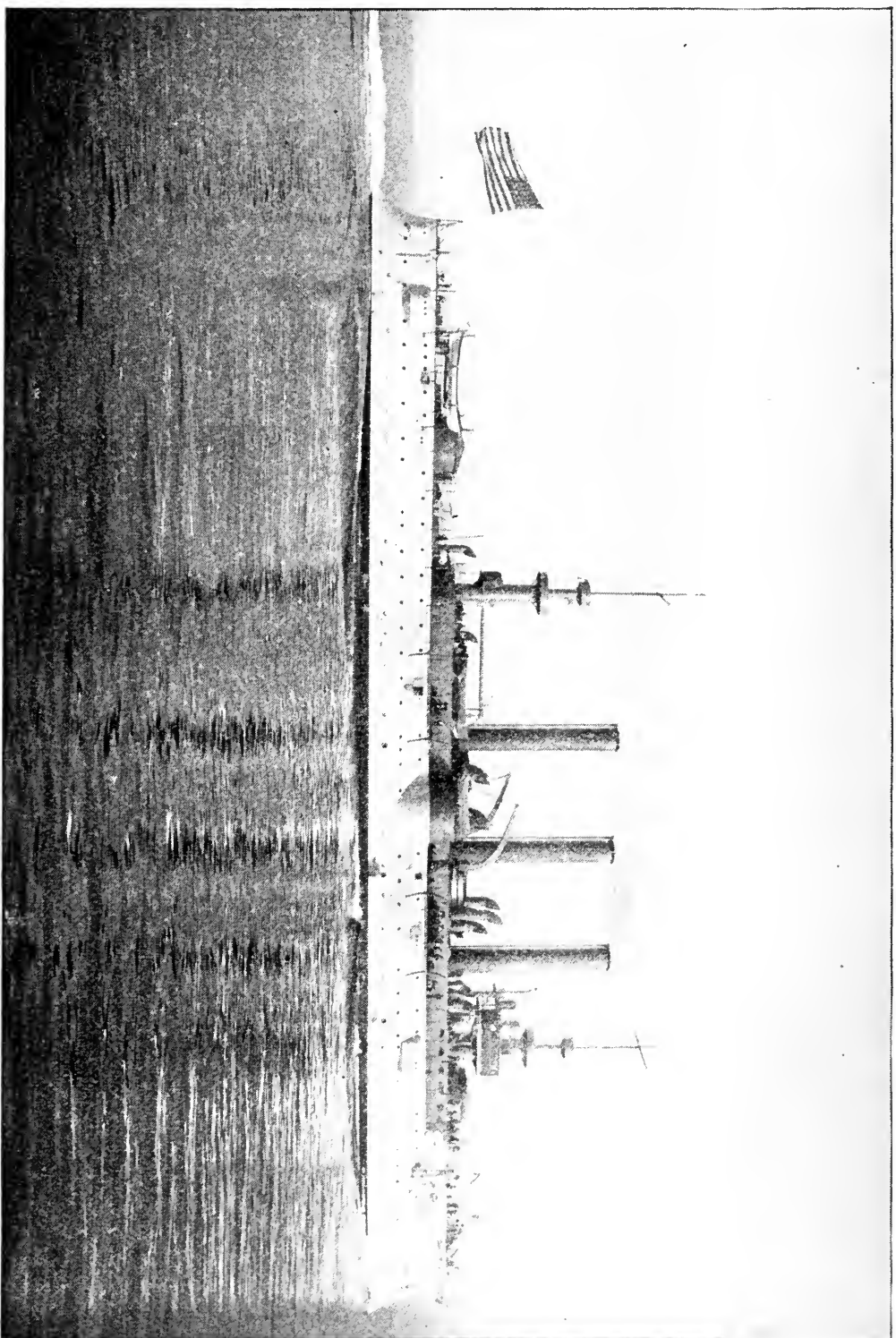
The day's festivities were brought to an end by an illumination of the palace.

The Queen rode in pompous state through miles of packed and shouting subjects on Tuesday. Thursday the Princess of Wales walked in all simplicity between two long tables and patted little cripples on the head.

To the contemplative mind the Princess' dinner to the poorest of the poor was a more striking incident of the Jubilee than the great procession. No illumination of the night flashed as brightly as did the eyes of the one thousand six hundred tiny sufferers whom the Princess smiled upon.

The Lord Mayor was not as proud when the Queen touched the sword he bore at Temple Bar as the tiny hunchback was when the Princess cut for him roast beef, which was too much for weakling hands to master.

No episode of Tuesday night's state banquet was more



THE BATTLESHIP BROOKLYN,
Sent by the U. S. to join in the great naval celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.



impressive than that of Thursday noon, when a little club-footed Briton, with dirty hands, lifted a glass of lemonade and drank the health of the Prince of Wales. Smiling the Prince reached to a vacant place, and, lifting another glass, raised it to the cripple as meaningly as the future king of England could drink from a gold cup to a Continental monarch.

From one end of London to the other marvelous feasts began at noon. Almost five hundred thousand of the poorest of the poor partook this day of what is thought to have been the biggest dinner since the world began. It was served in a hundred halls, while thousands of the aged and infirm were bountifully fed in their own homes.

When the Princess first conceived the scheme she wrote to the Lord Mayor, who had charge of the jubilee arrangements:

"There seems to me to be one class which has been overlooked, namely, the poorest of the poor in the slums of London. Might I plead for these that they may have some share in the festivities of the day?"

She pleaded so effectively that the London folk gave £250,000 (\$1,250,000) to a fund that she started, and the fund furnished good dinners to one-sixth as many people as there is in New York City, people who had forgotten or never had known how it feels to have a stomach full.

The phrase "poorest of the poor" meant much in London, where one of every four spends a part of his life in the workhouse. But it also meant much to be a guest of the Princess of Wales. No bejeweled lady ever more heartily appreciated the latter fact than the paupers did, and bejeweled ladies cannot know the joy of filling empty stomachs, so the paupers had the better of it.

The biggest as well as the most interesting of the many separate dinners was that given to one thousand six hundred crippled children at the People's Palace.

The People's Palace rises fine and large in the most poverty-haunted part of the woeful East End. It was made by the novel, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, but nothing which Walter Besant wrote in that marvelous book is so strange as was the sight in the building it built.

When the little ones were brought up to the great doors, so deformed that they must needs be carried in, it reminded one of Lourdes' great shrine in the south of France, where could be seen such horrors as Dante never dreamed of. But a brief glance at the sparkling eyes and smiling lips of the wee sufferers was enough to dispel a comparison. Here was childish joy; there, weary sorrow.

Half an hour before the feast began all were in their places—most of them happily expectant of the greatest treat that their pain-wracked lives had ever known, but in the tiresome time of waiting some grew frightened and set up piping wails, while others, appalled by too long contemplation of unwonted gorgeousness around them, tortured by agony and overcome by weakness, fainted in their chairs and were gently taken out almost at the moment the Prince and Princess, accompanied by two of their daughters, entered the hall.

Britons to the death, the whole company of little cripples tried to rise, but alas! there were too many. Not less pitifully impressive were the wailing notes of the national anthem piped out by one thousand six hundred little voices, most of them shrilled by suffering. The beautiful, bountiful Princess wept and smiled.

The Prince on Tuesday, in the great parade, red-coated

and gold-laced, looked fat and stupid. Thursday, when tears rolled down his cheeks in answer to a pathetic salutation, it seemed that England's future king was not such a bad fellow after all.

The Princess, dressed in creamy muslin and heliotrope silk, nodded and smiled through tears as she passed between the tables, and the spirit of the mother shone in her kindly face when she patted half-a-dozen little cripples on the head. Sometimes she stopped and asked about the health of some poor little fellow, a question which was all too plainly answered by the peaked face and crippled body.

Ideally she fulfilled the part of the good fairy—ideally the children played the parts of innocence, overwhelmed at sight of wonderland marvels.

The speeches were mercifully brief. Then came the dinner. Each child got a plate of hot roast beef, vegetables, puddings, oranges and lemonade—such sumptuous fare as never was known before.

Not the least pathetic incident of this unique banquet occurred just before the royal party left the platform. A few feeble cheers showed that something was happening. Two tiny cripples were seen carrying huge bouquets toward the Princess. They were among the most nearly robust in the room, but were almost unequal to the task. At the end they were lifted to the platform by willing hands.

Four present, the Prince, the Princess and the two little cripples, were weeping when the episode ended. As the Princess left she said, sorrowfully, to Earl Compton: "Poor, poor little ones! If I only could do more for them."

The Princess visited three dinners in all. At Clerkenwell there was a miscellaneous crowd of men, women, and chil-

dren. There seemed to have been a serious mistake here in the distribution of tickets, for while a sullen, hungry-looking throng stood gloomily and watched the lucky ones, the ticket bearers seemed to be a well-fed and reasonably prosperous lot, while the Princess gave her dinner for the "poorest of the poor."

The other dinner the Princess personally visited was in Holborn.

These dinner to half a million hungry folk form not the least glorious episode of the jubilee.

On behalf of her Majesty the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a reception in the evening at Buckingham Palace. The occasion was one of unprecedented brilliancy, the guests numbering over one thousand six hundred, and including all the special jubilee visitors and the admirals, captains, and officers from Spithead.

An enormous crowd watched the arrivals at the palace, while the streets converging there were filled with carriages.

The ball-room scene was one of dazzling splendor. The guests promenaded through the gorgeous salons of the palace, while the bands played dance music. Among those present were the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The United States special envoy, Whitelaw Reid, Rear Admiral Miller, General Miles, and their staffs, went to the ball in a body from Mr. Reid's house on Carlton House Terrace.

Windsor Castle was brilliantly illuminated at night with the changing colors of Bengal lights. The magnificent spectacle was visible for ten miles.

The day had been a busy one for the foreign princes now in the city. They had called upon each other at the various houses where they were staying. Large receptions were given in the evening by the German and Austrian Ambassadors, and Lord Roberts of Kandahar gave a special reception to the Indian officers.

So far as the London public was concerned the *fêtes* were virtually ended, though some minor celebrations were held during the week.

CLOSING DAYS

OF THE

GREAT CELEBRATION.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON June 25th the Queen drove to Windsor Park and visited six thousand school children who were celebrating her Majesty's jubilee. The Queen seemed in excellent health and spirits and smilingly conversed with those around her, evidently much pleased at the children's gathering. Each child wore a commemorative medal, and finally all joined in singing the National Anthem.

Later the Queen received delegates from fire brigades belonging to all parts of the kingdom. The parade was one of the largest ever held in England. There were twelve thousand men in line and one hundred engines. The Duke of Marlborough, as president of the National Fire Brigade, presented the officers to the Queen.

While the Queen and the Empress Frederick were dining in the evening a thousand Eton boys, with bands of music, entered the quadrangle of the castle and gave an exhibition of torchlight evolutions and fireworks. The charming spectacle was watched by the Queen and the members of the royal household from the castle windows.

The Lord Mayor, Sir George Faudel-Philips, gave a luncheon in the afternoon at Mansion House to all the princes and princesses, British and foreign, who were in the jubilee procession and to the special envoys with the rank of ambassador and to part of the Diplomatic Corps. Great

crowds of people watched the arrival and departure of the guests, who were warmly cheered.

Among those present were the United States special Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, and Mrs. Reid, and United States Ambassador Hay and Mrs. Hay.

The guests were entertained in the Egyptian Hall. The lofty doomed roof, richly ornamented with heavy moldings, supported on massive, fluted, golden columns, contrasted finely with the pretty tinted walls, patterned in Egyptian designs.

The Honorable Artillery Company furnished the guard of honor.

The Lord Mayor took in the Princess of Naples, the Prince of Naples had the Lady Mayoress on his arm, the Prince of Wales escorted the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the Grand Duke of Hesse gave his arm to the Princess of Wales. The Prince of Wales' toast to the Queen met with an enthusiastic response.

The Lord Mayor toasted the foreign envoys, and the Prince of Naples and Marshal Devoust, the special envoy of France, replied.

The Prince of Wales toasted the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the luncheon ended with a toast to the Prince of Wales.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, reviewed the Canadian troops at Chelsea. At the close of the evolutions the Premier said :

"In behalf of the government and people of Canada I congratulate you upon your splendid appearance, and upon the good reports I have heard of you from all sides. As Canadians, we all hope that war will never break out, but I

express the feelings of all present in saying that if it should be the misfortune of the empire to go to war, the Canadian troops will be quite as ready to go on the battlefield and give a good account of themselves as they have been to appear on parade this morning.

“In my own behalf I desire to heartily thank you for your splendid appearance and good conduct, and I shall immediately report to the government of Canada the excellent accounts I have heard of you.”

Colonel Aylmer then called for three cheers for the Premier, which were heartily given.

By invitation of Sir Henry Irving seven hundred of the colonial troops now in this city witnessed a special performance at the Lyceum theatre.

In the evening the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, gave a banquet at the sculpture gallery of Lansdowne House, at which were present the Prince and Princess of Wales, Ambassador Hay and Mrs. Hay, Special Envoy Reid and almost all the other envoys, and foreign princes now in London, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord and Lady Wolseley, and other persons of high rank.

Lansdowne House contains one of the finest private collections of ancient sculptures in the world. Most of the pieces were discovered during the excavations at the villa of Emperor Hadrian. The collections of paintings by old masters is almost equally fine. It was amid this array of classic and mediæval beauty that the banquet was served.

Later in the evening most of the guests, including the

Prince and Princess of Wales, attended a brilliant ball given in an immense marquee by the Duke of Westminster. The marquee was erected in front of Grosvenor House, lined with red and white carpets and hung with Gobelin tapestries. The supper was served *à la Russe*, at small round tables. The floral decorations and illuminations were beautiful.

With the dawn of Friday the scene of action was transferred to the sea-coast, where everything was in readiness for the morrow's great naval spectacle. Portsmouth, Southsea, and their environs repeated London's jubilee fever.

Decorations were universal, profuse, and distinctly naval, notably at the gateway of the gun-wharf, where brass cannon were mounted in two turrets and in charge of pikemen in full armor. Matchlocks protruded from the port-holes. On the outside buttresses were figures of pikemen, while over the gateway was a knight in the full armor of the Queen Anne period.

In addition to these were all sorts of jubilee devices, formed of Brown Bess pistols, sword blades, matchlocks, cuirasses, and dirks. Armed knights in the panoply of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries guarded the gateway.

The town hall was richly decorated, among the decorations being a group of American flags with the name "Brooklyn" in the centre.

The festivities began in the afternoon with a garden party given by Sir Newell Salmon, who was in supreme command of the review.

At night a banquet was given at the town hall, at which George J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, presided. The officers of the "Brooklyn" were present.

The banquet was preceded by a reception, a naval guard

of honor lining the main approaches and presenting arms as the guests arrived. All the latter wore uniforms and decorations. Covers were laid for two hundred and fifty. Prince Henry of Prussia sat next to Mr. Goschen.

The hall was splendidly decorated, the main feature of the decorations being a bust of the Queen, surrounded by a huge wreath made to represent the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, and formed of side arms. It was surmounted by a royal crown, studded with incandescent lamps to represent jewels.

Around the hall were shields bearing the names of the foreign warships that were present at the review.

Mr. Goschen proposed the usual loyal toast to the Queen, which was received with great enthusiasm, and then the health of the foreign naval visitors. He gave them a hearty welcome, and dwelt upon the comradeship of naval men the world over, arising out of the common dangers, common hardships, common experience, common courage, and common endurance. Admiral Von Spawn, of the Austrian Navy, proposed the toast to the British Navy, and Mr. Goschen responded.

At last the day of the great naval review was at hand. After a threatening morning the weather brightened and a brilliant day was vouchsafed. The streets were thronged with people at an early hour, and on all sides were to be seen bewildering masses of glittering uniforms, gay multitudes of civilians, military bands and sailors of all ranks and nationalities.

The colonial troops arrived at 8 o'clock, and were met at the railroad station by a military guard of honor. Then, headed by military bands, they marched to the town hall,

where the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth, in full robes of office, welcomed the visitors. The soldiers from the colonies received a great popular ovation. Their march from the station to the town hall and from the town hall to the point of embarkment was nothing less than a triumphal progress.

Some idea of the exodus of Londoners to the naval review can be gathered from the fact that the London & South-western Railroad alone dispatched from Waterloo Station, between five and ten o'clock in the morning thirty-seven special trains, having on board over 18,500 passengers, besides duplicating all their regular passenger trains, each of which was crowded.

During the morning the excursion steamers, densely crowded to the rails, were busy steaming in and out of the lines of ships, dodging about, manœuvring for good positions, and generally behaving in eccentric fashion, resembling nothing so much as a lot of huge water spiders.

There were craft of every possible description, from the great Atlantic and Australian liners, cross-channel packets, Norway excursion steamers, Mediterranean cruisers, old paddle boats, and dirty tugs, to smart yachts, dainty electric launches and fishermen's dingies, venturesome canoes, and many a rowboat.

The American line steamship "New York," with a large party of sightseers on board, left Southampton at five o'clock the previous evening and took up the position assigned to her in the line of special merchant vessels. As the American greyhound traversed the lines of British warships, with the stars and stripes flying proudly, and a fine band playing national airs, each warship dipped her flag, and she was

greeted with hearty cheers from the many thousands of blue jackets manning the fleet. As the "New York" passed the German warship, "Konig Wilhelm," the latter's band played "Hail Columbia."

The decorations of the shipping hotchpotch were as variegated as the crafts they adorned. The stately liners were trimmed with a near approach to what is possible in ships, and the long string of flags from stem to taffrail showed up effectively against the morning sky. The smart yachts were daintily beflagged.

At eight o'clock, on signal from the "Renown," Admiral Sir Howell Salmon's flagship, there broke out on every war vessel a perfect eruption of color. Each ship spread every inch of bunting it possessed—streamers from every spar, and rainbows over all. The flags were mainly signals of the international and naval codes, and their multiform colors added perceptibly to an ensemble which was as striking as it was theatrical.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Admiral, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Captain, his Royal Highness, the Duke of York, the Princess of Wales, and other royalties, with their suites, arrived at Portsmouth at one o'clock. The party immediately proceeded on board the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," in which, forty-one years ago, her Majesty inspected the fleet.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Cambridge, and all the admirals were in uniform, and the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Princess Charles, of Denmark, her daughters, wore white flannel yachting dresses and white straw hats.

The other royalties present were :

Ex-Empress Frederick of Germany; the Duke of Connaught; the Duchess of Albany and her children; the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Grand Duke Sergius, of Russia; Prince Charles of Denmark, in a naval uniform; Prince Albrecht, of Prussia; the Crown Prince of Naples; Grand Duke Francis Ferdinand, of Austria; Prince Henry, of Prussia; Prince Frederick Charles, of Hesse; Prince Rupert, of Bavaria; Prince Mohammed Ali Khan, of Egypt; Prince Aresugawa, of Japan; Prince Danilo, of Montenegro; Grand Duke Cyril, of Russia; Prince Frederick, of Saxony; Prince Eugene, of Sweden and Norway; Prince Albert, of Wurtemberg; the Duke of Fife; Prince Waldemar, of Denmark; Prince Albert, of Schleswig-Holstein; Prince Victor, of Schleswig-Holstein; Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Prince Edward, of Saxe-Welmar; Prince Ferdinanda, of Bulgaria; Prince Hohenlohe-Lengenburg, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and a large number of other titled personages.

After lunching on board, at 2.30, the "Victoria and Albert," with the principal royalties, left the harbor for Spithead. She was followed by the yacht "Irene," by the "Pando," the "Carthage," and the "Elfin," an admiralty yacht, these vessels carrying the distinguished foreign visitors.

Then came the "Enchantress," an admiralty yacht, with George J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, and after her the admiralty's yacht "Wildfire," with Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the colonial premiers. She was followed by the "Eldorado," carrying the ambassadors and special envoys. Then came the "Danube," with the members of the House of Lords; the "Campania,"

with the members of the House of Commons, and the "Fire Queen," the yacht of the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth.

As the "Albert and Victoria" was seen approaching, the fleet, led by the "Renown," and echoed by the foreign vessels present, fired a deafening royal salute of twenty-one guns.

Simultaneously the blue jackets and marines "manned ship," standing on the ironclads in solid lines round their outer edges and filling their tops, while on vessels of the older types the yards were quickly dotted by men.

The "Victoria and Albert," followed by the other yachts, then steamed through the lines, the sailors heartily cheering and the bands playing "God Save the Queen." The "Victoria and Albert" afterward anchored between the "Renown" and the foreign war vessels.

Immediately the steam launches of the foreign commanders left the sides of the big ships and made for the "Victoria and Albert," on the quarter-deck of which the commanding officers were received by the Prince of Wales.

This was one of the prettiest sights of the day. As the craft bearing the admirals passed the different warships the bugles sounded, the bands played, and the marines presented arms.

All the admirals, with the exception of Rear-Admiral Miller, went in their steam pinnaces. Admiral Miller went in his barge, the seaman of the "Brooklyn" rowing so finely that they provoked approving comments on all sides for their skill and sailor-like appearance.

The Prince of Wales received Admiral Miller and his staff with special cordiality, and complimented him upon the appearance of the "Brooklyn."

It is generally admitted that the "Brooklyn" presented the smartest appearance of any of the foreign ships. Everything about her was spotlessly clean, she was beautifully decorated with flags, her crew were trim and alert, and her salute was fired with the greatest precision and regularity.

The most magnificent fleet of warships ever seen was that reviewed off Spithead.

Over one hundred and sixty vessels, or more than one-third of the British Navy were in line, carrying about nine hundred heavy guns, manned by about forty-five thousand men, and having a gross tonnage of six hundred thousand.

In addition, each of the great maritime nations sent its best available ship to the review, and a magnificent display resulted.

The huge fleet was drawn up in seven lines on the south of the Solent, the head of the lines being off Brading, thence stretching westward almost to Cowes. The outer line of all on either side of the Sturbridge Shoal, and known as "E" line, was composed of fourteen special merchant vessels, whereof the American Liner "New York" was one. Next, in "A" line, were the foreign men-of-war. "B," "C," "D," "F," and "G" lines consisted entirely of British men-of-war from the "Majestic" and "Renown," the latest class type of battleships, down to the smallest torpedo boat—in all, one hundred and sixty-six craft. "B" and "C" lines were made up exclusively of battleships and cruisers of the first and second class; "D," of third-class cruisers, gun-vessels, and torpedo-gunboats; "F," of destroyers, gunboats, and sailing training brigs, while "G" line was of torpedo boats. All the lines except "G," were approximately five miles in length.

Among the battleships nine types were represented, the

first of these being the "Majestic" type, the latest and most powerful model of British battleships, carrying four 12-inch fifty-ton guns. Some of the others present had heavier armament, not only the "Benbow" and "Sanspareil," each possessing a 111-ton gun. There were four of the "Royal Sovereign" type. The "Renown" was the only one of her type, the distinctive feature being a huge centre battery.

The "Admiral" class of vessel was represented by the "Collingwood," the unfortunate "Howe," and the "Benbow." The "Alexandra" class, nearly twenty years old, the "Devastation" type, with their revolving turrets, were also in evidence, as were the classes of which the "Inflexible," "Thunderer," and "Sanspareil" are specimens.

Two types were shown in the cruiser class. The "Powerful" and "Terrible," the two fastest British cruisers afloat, were the most interesting.

The enormous advance made both in the number and construction of the ships of the royal navy cannot better be exemplified than by the fact that of the twenty-one battleships reviewed four only took part in the jubilee ceremony of 1887, while of the forty-three cruisers present, not one existed in 1887.

Further, the battleships built before 1887, were armed with muzzle-loading guns, which, though extremely powerful and marvels of their day, have been entirely outclassed by breech-loaders and wire guns. Then, too, the later built vessels are armored by Harveyized steel, which can scarcely be penetrated in actual warfare, whereas the guns of any of the ships of the "Majestic" class could easily send projectiles through the armor belts of any of the 1887 squadron.

One of the most remarkable things in the last few years is

the tremendous increase of expenditures in the navy, following upon a tardy recognition of the greater importance of this arm of defense.

The British fleet and all other fleets have so changed in character during the last sixty years that no useful comparisons can be made between now and then.

The Spithead review of 1897 was regarded as a great international naval exhibition, from which the seamen and constructors of the various nations carried away much valuable information.

The waters of the Solent had previously witnessed many magnificent reviews. On April 23d, 1850, at the close of the Crimean War, a review was held there when there were columns of screw line of battleships, at that period the latest development of naval power—of screw frigates and corvettes, a fleet of side-wheel vessels, and of floating batteries of the "Merrimac" type. Four squadrons of one hundred and sixty gunboats, brought up the total number of ships to two hundred and forty. This fleet carried three thousand and two guns, and was of thirty thousand six hundred and seventy-one horse-power.

Admiral Sir George Seymour was in chief command of this fine fleet, which was reviewed by her Majesty on board the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert."

The changes in naval architecture which have taken place during the last fifty years have swept away all these wooden vessels, the classes to which they belonged no longer exist, the sole remaining vessel being the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," which floated the standard of the Prince of Wales at the naval review.

The next great review held at Spithead was on July 17th,

1867, when her Majesty, accompanied by the Sultan of Turkey, reviewed a fleet of wooden vessels and ironclads, of which the most modern of the latter were the "Minotaur," "Achilles," "Warrior," "Black Prince," "Bellerophon," and "Lord Clyde," under the command of Sir Thomas Pasley.

On June 23d, 1875, the waters of Spithead were again the scene of a naval review—this time in honor of his Majesty, the Shah of Persia.

On August 13th, 1878, her Majesty inspected the fleet at Spithead, and on July 23d, 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, a large fleet was again assembled there and reviewed by the sovereign.

The most modern ships present on that occasion were the "Collingwood," "Imperieuse," and "Conqueror." The fleet was composed of one hundred and thirty-four vessels, the *personnel* of twenty thousand two hundred officers and men.

With the coming on of evening there was a most beautiful sight witnessed.

It was the illumination of the fleet at Spithead, one of the most charming sights of a week of delighting spectacles. The night was pleasantly dark, no moon dimmed the effect of martial creation, the waters of the Solent were reposefully quiet—everything contributed to enhance the success of the programme. It was all ghostly, fantastic, suggestive of fairyland and the world of magic—a fitting termination to a day of imposing realities and iron facts. The brutal grimness of all the enginery of destruction—savage-looking guns, venomous torpedoes, the veritable teeth of war—was lost in peaceful shadow and softening gloom.

A minute before nine the miles of waters showed only such lights as are usually associated with shipping, red and greens

of port and starboard, while lights at mastheads, gleams that, like tiny rows of diamonds, showed the ports of passenger craft, with here and there some parti-colored lights that had been lit on private vessels before the time.

At nine there was a flash—a rocket from the “Renown” ripped into the dark blue, and, bursting with a shower of splendid stars, signalled the lighting up of the fleet. The stick of the rocket had not turned toward the water ere the mighty fleet was suddenly skeletoned in brilliant yellow light, hulls, smokestacks, spars, and cordage being thrown into strong relief. One particularly pretty effect was produced by the illumination of the United States warship “Brooklyn.” Along her rail was a row of electric lights, while between her funnels were large letters “V. R.” and the dates “1837-’97,” showing up conspicuously.

But the most striking feature was “Old Glory” flying from a yardarm. On this, from time to time, the rays of a searchlight were thrown, all the other lights of the cruiser in the meanwhile being quenched, thus giving the flag the appearance of floating in the air, nothing being visible below.

A few minutes later the lights vanished with the suddenness of their appearance, leaving the spectator staring at the place where they had been. Then the darkness was broken again, this time by numberless search lights with uncanny glare, like the eyes of a hundred Cyclops. Then they were all shut off, leaving the darkness more visible than ever.

A pause, and the darkness was pierced by hundreds of signal rockets, ambitiously soaring into the blue with messages of jubilation, not disaster, delivering them and falling burnt out and useless into the waste of waters.

The purpose of this naval exhibition was not to be over-

looked, however, the might of Britain, its ever-prepared strength, was again to be impressed upon the staring thousands. A signal rocket leaped from the "Renown" and now there was provided an exhibition of what war would be like if ever an immense fleet of battleships and cruisers should engage at night. A royal salute of sixty guns was fired from every ship capable of firing it. Great guns and small guns answered each other in one prolonged roar, rising and falling in intensity as more or less of them fired together. It was truly awful. Even the certain knowledge that there were no deadly missiles in the guns did not prevent a chill feeling from creeping over many of the civilian spectators.

The foreign warships moored opposite the British lines joined the cannonade, and to the superstitious there was from the deep-throated guns of the United States, Russia, France, Germany, a note of defiance, a resonant resolute answer, gun for gun! Yet all was in honor of Victoria. Then the angry roaring ceased, much to the relief of thousands who were stopping their ears, and as the panoply of unpleasant smoke slowly drifted away the fleet again stood revealed in fairy lines of lightness. The signs of war were dimming and disappearing in the shadows, the gentler side of things was again put to the front to instill into the minds of departing thousands that while the dogs of war were "Ready, aye ready" that after all what the people came out to see was the "triumph of peace and the glory of the Queen."

The following is a list of the countries represented at the review and of their respective ships and commanding officers:

France, by the "Pothnau," Rear Admiral the Marquis de Couthille.

Italy, by the "Lepante," Vice-Admiral Morin.

Germany, by the "Koenig Wilhelm," Rear Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, K. G.

Austria-Hungary, by the "Wien," Vice-Admiral Hermann, Baron Von Spann.

Spain, by the "Vizcaya," Rear Admiral Segismundo Barnejoy Merelo.

Portugal, by the "Vasco Di Gama," Captain Barreto de Vascencelles.

Netherlands, by the "Evertsen," Rear Admiral F. K. Engelbrecht.

Denmark, by the "Heligoland," Rear Admiral H. H. Koch.

Sweden, by the "Gotha," Rear Admiral Klintberg.

Norway, by the "Frithjof," Rear Admiral Von Krogh.

Russia, by the "Rossia," Rear Admiral Nicholas Skrvdloff.

United States, by the "Brooklyn," Rear Admiral J. N. Miller.

Lieutenant Henry McCrea, the navigator of the United States cruiser "Brooklyn," flagship of Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, gave the following account of the day's ceremonies:

"Did ever prince or potentate have a better occasion to feel proud than did the Prince of Wales to-day as he steamed through the lines of vessels gathered here to do honor to the noble Queen and himself? On one side was Britain's own magnificent fleet and on the other a fleet of vessels from each of the maritime nations. All came in the interests of peace and good-will. The British fleet was composed of more classes of vessels than any fleet ever assembled, for they severally present peculiarities fitted to satisfy all conditions of the much varied services required, verily a complete navy in itself.

"The column of foreign men-of-war was composed of typi-

cal vessels from several countries. An interesting assemblage of armored battleships predominated and a comparison of the armaments of similar vessels, say of the 'Indiana' class in our service, leaves little doubt in my mind of the superiority of our own representatives. The 'swan-like' 'Brooklyn,' as a Britisher called her, shines out decidedly as a mark of our advancement in the art of ship-building. She is modern, fast, and generally effective, and her motto, 'Right makes might,' is peculiarly fitting. It expresses the sentiment which fired the hearts of the patriots in 1776, as well as represents the advance of civilization. If there is any doubt as to the policy best adapted for our country, a glance at the armament should convince us of the absolute necessity for preparation as well as of the extreme need of moderation before beginning hostilities. Certainly, the material here assembled is thus far experimental, for few, if any, of the guns were ever fired in anger. Nevertheless, we know their effectiveness against armor-plate, as well as against masonry, so it behooves us to believe in their destructive qualities in war times.

"Again the question naturally arises, How soon will these very ships, with their modern excellence, become out of date to some of the new improvements? Fancy what this would mean in England, where even small inventions must come slowly into general use, owing to the expense of their adoption on such a scale. But this is emphatically a Queen's jubilee. The nations represented at the review came here bearing congratulations and best wishes for the Queen and the English nation. Therefore no talk of war or even of arbitration is heard, attention being called only to the celebration.

“Much might be written of the cordial welcome extended to all foreigners, both ashore and afloat. Our welcome has been apparent even to the lukewarm, and English hospitality will lose nothing of its glamour or prestige through the gallant naval officers who are a credit to their country at social as well as military events.

“The review will be long remembered; much will be written about it, probably it will never be duplicated and it will be used as an argument for peace as well as in the shape of a warning to prepare. If so, we should be thankful to all concerned in its management, heartily joining with our English cousins in ‘God save the Queen.’”

Much disappointment was felt among the British naval officers at the fact that the Queen did not review the fleet in person, especially as she went to Aldershot to review the troops there.

With the celebration that closed at Aldershot the state appearances of her Majesty were finished; henceforth for whatever span of life may be left to her, Queen Victoria will confine herself to such work for the state as can be done at Windsor, Balmoral, or Osborne. All those official functions, drawing rooms, public ceremonies, opening town halls, hospitals, and the like, which bring the sovereign face to face with the people, will now be relegated to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Her Majesty has witnessed and has been the object of a scene never surpassed in material splendor and moral significance since the British Empire was created. For the occasion she put aside her own ever-present sorrows and griefs in order to join the exultation of the Empire. The result was beyond expectation. Everybody had known that

the Jubilee would be remarkable, but few realized how great would be the fervor and strength of the popular feeling. The sounds far more than the sights were a revelation.

The Queen thinks that she has done enough. The unexampled devotion to and acceptance of her obligations to her people have, after sixty years, well won her rest, and in so far as the sovereign can, she now proposes to let the burden of responsibility fall on those who must bear it when she passes away. It was the knowledge of this, pathetically mingled with loyalty, that lent such deep interest to the proceedings, fittingly devoted in the first instance to a visit to Kensington.

Going to her birthplace, possibly for the last time, revived for the Queen all the sweet associations of childhood, made more solemn to her in that it was here she first knew she was a Queen, and that on this day, fifty-nine years ago, she was crowned. As her Majesty has always cherished with passionate attachment every tender sentiment, to-day's visit was one of mingled pleasure and sadness; it seemed indeed a farewell. Her Majesty arrived at Paddington at 12.35 P. M. She was in the best of health and walked with less difficulty than usual. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia and Princess Beatrice of Battenberg occupied seats in her Majesty's carriage.

The same ceremonies of semi-state progression were observed as on her arrival a week before, a commanding officers' escort of the Life Guards being in attendance. The route was by the Bayswater road to Church Street, and via the Mall to Kensington. Such portion of the route as had not already been decorated was furnished forth in the draperies, flags, mottoes, and festoons made so familiar last week in

other parts of London. Proceeding along Church Street to St. Mary Abbott's a halt was made to receive an address from the inhabitants of her birthplace. Ten thousand children belonging to the elementary schools of Kensington, massed behind the railings of Kensington Gardens, sang the National Anthem while the Queen was passing.

After receiving the address the procession resumed the route to Buckingham Palace via High Street, Queen's Gate, Kensington Gardens, past the Albert Memorial to Hyde Park corner, thence to the palace. Throughout the entire distance there were dense crowds of spectators, who cheered her Majesty with that astounding vigor to which last week had somewhat accustomed one. The Queen looked immensely gratified, smiling and bowing her acknowledgments.

Her Majesty reached Buckingham Palace at 1.30 P. M., and about 5 o'clock entered the grounds to be present at the garden party, for which six thousand invitations had been issued. Her Majesty was received with almost reverential greetings and took up her position, to which she was wheeled from the palace door, in front of a small tent near the lake. The gardens were beautifully arranged. The Queen's watermen were in boats on the lake, the fountains were all playing, refreshment marquees had been erected at convenient spots, and three bands of music were in attendance. The Queen received many of her guests in her tent and there took leave of the Special Envoys of the foreign powers to the jubilee ceremonies and their suites.

Among the Americans present were all the members of the United States Special Embassy, excepting Rear Admiral Miller. The Queen returned to Windsor at 7 o'clock.

The scene at St. Mary Abbott's was exceedingly brilliant,

the neighborhood being lavishly decorated. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne were included in the members of the reception committee. The guards of honor furnished by the Middlesex Volunteers, presented arms and the band played the National Anthem on the arrival of her Majesty. So soon as the Queen's carriage reached the porch, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne approached and greeted her Majesty, after which the chairman of the vestry presented the address, which was contained in a morocco case.

Her Majesty handed back a written reply to the address, thanking the signers for their loyal and kind expressions, and adding:

"I gladly renew my association with a place, which as the scene of my birth and summons to the throne, has ever had and will have with me solemn and tender recollections."

Across the gates of Kensington Palace was a banner on which was inscribed "Home, Sweet Home."

Her Majesty saw and seemed much affected.

With the naval review the Jubilee festivities practically ended. It was the biggest week any country ever saw. The ceremonies and decorations cost the British public not less than \$10,000,000, while the loss of business by small tradesmen was estimated at \$5,000,000, and the cost to the Government of entertaining guests and doing its share was not less than \$8,000,000.

The London police were the greatest gainers by the events of the week. Everybody was loud in their praise, and the Queen, in honoring their chiefs, elicited universal approval, nor could there be a doubt to those who have witnessed important festivities in other countries that the dexterity and tact of the London police called for exceptional commendation.

The Briton's colossal pageant, one of the greatest the world ever saw, was completed without a *contretemps* to mar its success. It was an anxious week for those in authority; but the whole scheme for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee was largely planned, carefully carried out, and was a triumph for the management and an object lesson in unity for the hosts of guests. The latter saw in the gathering representative contingents from all parts of the Empire, who gave a meaning and a purpose to the procession, generally lacking in similar displays.

The pageant was not wholly devised for a mere show; nor to express what no one could doubt, the ardent loyalty—love of the whole British race for the sagacious woman who had held for sixty years a throne that might have perished under a less judicious occupant. The vastness of the jubilee pageant, the assembling of the Colonial grandees, the pre-eminence given the Prime Ministers of the Colonies, were meant not only to bind the disparate peoples of the Empire in closer union, they were intended to give Continental Europe an object lesson in what they have to meet in case of an encounter with the stout islanders. Even the marked distinction shown the embassy from the United States was a part of the plan. The United States was thus made to seem a second Britain—a reliance in case the machinations of the Emperors should drive the Briton to stress. Trivial as the manifestation—the pomp, the marching soldiery, the feasts with gold plate and imperial argentry—seemed, they created an immense impression on peoples and States struggling under the mountainous burdens of war preparations. They were naturally forced to reflect, that if a mere show could open British purses in this lavish way, what would the limit

be if national life hung in the balance? It was to prove that British treasure was greater than ever and the British ready as ever to pour it into a common fund, that the jubilee testimonial took on its grandiose character. It was a demonstration for peace.

Incidentally it is of interest to know that the Queen received many beautiful and costly gifts in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee.

The Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and Princess Victoria jointly presented to her a brooch, consisting of one very large white diamond, encircled with a diamond row.

The Duke and Duchess of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchesses of Albany and Battenberg united in a gift to her Majesty of a long chain of diamond links, with an imperial crown in the centre, bearing on one side the date 1837 and on the other 1897. The dates are in brilliants.

The royal household presented to the Queen a large brooch of fine brilliants, having in the centre an exceptionally lustrous pearl, with a fine drop-shaped pearl and chain of brilliants attached, to match the jubilee necklace presented her in 1887 by the Daughters of the Empire.

Now that the great celebration is at an end; now that the loyal Britons have done all in their power to show their love and regard for their sovereign, it is not unseemly to say a few words about the object of all this homage and attention. Victoria came to the throne in her girlhood, and at a time when it was the fashion to question all things, to demand of

every human institution what useful purpose it served in the economy of the world. All has changed since then, and her influence has been felt in everything that obtains for liberty and progress. Nor should we forget that the heritage in the possession of which the Englishman glories to-day is that of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, of the English-speaking people. It is not merely the long reign of a good woman and a gracious Queen that was celebrated, but the growth of the empire of thought, of mental and moral development, and of political and religious liberty, an empire "wide as Shakespeare's soul, sublime as Milton's immortal theme, rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream."

During these long years as a Sovereign, Victoria has learned that "all is not gold that glitters," and that the life of a Queen is not unmixed with sadness. She has learned that death comes to the palace as well as the cot. Sorrow after sorrow has been her lot, and she has borne all her trials with faith and courage. First she was called to part with a wise and devoted mother, then the ideal consort, then the gifted daughter, then the cherished youngest son, then the chivalrous Emperor Frederick, then the husband of Princess Alice, then the second heir to the throne, and finally the life-long partner of her youngest daughter.

Of the Queen's nine children, seven are now living. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, the Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess Beatrice. These with their various children and grandchildren constitute the present royal family.

In this connection, it may not be out of keeping to pause

for a moment to consider the many changes that have taken place during Victoria's reign of sixty years.

Since Victoria was crowned Queen, seventeen Presidents have occupied the position of Chief Executive in the United States, and many Sovereigns have sat upon European thrones, but unchanged amid all the various vicissitudes which have marked her career, she has remained. To-day her subjects number over four hundred millions of people, and her vast Empire covers an area of over eleven million square miles, an average of one hundred and sixty-five miles of territory a day for the past sixty years, which is to say, she has added more than the bulk of an England proper each year, or an aggregate of seventy Englands in the sixty years.

The Queen has served her country long and faithfully. At home and in the affairs of State she has exhibited qualities that mark a noble nature. Some one has very fittingly said: "Her sixty years' reign, the longest of any English Sovereign, has covered a period of progress and prosperity unequalled in the annals of history. No other sixty years has seen such strides of science, such marvelous development in education, such wise legislation for the betterment of humanity, such growth in religious tolerance, such miracles of invention, such strengthening of the bonds between nations, such universal advance toward higher living. And this progress has been attained during the reign of a woman—the wise and good Queen Victoria."

May the evening of her life be henceforth peaceful and serene.

DATE DUE	
NOV 07 1997	MAR 18 2002
MAY 23 1992	
DEC 7 1987	MAR 03 1992
JUL 04 1992	FEB 25 2009
DEC 31 1987	APR 27 2009
DEC 7 1987	MAR 25 1992
	AUG 04 1992
	APR 18 2009
	AUG 14 1992
MAR 08 1991	DEC 12 1992
MAR 15 1991	MAY 12 1991
APR 23 1991	
MAY 08 1991	SEP 18 1993
DEC 10 1991	DEC 05 1991
	FEB 13 1994
APR 18 1992	MAR 03 1993
JAN 22 1992	
	MAR 11 1993
DEMCO 38-4	

